

**Bound for Sacramento; travel-pictures of a returned
wanderer, translated from the German by Ruth Frey
Axe, introduction by Henry R. Wagner**

Bound for Sacramento

Carl Meyer

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Travel-Pictures of a returned wanderer

translated from the German by

Ruth Frey Axe

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Henry R. Wagner

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LINDLEY BYNUM, *editor*.

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The following insert shows the page size of the original edition; the illustrations on the front and back of the paper covers; and the original title page. Since the color of the cover stock was found not to be uniform, no attempt has been made to reproduce it.

IX

Introduction

Nach dem Sacramento, the title under which Carl Meyer published this book in German in Aarau, in 1855, is not a journal but a series of word pictures—travel pictures in one place he calls them, a much more appropriate title for the book than the one he chose. Aarau is a small town in Switzerland in one of the German cantons, and Meyer himself was obviously a German Swiss. The book gives every evidence of having been written by a highly educated man, possibly from some

German university. He had a good knowledge of contemporary German literature, especially of Schiller, from whom he quotes frequently, and also of botany and natural history. From remarks about mines it seems possible that he may have been a mining engineer. Why he came to the United States or ultimately to California he does not state, but, as he seemed to be sufficiently supplied with funds, it was probably curiosity, or, as he expresses it in several places, a desire to see the world. Before leaving New Orleans for California he had done some traveling in the eastern United States. There is no evidence that he was a gold-seeker, although he did, on one occasion, try his hand at mining. In fact, he may have done more X mining than he discloses. His great interest, however, lay elsewhere. In general, his movements through California can be fairly well traced, but there is no particular sequence assigned to them and there are a number of erroneous statements about occurrences of one kind and another, about which we have definite information from other sources. This leads us to suspect that the book was written not from a journal but from memory. This was, at times, sadly at fault. For example, in his very first chapter he tells us that he left New Orleans at the beginning of February, 1850. He meant, 1849. Much later in the book he tells us that he went from Stockton to San Francisco in the spring of 1850, after having passed the winter at the Mariposa mines. Furthermore, we have his statement that while he was at Alisal, W. E. Hartnell's ranch near Salinas, the youngest child was baptized. Hartnell's youngest child, Arnulfo Benjamin, was born July 18, 1849. According to the custom in vogue in the country baptism must have taken place very shortly thereafter. It is to be presumed, therefore, that he reached Monterey on the Sarah Elisa some time in the early part of July. He probably remained at Alisal for some little time, as Mr. Hartnell was very hospitable, and had received part of his education in Germany. Hartnell was no doubt highly pleased with the opportunity to discuss Old World affairs with a cultivated man who spoke German. A study of the book leads me to suggest as most probable the following itinerary. After leaving Alisal he proceeded by way of San Juan Bautista and Pacheco Pass to the San Joaquin late in the summer, as he tells us that the fruit was ripe on the trees at the San Juan Bautista mission. He spent the winter at the XI Mariposa mines, where, as he expressed it, he and his friend, Whitfield, had a taste of mining life. The next year, no doubt early in the spring, he left Mariposa and proceeded to Stockton. From here he took a steamboat to San Francisco where he apparently arrived shortly after the May fire. From this time on his movements are somewhat

uncertain, but he must have remained in San Francisco until the early part of 1851. He witnessed the blowing up of the Sagamore, October 29, 1850, although he says that it occurred early in 1851. About the end of the year, probably in January, 1851, he departed for the Trinidad country, as the gold discoveries had brought about a tremendous rush to that section and he said he was glad to grasp an opportunity for a new bit of travel. He remained there but a short time, however, mostly engaged in investigating the Indians whom he calls the Allequas. These were the Yurok Indians, Allequa being a corruption of Alikwa, which in turn is a corruption of Olekwo'l, their name for themselves. He journeyed as far as the Trinity River, but was soon back in San Francisco. He tells us that he spent ten months in Sacramento; at any rate he spent part of that ten months there as he must have been back in San Francisco at least in October. From Sacramento he made a trip to Mormon Island and some of the camps farther north and early in 1852 decided to leave the country. He sailed on the North America, one of the Vanderbilt Line steamers, crossed the Nicaragua Isthmus and reached New York on the Prometheus. Much of the book is devoted to philosophizing both on man and on natural phenomena. Many of the author's theories are antiquated but the book throws a fresh light, and one from a XII new angle, on the California of the days of the Gold Rush. Meyer saw many things that other writers did not see, or at least did not notice, and some of these, such as his graphic description of a Mexican caravan from Sonora, will not be found elsewhere. For this reason the translation is a distinct addition to the literature of the period.

HENRY R. WAGNER

Bound for Sacramento

(Nach dem Sacramento)

Dedicated to Mr. Heinrich Kurz

Doctor of Philosophy, Professor of German language and literature in the trade school, canton librarian of Aarau, member of the German Society of Berlin, and member of several other learned societies.

I feel justified in taking the liberty of prefixing your honored name to these modest leaves of travel pictures because of the enduring memories of my youth with which your name is inseparably bound up.

I had the good fortune to spend my last school year under your careful direction, from which sprang much that was beautiful and useful in later years.

Permit me to express publicly my sincerest thanks for this and all your other favors and to assure you of my faithful respect.

Your devoted student and friend,

Carl Meyer

Basle, Palm Sunday 1855.

On the Ocean!

Traveling is living and living is traveling We travel and are like the plants in the earth Each year with their new green covering. When traveling, to refresh the spirit comes mirth The gay muses in dancing rows, hovering, Promise us heaven on earth. Yes, living is traveling and traveling is living The traveler floats above the earthly sphere He learns to empty the beaker of pain and is willing And if he must enter Hell today, never fear, Some future day will bring courage and will be giving Strength to strive against need and danger.

ONLY a traveler can be a good critic of the Great Book of the World. The most varied pictures float before his eyes and mind until he has comprehended the whole universe, not only all its glory but also all its deficiencies and defects.

Living is happiness; traveling doubly so—it is life and happiness accelerated from the usually monotonous manner of living with its domestic humdrum. It is well to have seen the world before one is placed beneath the earth and begins the new life.

Some travel in early youth. In a quiet room the boy may trace on a map the route to far away places which his imagination, excited by reading, seeks. He is fortunate if later years fulfill his youthful desires. There are many thousands of our fellowmen who travel like the boy. Shut up in a room they rummage in their pile of books by the rays of a gloomy lamp, and after they have looked themselves blind, after they have subjected their bodies to all the suffering of voluntary imprisonment, they believe they know the world, believe, in short, that they have traveled.

Oh, you poor people! Go out into the colorful tides of the world! You will learn more there in a year than from a lifetime of being a bookworm.

He who would travel should think over carefully whether or not he possesses the absolutely essential, deep-rooted, tenacious wanderlust which will enable him to defy everything that might hinder him in reaching his goal. He must also avoid the extreme; he must fear travel frenzy. As in everything else, he must act with common sense in traveling and not dash senselessly here and there. He must not clothe his foolish activity with Münchhausen's fairy-tales as in the proverb; *multum mentitur, qui multum vidit*, or, like Hebel's man who traveled and went out into the world for the sole purpose of finding something to make him “shudder”.

The goal should not be chosen foolishly; he should think much before he acts. Of course he whose bags are stuffed full at home by Papa and Mama is bothered more by the weight of the hard coin than by worry about his destination. The choice of destination is of great importance for him who travels with little means but is rich in courage and enterprising spirit. Not only does traveling cost much money but to cross the ocean exacts much effort and annoyance. Whoever wishes to be quickly and gloriously recompensed for this should choose a land whose natural resources still offer enough material to be exploited, a land which is still but little inhabited and which permits him the free practice of his profession. In short, he should choose a new land.

Of course a land but little civilized, still forming, and still developing is a new land, a marketplace of human frailties and 3 weaknesses where adventurers from every part of the world try to take advantage of each other in their trading. Also it is a fairyland where happiness, as if brought to one by gnomes and dwarfs, fills life's cup of joy with its golden rays. A new land is always to be preferred to an old one. There man must venture more, but he has also more to gain. Even the long sea voyage to reach a new land is advantageous. The voyage steels his courage and spirit of enterprise and teaches him to find pleasure and advantage in the most dangerous environment.

So off and away to the sea, for him who feels strong and has made his decision! But do not rush foolishly and blindly into the breakers of life and the waves of the sea. I have warned you!

How often moans and sighs are heard on the ship, "If I had only stayed at home; I would rather be dead than go through such terrors as these!" Yes! Yes! If you had only stayed at home tied to your mother's apron strings. There they would have told you about pleasure trips. And now you who never felt a ripple on the surface of your life, have become a plaything of the turbulent waters and your cowardly heart trembles like the point of the storm-lashed bowsprit there. So, "Off and away to the sea!" is not the call for you and your kind.

It is with you, you strong men whose courage shines in your eyes, with whom I would travel. Hardly have you suppressed the repeated "Ah!, the *Alpha* of the sea voyage, with which in rigid astonishment you greeted the vast expanse of water, when already the sly sea god comes and bounces and shakes you so that body and soul seem threatened with death, and pale and sick you crawl away. Sea-sickness approaches. But how soon you recover! It has purified your blood and brightly and cheerfully you climb up masts and over ropes, unable to overcome your astonishment at everything.

4

You look up to the azure arch flecked with a few scattered clouds which dare not take up arms against the rising sun. Tranquil above you the sky descends in the almost invisible distance where it melts into the water. You stare again at the endless surface of wetness rippled by a soft breeze.

Again, you look at the furrow which paints the long wound made by the ship's keel as it cuts the water, pressed on by the lightly bellying sails. Now look at the far horizon where small dark clouds appear and increase with wild rapidity. Soon you will hear the thunder roar, first far away, and then ever nearer and nearer. The blue of the heavens disappears behind a dark veil of clouds rent by a golden breach in the firmament from which the wind blows with full cheeks as from the gates of Hell. The sails belly far out, the ropes knock against each other and masts and bulkheads creak and groan. A battle of the elements will soon begin; a terrifying storm approaches.

Captain and helmsman stand calmly on the bridge and with a sure eye regard the battle. The storm becomes more turbulent, thunder and lightning follow each other above you, stroke on stroke, and beneath you the unchained sea rages. The threatening waves are thrashing house high, taking the ship with them, and from a dangerous height you look down fearfully into the opened abyss of this untamed flood. Now you feel how small you are!

You are, however, just as quickly aware of man's greatness when, seeing the powerful progress of the ship, you recognize in its defiance the triumph of art over nature. You look then without fear at the great and terrifying drama. Who has not wished to see such a battle of the elements—naturally from a safe port—watching its bluster and roar and boiling foam hissing up to heaven?

Now your wish is granted. That which terrifies and depresses the weakling, stimulates the brave. Calmly you listen to the thunder dying away in the distance, watch the fire of the lightning fade. The storm diminishes and the waves become quieter and more measured and seem to move forward regularly from their source. This quick change of phenomena soon chases away the last trace of fear. A sea voyage can make even a coward brave as the sailor who prays or whistles to the wind.

When you have finally passed through all these experiences of the sea, from delight to despair, and the sailor calls down from the mast that significant word “Land!” the trip receives a new and heightened charm. Everything offers intense enjoyment to our gaze; it makes no difference whether it be the oak or pine forests of the north, or the tropical green of the south, whether the great cities of civilization or the poor bamboo huts of sunny lands.

Finally the ship runs into the harbor; that is a day of joy. It is also a very important day which must awaken doubt in many, but a look before a leap helps every man through the world. The greatest trick is adapting oneself to the conditions of the new country and becoming perfectly familiar with its language and customs. Staying occasionally for a longer time in one place affords the opportunity to become more at home in a strange place which will prove advantageous in all ways. The feeling of being at home in a strange land is always the herald of happiness and the partner of true enjoyment of travel. It shows that you have a true conception of the country.

If the traveler has made himself at home in all parts of the world; if he has looked at its many wonders and had his deepest being awakened by storm and wind; if by going out into the world he has also come home; he then feels the need for quiet when “the secret deep wonders in his own breast reveal themselves”. He carries within himself his own world in harmony with his views of life, a new homeland, where he finds again many a sweet note of memory. That is, provided destiny permitted him to examine these quietly by himself and arrange and mentally express them. He gains thereby a new pleasure from travel. “Information,” says Schiller, “makes our oft surmised feeling clear, significant and general.”

So, since already many strange and memory-clouding things have happened and the trip will soon become a dream, I shall try to shake out from the savings bank of my memory a part of my travel experiences and briefly relate observations and the opinions bound up with them. No one should, however, look for anything else in this narrative than a brief diary written by a nature lover and placed in a general frame, telling of places and objects which have been often already described by better pens. These notes with their scanty information can perhaps appeal to the interest of the reader through the individual interpretation and the imprint of their conception. May this not be lessened by the intentional delayed appearance of these travel pictures. I have striven for this appeal in their presentation.

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I

On to the Isthmus of Panama

I HAD traveled across the United States of North America, made the acquaintance of Brother John [Uncle Sam] in his native country, and in the beginning of February, 1850, took ship in New Orleans for the Isthmus of Panama.

Quickly our *Sea Lark* flew across the Gulf Stream in the Gulf of Mexico and drew near Jamaica in its eastern curve. The evergreen palm island lay before us like a garden floating between heaven and earth and we anticipated a grog of world famous Jamaica rum just as, before reaching Cuba, we had looked forward to the aroma of a true Havana. Soon, however, the beautiful island was hidden by a cloudy veil, the winds howled, and the *Sea Lark* was whirled away by them through the Caribbean and the Gulf of Darien to the mouth of the Chagres, where we landed after a stormy twelve-day voyage.

The coastal voyage in the Gulf of Darien tends to gradually increase the astonishment which the first view of tropical scenery gives the newcomer. A strange mood is also created by the knowledge that here lies the scene of the most courageous enterprises of the first discoverers of this country. There, on the rocky, sparsely wooded coast, Pedrario believed at every step he would find gold but in 1514 was convinced of his mistake upon noticing how poorly-clothed was Governor Enciso. There too, encouraged by the alluring statements of a young Indian, Balboa's expedition, 190 strong, went on a voyage of discovery to the South Sea, on whose coasts Spain enlarged its piles of gold, only, like King Midas, to languish on them. “*Paremos aqui en el Nombre de dios,*”^{*} said Nicuesso, as he landed in Puerto Bello. Thereupon he named the fort built by him Nombre de Dios, which now presents itself as a picturesque ruin to the elements for future complete destruction. Before Chagres one is again reminded of the capture of Fort St. Laurent a century later by English adventurers, who then traversed the isthmus and under the Pirate Mongan [Morgan] destroyed Old Panama. History and nature, both adventurous and stimulating, crowd here upon the newcomer at every glance and step, and fancy floats lightly between. Meanwhile the ship, driven by a light east wind, glides to its haven of rest in the bay, plowing through the blue sea,—

no, through a yellowish-green, broad field of seaweed and kelp, which seems to be very prolific in the warm waters of this ocean. The plants grow so luxuriantly that while the new seeds break out from underneath, the upper layers decay from the effect of the sun's rays and become a slimy mass, which exhudes an unpleasant sea-tang odor. The whole rich harvest, whose material worth would be apparent to the industrialist in the form of a noticeable iodine gas and in which the zoologist admires the lower animal world, is lost unnoticed, dissolving its elements in air and water.*

"We appear here in the Name of God."

In this vegetable and animal act of decay alone lies the condition which maintains the rich swarm of plant and animal life to be found even in a drop of water. The products of decay serve as food for the plants, which by means of their breathing process richly replenish the oxygen taken by the animals from the water.

And so it is with many things in the Tropical-Paradise which seems sealed by the Angel of Death against the white race. 9 In spite of this they dare to come to this strand; but they hurry on, driven by the "gold fever," the unquenchable thirst for gold, to the land of their desire on the Pacific Ocean. And every day new ones! Yes, that is a spur! Across Panama, across the mountains, around Cape Horn— They come from behind and they come from in front, They come and want to wash, I hear them slide, I hear them march Gold, gold, gold!

Now, I too had set foot on this tropical rim of the earth and looked with astonishment around me. Behind the rocky foothill, crowned by the castle of St. Laurent, at the edge of a slope bounded by jungle, lies the town of Chagres in which various palm trees shade with their canopies the bamboo huts of the natives. Both shores of the quiet river, which separates the town from the landing place of the ships, were thick with boats or *cayucas*. Several sailboats rocked on their anchor chains in the middle of the bay, which was 250 minutes broad. Several others lay wrecked on the rocky coast as proofs of the violent and dangerous storms which often assail these shores. A steamer which did duty as both hotel and hospital, was continually engaged in towing ships in or out.

On the landing places the colorful crowd of emigrants increased hourly. Tents were scattered over the place and hammocks hung between the trees were filled with tired or ailing returning gold seekers. Several groups of quite strange adventurers, who could find no lodging either in the American log inn or in any tent, lay about in the shade of the palm trees. Happiness and sorrow,

joy and misery were in evidence on every side. The hot sun made the air sultrily oppressive and the climate dangerous in this narrow gulf. Time was valuable—one by one the *cayucas* disappeared upstream and with them the crowd of emigrants. Finally the sailboats, freighted with those tired of California, 10 were launched, and Chagres returned for several hours to its original state of desertion.

It was four o'clock in the evening when three German passengers and I from the *Sea Lark* pushed off from shore in a *cayuca* managed by two natives, father and son. February is one of the most beautiful summer months here and we had glorious days suitable to crossing the isthmus which had been described as so difficult. The boat pushed on by the splashing oar, glided gently towards the interior of the majestic tropical forest, and soon, surrounded by the most varied forms, the enchanted eye was delighted by the ingenious disorder of the exotic scenery.

Of course it requires a certain composure not to be overcome by childish feelings of joy when after a somewhat long sea voyage one places his uncertain feet with felicity on firm land; but double strength and self-denial is required to suppress this urge if soon thereafter he finds himself in a joyous tropical region where everything charms the soul with its newness and rarity. Upon my arrival in Chagres I did not rejoice aloud, but stood quietly aside to observe and to obtain a quick conception of the strange customs and manners of the new land. Here, however, on the river in the midst of this indescribably beautiful plant world I opened my full heart and the admiration which could not be formed in words expressed itself in a chain of exclamations: “Man sighs and groans with Ah! and Oh! to give vent to his happiest feelings.”

The shores of the Chagres are at first low and flat. The jungle here consists solely of tall slim palms, from the *Palma real* to the *Palmito* with its grape-like fruit. Where these do not shade the damp earth, grasses and lilies of the monocotyledons fill out the spaces. The swordlike aloe and the oar shaped leafed banana, which shows the peculiar tropical leaf-green in all its nuances, grow down to the edge of the river where, bending 11 their inclined leaf points in a slight arch, they dip into the blue wetness. Water lilies gently opened their soft buds and some of the flowers looked shyly at us through the narrow slits of their green flower covering, while others had already opened wide and

offered their honey-scented chalices to the fickle greedy ones, the small insects. They reminded me of young girls who, hardly cognizant of their fate, smile at the boys.

The farther we came from the gloomy negro village the more densely the sap-green growth crowded together. The dainty, slim silver heron dipped down into the midst of this jungle appearing to the admirer in a poetic mood as the only bearer of light in a tropical land.*

The silver heron is the only bird below the tropics that has an unspotted white coat. His varied dipping into the water and flying high into the glowing atmosphere demands this summer dress so that, when wet through, it can be dried quicker by the strong reflex of the sun's rays and thus protect the bird from too great heat and cold. The white feathers serve also, according to the statements of the natives, to entice the fish; probably by breaking up and spreading light, which the diver takes with him to the depths of the river. In winter the bird clothes his more delicate parts with grey feathers in the form of a cloak.

As the river banks rise the trees of the forest become more varied. The different groups of *Myrtaceae*, begonias and *Melastomaceae* change off with acacias, *Mimosas*, and *Lauraceae*. Everywhere are varied forms of trunk, leaf, and blossom. *Cappees*, begonias, and *Aristolochiaceae* entwine and unite it all to a wall which daylight can hardly penetrate. One would like to enter that queer tangle but a thorny net bars the first step. Everything that has roots grows wild over the ground, tree-trunks, branches, and tree-tops. There is no end to the creepers and tangles, and thoughts whirl about as the vines weave in and out. The enormous *Ceiba* seems to succumb to the weight of the agavas, orchids, *Anthurium* and giant ferns and is like a swelled-up grass-giant; but the sun makes countless colored blossoms on its branches and changes the giant into a Christmas tree. Vanilla, and other vines, have spun a network over the trees along the banks, a thick green veil which covers them from crown to trunk and where in places they are pulled together they form the oddest forest creatures. A great variety of blossoming twigs force their way towards the sunlight, balsam scents are wafted from the banks and the golden fruits of the lemon, of the guava and 12 the papaya shimmer through the dark foliage of the smaller trees. The tall bamboo covers the bank varying with other trees. And so it continues; it makes one wild! The air, the water and the earth Produce a thousand seeds In dryness, wetness, warm and cold!

The first day of our trip will soon be done and the forest has lost its monotonous quiet. The peculiar voices of the woodpecker and *Blechtschläger* can be heard; strident swarms of parrots from the *Aras*

to the parakeet, followed by the *todo*,^{*} wonder parrot, fly to their night quarters; soon the *Tukan* pecks his peppercorn supper, and the monkey groans his night call. We glide around a bend; Gatun or Philippi, a small Indian village, with its poor but carefree inhabitants, lies before us. A large fire burns in its center around which joyous young women dance the *Zamakunka*, a New Year's dance which requires not a little moral and muscular flexibility and originated truly in the jungle. It consists of wrestling and writhing as though the participants would jump out of their skin and one can say of it: *Sans souci*, is what these joyous creatures are called. They cannot stand any longer on their feet. So now they stand on their heads.

The *todo*, a rare bird of green shimmering feathers, from whom, unnoticed, the tropical beauties pluck green feathers in the evergreen hope that they will charm luck in love thereby.

These Philippes seem not to have had their Paulus yet; and one would hardly dare to enter their group around the night fire, which burns high with bright tongues of flame as an excellent symbol of the flaming passion and pleasure lust of the half-wild dancers.

We, too, burned a night fire here on the banks, and prepared some of the travel rations which are probably adapted to satisfy a healthy appetite but do not deserve a description. A refreshing bath in the Chagres substituted for the refreshment of dessert. Hardly, however, had we begun to enjoy this pleasure when a 13 weird looking alligator drove us back to shore. The poor animal was just as surprised as we were, and swam fearfully away from our neighborhood. After we had gone to bed in the narrow boat, the Prokrustes bed of the brown boatman, my neighbor dreamed about the tropical *Lagarto*, the alligator, and fleeing from it he jumped overboard into the water, thus freeing himself from both fear and dream.

Although sleeping out in the open is unpleasant in many respects, and only healthy constitutions can stand it, it has also a certain effect which dispels all disadvantages for travelers who avoid no adventurous situations. Thoughts are busy with the strange surroundings and lose themselves in all kinds of combinations. A sound which suddenly quavers through the stillness of the night makes the senses intensely alert, but it dissolves again into quietness and this creates new exhilarating sensations. We tire from this frequent change of thought and stimulation of the senses and will,

that rudder of our soul, steers us finally to Morpheus. Sleep out of doors is the great temple sleep in which the Voice of God speaks to our soul.

We continued our voyage up the Chagres in the pale twilight of a late daybreak which, however, only gradually awakened tropical nature from its torpor. Damp with dew, leaves and twigs hung slackly above the wooded shores, and the blossoms on vines and trees were still half closed. No sound could be heard in wood or vale; but we had hardly rowed for a mile, when we heard the varied voices of feathered forest dwellers, whereby I became convinced that even the voice of the *ferrador*, the woodpecker, which often almost splits the ear drums during the day is much softer and more modulated in the morning. Perhaps it is the dampness of the morning air which affects the glottis, perhaps it is the magic of the early hour, which even urges the tropical birds to more melodious outpourings of their hearts and 14 entices them to unite in a chorus. Finally the sun's rays shone towards the forest thickets, and everything that was bent, bowed, and hung down raised itself up for the day's life. The forest awoke from its morning dream which had spread perspiration over its limbs in pearly dew, and the song of the forest died out in the distance, drowned out by the German songs with which we expressed our happiness.

The river for several miles below Gatun shows no marked current and tastes salty until it reaches the village, but about ten miles above that place swelled by the high tide of the Gulf stream, it becomes very difficult for the passage of boats, with a strong current, sandbanks, and snags of planters. * It is necessary for the boatman to push his canoe with his *Balanka*, or to pull it along himself in the water. It is dangerous, however, only during the rainy season when there is much water, or if, as is often the case, one is too much in a hurry. The distance from Chagres to Panama is ninety miles; my companions and I covered this in six days in order that we might all obtain the full enjoyment of the tropical trip at our leisure.

Uprooted tree trunks, caught fast on the river bottom, raised crookedly and at times hidden under the surface of the water and only recognized in the current by a practiced eye. When elevated and sawed off they are called *Sanayers*. These are the most dangerous obstacles for the Mississippi steamers which are wrecked if they should bump head-on into them and are not equipped with a water-tight compartment separated from the rest of the ship and called a "*snaks-room*." The first small steamer which American speculative zeal rushed too quickly into the jungle soon became a victim of these river spears or organic water monsters.

The Riviera, the country along the river banks now stretched out in large grassy meadows dotted with small Indian settlements or with scattered wooded hills, at whose feet shady, inviting paths paralleled the river. Much in evidence here are the many nests of a sort of wood ant, or *comaje*. These nests are made of a bark substance pasted together in balls of honey-comb structure two or three feet in diameter, and are attached either to the base of a tree or to branches and shrubs. Neat ant paths lead from one to the other which intersect in many places and thus resemble the network of roads in a civilized state. The procession of ants moves on these paths, eager to satisfy their greed and lust for murder on the bush leaf-lice, tiny creatures of the “Lord of Creation”. The industry of these animals is untiring, they 15 strongly remind one of the marvellous gold-digging ants of the Ethiopians, in a country which today is flooded by gold seekers of all nations. One could spend many hours observing the activity of these beasts of prey, and again one would always see evidence of new movement and new communication in the swarm which seems to be ruled by an animal mind of high order. The second part of Vogt's *Thierstaaten* gives more detailed information about this. Often they wrathfully pursue the one who steps carelessly on the banks of the Chagres and pitilessly sting him. The sand wasp differs from the *comajes* only by its poisonous stinger, and in that at times it loses its wings, while the *comajes* retain theirs in old age. Producing all kinds of metamorphoses and abnormalities is one of the most marvelous games of Nature, who below the Tropics is pleased to show her unlimited sway of all kinds of creatures, animals and plants. It seems intentional under paradisiacal skies that not even during the day should we be able to guess at “ever ruling Nature's” effects, which so stimulate our thoughts. Where deformities rule over abnormalities And illegality rules legally.

To prove this one need only recall the *Gia-wasp*, who carries a plant twig on its body; the duckbill; the cashew nut, so well liked for its edible flower-base and the simultaneous appearance of blossoms and green and ripe fruits on one and the same twig. The grape palm is destined to be a blade of grass, and bears fruit as heavy as a ton which when ripe produces an enormous conglomerate of nuts with an oily seed, and when immature produces a sour drink. The liane vine creeps at first then grows onto a tree, and by means of its entwining power is able to choke the strongest trunks; its ends which hang down as twigs serve as ropes for the natives, or they cut

them and quench their thirst with the watery, thin juices which flow out. And thus the oddest 16 formations of the tropics seem to have been created for usefulness to the native who from birth is dependent on his immediate surroundings.

Other remarkable phenomena in Chagres are the many iguanas which are disgusting to us because of their salamander-like appearance, but which are in high favor with the natives because of their tasty flesh. If the iguana is roasted over the fire in the customary way, peeled and cooked with rice, the meat can hardly be excelled by that of a carefully fattened hen. Its softshelled eggs, which contain much yolk, are equally tasty and nutritious whether boiled in salt water or strung on strings and dried in the sun. It is not rare to see a native provided with rations for a whole day's trip of such a string of eggs around his neck, a piece of sugar cane in his hand and several ounces of boiled rice in banana leaves in his apron. The iguana eggs are one of the favorite foods of the woods dwellers of the tropics, and they must never be missing in the pantry of the housewife if she would have her kitchen well stocked, and like you, pretty dwellers of the Antipodes, without egg yolks she cannot make that popular rice pudding and dessert. She knows nothing, naturally, of gastronomical studies and her kitchen which, incidentally is the only room under the leafy roof, is as simple as her whole house. Right at the entrance of it is the mortar made of a block of wood in which corn or *maniok* is crushed to flour, a work with which the father of the house would certainly earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, even if the sun did not beat down on his naked back. This bread is nothing but an unseasoned dry mass, which has hardly any taste at all and which must often be ground up on the *metate*, the grinding stone, before one can venture one's teeth on it. Nothing is more noticeable in the interior of the room than the altar with its colorful picture of the Virgin, surrounded by all kinds of household articles, before which the 17 housewife comfortably prepares the meal. Thick clouds of steam soon rise from the earthenware pot in which she has put, one after the other, water, rice, several *platanos* and the much praised iguana, pleasantly filling the nostrils of the hungry members of the family returning from the forest. While they settle down on the *banquetas*, the wood blocks which serve as chairs and are placed on the *manzas da guangocha*, or seaweed mat which is spread in front of the hut, the magic pot is placed in their midst. The banana leaf is lifted from it and the witches' brew and bony remains of the cooked iguana are distributed into the *calabasses*. "A su

disposicion!” is the friendly invitation extended the stranger by his naked hostess, reduced to a living mummy by ten years of a marriage very rich in children. She feels hurt if he does not join or if he refuses the drink which she offers him from a cocoanut shell, after she has first drunk from it with her thick, withered lips. His answer must be “*Me gusta mui bien,*” as soon as he has forced down the first bite and I would be telling an untruth if I found fault with the dish. The drinks made from a variety of juice fruits are, however, more pleasing. Besides *chicha*, the well known tropical wine and *frangollo* punch, the extract prepared from the cream-like contents of the *cherymoya*, is the most remarkable drink. It is fine refreshment for the thirsty, especially when it is proffered in a delicately carved *hiccora* from the hand of a virgin *muchacha*, whose life seems not to be measured by years for she will appear aged before her twentieth year like my able hostess. In short, regardless of the limitations of their kitchen and the little knowledge of what is tasty, much is found on the table of the tropical native that tastes well to the foreigner; food and drink to which he can soon become accustomed without prejudice. For instance, it happened to me that after being lost for a half day I joined an Indian and forever overcame all disgust of a dish of monkey meat he placed before me. My being lost is worth mentioning because so many who crossed the Isthmus of Panama had a similar experience.

It happened in this manner. In order to cut off a large bend of the Chagres, three miles below the town of Gorgona, my companions and I took to the shore and followed the shady path which, according to the information of the boatman, should lead us in one mile to a landing place, the goal of our river journey. It was the hottest hour of midday, so we took off our upper garments, and naked and barefooted were only too glad to go into the cool forest. The beautiful forest, alive with monkeys and parrots, afforded us such pleasant continuous entertainment that we did not realize we had already walked for an hour. The path, which at first was like a *prado*, became stony and finally ended altogether, like the paths of the ants and their consorts at the top of a nearby tree, reminding one of the deceiving finish of philosophical systems. At the foot of this tree there lay some gnawed off monkey bones near some still glowing embers, which almost made us think that a Robinson [Crusoe] episode or an adventure with *anthrophages* had happened here. Annoyed by our own awkwardness and worried about losing too much time in returning we rushed, like Hans

Klavenstaken, “straight through”. The pain in our hands and feet caused by the thorns of the cactus and aloe plants served only to spur us on so that we penetrated deeper and deeper into the forest where there was not a single ray of sunlight to help us find our way. Frequently climbing over fallen and decaying tree trunks, we followed a narrow forest stream flowing between steep cliffs and rocks, which should have led us to the Chagres. From time to time pieces of wood were shaken down from the branches as we laboriously made our way through the thickets. Now and then a huge eagle, fearful and curious, dipped down and suddenly the jaws of a monstrous snake gaped at us from the bushes. Prepared for the worst, 19 we threw stones at the horror and it proved to be a vine which our excited fantasy had made into a boa constrictor. Not until late in the evening did we finally leave the forest. Arriving at a meadow we surmised the nearness of the river from the sandy bed of the stream and the timid, sensitive mimosas (*Mimosa pudica* and *M. sensitiva*) which bowed shyly at our footsteps. We finally reached the river below the place where we had stepped on land before getting lost. The forest stream instead of helping our progress had led us back in a circle. Exhausted, we met an Indian whose hospitality we enjoyed. We stayed the night in his hut and the next morning he accompanied us to Gorgona.

The most dangerous part of getting lost like this is the frightening and adventurous things one imagines, especially towards nightfall. Steps are doubly hastened and with the same energy a disregard for all obstacles is increased. Physical injury is regarded less and less and the results of the exertion are felt only after the return of composure. We certainly realized this on our rest day in Gorgona; but a bath in the Chagres helped us and a sweet sleep in the shade of a banana field took away the last trace of our fatigue. Gorgona was full of California emigrants; a truly Gorgonian confusion existed in which the Gorgonians of the village played the leading role in doing everything in their power to make the stay of the travelers as pleasant as possible. “*Las Gente de razon*”^{*} did not prove to be “dilettanti” but hurried away for the ocean steamer awaiting them in Panama. Soon I too was riding along with a large group on my way to the Pacific Ocean.

The sensible people, as the whites or Europeans are called by the Castillian natives, also dilettanti, friends of pleasure and art.

Although the trip over the mountains between Gorgona and Panama may be said to be difficult, it offers so many novel and interesting sights that one is completely repaid for the exertion expended. The scenery changes constantly from wooded heights 20 to valleys with springs and brooks; soon we come to a shady passage through which our jolly crowd passes; then again, narrow rocky passes warn us to be careful. The naked burden bearers lead the way disturbing the quiet of the forest by their peculiar groaning which is caused by the heat and their burdens. They carry the boxes and goods of the travelers on light hurdles made of bamboo and reed which rest on their neck and tower high above their head, and as they are able to balance the weight skilfully up hill and down dale they hurry on so as soon to be relieved of their burden. They earn from six to twelve dollars, a pay which makes the native who formerly earned only *reales*, believe that his land is an Eldorado in which he would like to earn as much daily. This, however, is not possible as to carry so much would kill him.

The colorful emigrant band follows behind these leaders. The men wear red woolen shirts and broad straw hats and carry weapons and saddles at their sides. The women wear bloomers which prove their practical worth nowhere better than here.*

They seem to be most useful however, to those sensitive American women who formerly would not walk through a potato field because they had heard that potatoes have eyes! Bloomers have been warmly defended and favorably received by a large number of American women. They believed bloomers to be not less decent than the customary evening dress, because what was too short on the lower extremities or “muscles” (*vulgo* legs) in the former, the evening dress lacks altogether on the shoulders so that this drawn together at the nape of the neck would appear to be merely a pseudo pair of bloomers.

Now this crowd of riders rejoices with shrieks and cries! The mules walk briskly with their lady riders swaying, the men laugh and tell jokes, and the *muleros* strike the animals with the flat blade of their *machettas*, reminding the American of his “Time is money”. Soon the procession has reached the *Half-way-House* and rested there. Refreshment is taken and we move on. Another valley and another mountain are crossed and then we reach a height corresponding to that of Sierra de Quarequa from where Balboa first saw the South Sea and with raised hands thanked the heavens for his discovery from which his rival, Pedrarias, profited. Glittering like silver the Pacific Ocean lies before the delighted wanderer; but in vain he looks for the Caribbean Sea from this high wall

which separates the two great oceans. We stay here only for a short while, the *muleros* call 21 “*Adelante!*” and applying their *machettas* again to the hides of the pack animals, the caravan moves on down the mountain towards the city of Panama.

The plain is reached; above it rise the towers of the cathedrals of the city in which Pizarro received the Host before he brought to the Incas the decline and destruction of their empire. First, there is a suburb of half-ruined houses, witness of a former prosperity, in which the poorer classes have now settled. In the center of this is a stone, pyramid-shaped monument from the time of Pedraria Davila, governor of Castillo del Oro. A road toll which is charged here would make an unknowing person believe that it is the memorial of a road-gang overseer. We have soon passed through the suburb to an empty square covered with weeds and growth and passing through a ruined arch we arrive on the uneven pavement of the old city. Gray walls, musty halls Deserted and gloomy to view Into pieces it all falls Will the future build it anew?

The stranger must ask himself this when he makes a tour of the streets of the “Fish rich,” of the City of Panama. Everywhere he sees piles of rubbish and wreckage, sad monuments of the time when Panama also succumbed to her efforts for independence. A ray of revival and of new creation shines in the heart of the city. On Main Street, which has already lost its original Spanish name, the damp, cellar-like ground-floor rooms have been made over into modern shops and an active pursuit of earning money shows that a new destiny is in store for the old city. That great nation which seems destined to elevate lands and nations from their decay and lethargy has also achieved 22 astonishing results here in a short time. The citizens of the United States have been able to make a new stopping place in Panama for the world of commerce and trade and have made a way for making easier commerce and trade with the Pacific Ocean.

Since the time of the Revolution Panama has sunk more and more into oblivion and it is characteristic that as far back as the present generation can remember no new house has been built. In the first year of the California migration the city consisted of barely 7000 inhabitants, 800 houses and five churches of which only four were open. In 1850 there was already a population increase of several thousands. The Creoles who had retired to Bogota and the blacks and colored folk who

scattered through the country, returned gradually to the coast. The empty dwellings were soon crowded by people of all colors and characteristics, so that it became more and more difficult for strangers to find shelter. Ships from all parts of the world came into the harbor. Surveyor's markers for the cutting of the railway through the isthmus were raised in the jungle and in two short years the shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard where only the whistling of the monkeys had been. “*Quien no cae, no se levanta*” (Who does not fall does not rise). The city of Panama at the terminal of the railroad from Novy Bay will flourish again like her old demolished predecessor, only it is not the Castillian but the Yankee who assures her progress.

I stayed in Panama for two months and when I left I was still not satiated. The enjoyment of the varied charms in the forest and on the forever new Savanna and the continual change of population in the stream of migration made the place a greater Théâtre des Variétés. Although it is very difficult to discover the true character of an American in his native land, it is much easier in a strange country where the sun and shadow of his nature break through his composure and are more easily discernible. Panama brought me new knowledge of this nature.

There are picturesque ruins of churches and monasteries in this city which is built on a rocky dam projecting into the ocean. Thick agave covered walls with great cracks, in which the loafing lizard and poisonous *geko* breed, surrounded one place where a ruined altar stands and a pair of bells, damaged by the falling of the tower, are hung on decaying beams showing to what purpose the place served formerly. Neglected palms are rooted in the rubbish and spread their branches towards the sunlight through the cracks in the wall; vines creep on the walls and across the place, here and there forming a loop in which the observer sits swinging, and quietly surrenders himself to his astonishment and dreams.

The eye marks a thick cactus hedge growing above a portal in which stands a vase covered with vines reminiscent of the Greek myth of the Acanthus leaves and the basket, while a haggard man comes through the portal towards the bells of “Santa Maria.” The people of the neighborhood can hear the muffled sound of the bells of the ruin which soon harmonizes with the bells of the city. The

striker of the bell stops, raises his hat, prays an “Ave Maria,” bows before the “Sacred One” and, quietly as he came, goes away.

A similar ruin serves as Municipal Theater; wild nature couples herself here with raw art. The room has no ceiling, chairs are scattered about and the stage is decorated at the top with twigs and vines. Creoles, Americans, colored people and negroes *e tutti quanti* spend their idle evenings staring here. Usually they amuse themselves with those Spanish folk plays in which every scene is distinguished by a certain degree of triviality. Intriguers, robbers, drunkards or *Fanfarones* are the heroes of the plays, or farces are presented in which the most foolish smutty jokes of Signor Pantalone, Arlechino, Tartaglia etc. are 24 improvised. We are horrified when we think of the remark made by the philosopher who said “to learn about a people it is only necessary to observe their dramas”. We laugh and applaud and when the jubilation has reached its highest point the American does not hesitate any longer to express his irony at it all. It commences to rain and the play is over.

Next to the theatre is the garrison and the prison. A number of colored people serve both as soldiers and policemen. The drollness of the West Indian soldiery is also found here; while the barefooted, half-naked privates are content with either straw hat or policeman's cap, sword or *machetta*, gun or spear, their superiors are distinguished by many colored strange decorations; silver cords, tombak buttons and gold epaulettes being much in evidence also. The soldiers are used once a month to escort the West Indian mail and the great silver and gold transport from Peru across the isthmus and once in a while are also sent out to capture bandits. Then the company, weighed down by beds, cooking utensils and all kinds of weapons, resembles a band of Indians who are getting ready to move their wigwams.

The Americans have often clashed with this military. Once they even stormed the garrison and got control of all the weapons. As there was no general interest in the revolt they contented themselves with showing the government how little they respected it. I still remember how a chief of one of the squads vainly urged his frightened soldiers to attack a group of Americans and how the whole soldiery then made a *tabula rasa* under a hail of stones. All Panama was in the grip of a panic of fear at that time and the creoles were ready to leave the city. When the governor heard this bad

news he issued a proclamation in which he gave friendly warning to the Americans to keep the peace, and declared himself prepared to do everything possible for the upholding of their rights. By this, however, he only showed his own 25 futility and the American Consul was still the most important person in Panama.

The life of the market place is varied and different; it is located in the southeastern part of the city on the shores of the bay. Early in the morning many pirogues loaded with all kinds of forest and field fruits arrive. The tide falls and the market, flooded with people and products, extends far out into the sea. Boatmen with their brown apprentices attempt to dispose of the most varied and different smelling goods in pots and kettles, moving up and down the long aisle of crouching market women who offer for sale in *calebasses* and *batras* the delicate fruits of the *cherymoya*, guava, tuna, pomegranate and sapodilla, together with other wares. The people buy and sell, then with the return of high tide the market is at its ebb. Two merchants still stand near a pile of oranges, however, who cannot agree on a price. Their animated gestures show the great difference in their opinions. Then they finally divide the *medio* about which they quarreled for almost a half an hour, part contentedly; one in his pirogue goes across the bay, the other to the shopkeeper in the city and soon thereafter to the gambling table, where he will lose the whole sum of his profits on one card of Monte.

Gambling halls spring up as a matter of course wherever returning Californians stay for any length of time. The rooms of the one to which the merchant went were formerly part of a nunnery and are always crowded now with people about whom the pious sisters and priests spoke their anathema. The gambling halls of Panama are on Main Street which therefore is not dedicated any more to church processions, the main reason being that the high clergy does not wish to unfold its magnificence in a street almost entirely populated by Americans. Such church processions occur frequently in Panama. Palm Sunday is the most exalted occasion and worthy of mention. An hour before 26 sunset the people gather in the Church of Mary in the suburbs. After several of the customary ceremonies have been performed in the interior of the church a long procession moves towards the city. Striding at the head of this in black robes are the church laity. In their midst is a young female donkey, especially trained, bearing on her back a somewhat shoddy papier-mâché

crucifix with Christ clothed in silk and decorated richly with gold and pearls. She is followed by the ecclesiastics in full vestment, surrounded by a group of sacristans; then come white-robed virgins, youths; and finally the entire population of the city, all bearing palm, aloe, and myrtle twigs and reciting the “*ora pro nobis*”. On Palm Sunday in the Vatican they use genuine palms The cardinals all bow down And sing genuine psalms.

The gates are closed once a year on this evening. On and near them stand men, women and children so as to be the first to shout joyously to the approaching crucifix. This scene of the long procession at whose sides the inquisitive Americans play the role of the Pharisees, lacks nothing to give a true presentation of the gospels Matthew 21. It makes one think that here Dubufe painted from life his picture of “The entry of Jerusalem.” The gates are opened after a pause and the laity has told the purpose of entry. As soon as the donkey enters there is general rejoicing. Twigs and flowers are thrown in her path from all sides; women spread their dresses and young girls go so far in their joy as to disrobe entirely to permit the donkey to step on their calico coverings. The cry “Jesus el Nazereno-Hosanna!” resounds through the whole city while the procession moves on to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy and fragrant perfumes are poured on it from the balconies of the houses so that for once in Panama, on Palm Sunday, one can breathe pleasantly.

27

From all this it can be seen how diligently and with what cordiality the *Curas*, the clergy, attempt to gratify the national urge of the Castillian people. A look into the crumbling cathedral of Panama, covered from base to towers by dense growths, but filled with an abundance of riches; its silver altar, silver candelabra, and gold *vasa sacra*, shows what impresses the people from a religious standpoint. The natives crawl on their knees around this church treasure, which is said to be only a small part of what the clergy saved from the revolution, while the other less richly furnished churches are usually empty. Even at the funeral processions this mania for ostentation and decoration is evident, more or less limited, however, by the means of the dead person. Single persons are borne to the grave in an open coffin. A virgin is dressed in her best as if for her wedding, with a wreath on her forehead, flowers on her breast and her pale cheeks are even rouged.

So, with pompous escorts the corpse, like a flourishing creature, arrives at an *estafo* in a niche of the cemetery wall.

Such funeral ceremonies seem less tragic; how different it is in the case of a foreigner who is buried without pomp or decoration, even without ordinary decency. The corpse of a foreigner is not permitted burial in the *patio* of the city. The bodies of foreigners, who often succumb quickly to the epidemic diseases, are put hardly a foot deep under the hot earth, at times without a coffin, in a place covered with jungle growths. The grim hatred of the *Curas* against everyone belonging to a different church and the crass superstition of the people have designated this barren forest of graves as the place of sinners and heretics. There dark ghosts of these unpardoned unfortunates still wander years after the decay of all earthly remains as the church has arranged for no priestly intercession for them. Such a ghost sprang on my breast once when I lifted a coffin lid to look at its mummified contents. After my first surprise I convinced myself, however, that it was 28 a small sand-rabbit, friend of death. San Juan de Dios, the grave digger, who had just arrived with a new corpse maintained, however, that it was the restless soul of a dead person. Another time when I happened to meet him in the forest of the dead and drew his attention to a grave from which extended the bloody mangled hand of a corpse buried the day before, he maintained that the dead person's burden of sin was so great that he probably found it necessary to wave for aid to poor Lazarus in heaven. I suspected strongly, however, that the unfortunate one must have been buried while unconscious and, struggling against death after burial, had pushed his hand up through the earth! Such suspicions are really justified when one has seen so often for himself with what superficiality and indifference the emigrant who has fallen ill with violent Panama fever is treated by both the doctor and his family or nurses. This illness, which begins usually with dysentery, robs the patient of all strength and he sinks into a coma, accompanied by frightful fainting spells which are easily mistaken for death by ignorant people. If the weakened patient lies there with corpse-like stillness it is easily possible that the grave digger is called instead of the doctor as there is fear of decay infection which is always close at hand in a tropical country, and the traveling companion, if there is one, hurries away from the place which threatens him with the same fate. If the body is not cold and stiff enough for the grave digger he understands his expensive business as well as did the

matadores theirs, who, in the role of Sisters of Mercy, made death easier for their patients by giving them a few sturdy nudges with their elbow.

A great American evil in such sickness is the exaggerated and immediate consumption of mercury and quinine. The American never takes a trip without a suitable supply of popular patent medicine in which quicksilver and poisonous alkaloide play the main role. Every American is such a living dispensary, and has 29 a box crammed with “drugs and medicine”. If he feels “feverish” or not quite fit he immediately swallows enormous doses of medicines and so decides whether it will be life or death. In the hot regions large doses of radical curatives are sometimes necessary but one should have more than a little medical knowledge to observe the rapid course of the illness or to check it. Every untrained person who acts officiously in such illness is certainly a murderous meddler with human life.

If, while making a sightseeing tour of Panama, you cross the *patio* and go farther, you come to a narrow path which leads to a spring in a wall from which all Panama obtains its water. This water has caused the death of many an un-acclimated foreigner. Pregnant with vegetable stuffs and filth, it is often drunk in the heat and then causes diarrhea or fever. It is customary, however, to let this water go stale before using it. Poor Indians, called *Aguaderos*, bring it into the city in large stone crocks, *cachocols*, and the buyer pours it into smaller antique-shaped clay vessels in which he allows it to go stale, while at the same time the evaporating process cools it off. On all the balconies of the city, increasing the exotic appearance of the houses, stand long rows or groups of these water vessels in the process of making the cool drink which seems the most delicious refreshment beneath the hot heavens. The Panamanians cool their wine in a similar way by drawing a small dampened net cover over each bottle and putting it out in the night air.

The mountain of Ancon towers above the only spring of Panama and offers a pleasant place of sojourn with its refreshing, constant land and sea breezes and an extensive view of the gulf dotted with islands. At the foot of this mountain are several deserted sugar plantations and the ruins of demolished refineries. The great size of a copper kettle taken from a hearth there still bears witness to the once enormous volume of this former industry.

A rum distillery is yet in operation. Sugar is mostly brought here as *peloncillo* from the interior of the country and is sold cheaply. It is dissolved, poured into earthenware crocks and put in a cool place to ferment. This process begins after twenty-four hours, but is purposely delayed by the evaporation of the matter in the porous vessels. The fermentation is thus more penetrating and more complete and seems to increase the aroma and the butyric acid-ether taste. A distillery apparatus in which neither the principle of wood saving or that of hastened distillation is observed produces daily a few gallons of fine-tasting rum, which by reason of its excellence is quickly disposed of. The ingredients of anisette are grown here and it is produced in the same quantity and quality. It would be well to enlarge this business and to organize it better.

This is the only trace of industry in Panama and the only place where one sees uninterrupted work. The colored people are more lazy than diligent. Their one ambition is to earn a few *pesos* as quickly as possible and then to gradually spend them at leisure. These colored people carry on commerce in the city with calico goods, reed mats, fruit and all kinds of tinsel wares. At times Nuremberg products are sold in the narrow shop, the *pulperia*, in which a brown Panamanian woman also prepares and sells native drinks and sweet pastry, the popular *Cocadillo de Coco*. She earns many a *real* from the secret business of hawking the fine-tasting *Cigarillos de Panama*. These are made of cigar butts gathered up on the streets, chopped up and turned on a machine, which perhaps because of their maceration equal the best Havanas. The pursuit of pleasure and adventure is the colored person's main object in life. He directs most of his attention to his clothing. White trousers, a dazzling white *Jaceti*, a vest of the most beautiful primrose yellow, a sash of poppy red, varicolored light leather slippers and an elegant sombrero make him such a dandy 31 that no *Donna* can refuse a "date" with him. This finery makes him feel happier than the aristocratic Creole living the life of a retired business man. Even the naked Indian feels the pride of a Roman or a Hidalgo, when he possesses a calico shirt and wears his hat tipped over one eye. After he has eaten his meal, which either forest or two hours of paid labor produced for him, he is free to stroll at will in this city. If the situation is too "damned tedious" he lies down in a hammock and smokes a goodly number of *cigarillos*.

The Creoles are the heirs to rich estates and restrict their activity to commerce of gold, precious stones and pearls. They are hesitant about giving any appearance of working. “*Todo Blanco es Caballero*,”* is the watchword and Caballeros do not work, for work is a sign of poverty and that is a disgrace. Behind the cool walls they wait half-dressed for the evening, quenching their thirst diligently. They hardly understand the spirit of enterprise in the California travelers. They live well here, although the kitchen seems a miserable place, with its low stone-flanked hearth in which glows a coal fire surrounded by earthenware pots and bowls. A colored charwoman, who learned her culinary art in a *Cura* kitchen a paid for it with the most beautiful years of her youth, blows dense clouds of smoke from her *cigarillo* while she plays the rôle of an excellent *Cura* cook. With a piece of wood she energetically stirs the mixture in the earthenware pots and from time to time adds new ingredients, or after tasting, takes some away. The many courses selected for the evening meal, which from eggs to fruit resembles an old Roman feast, taste excellent, and the Panamanian like the Roman consumes them in quantity especially if his favorite dish of turkey is not lacking, without which it seems hardly possible to digest a meal in all Spanish-America.

“Every white man is a knight.”

The main occupation of the Creole woman is to go to church. 32 Early in the morning she goes to Mass, accompanied by a young *cholo* who carries her footstool and carpet. During the day she lies in her hammock, the cradle of Hilaris, enjoying the life rich in “Love and idleness” for which she has been destined from birth. In the evening she promenades with one of her family on the Bataria, the harbor terrace of the city where she enjoys the fresh sea air and the glorious view at sunset.

The Bataria [Bateria] takes the place of a *Paseo*. The sea rages at the foot of its high wall; frequent earthquakes have made in it many great cracks and crevices which give it a rather threatening appearance. Bombs and piles of cannon balls lie around everywhere and an old garrison with a spacious deserted courtyard still commemorates a sad event. This is the pleasure and recreation ground of the Panamanians. The muzzles of several large cannon, on their weathered gun carriages, project over the parapet of the Bataria out towards the sea. These pieces are not only valuable for their quality but have also historical worth, and have been the objects of British envy for a long

time. Large sums have already been offered for their purchase but the government shows no desire to dispose of them. In the meantime Brother John's [Uncle Sam's] sons scratch or file their names on them and will continue to do so until they are completely Americanized and finally come under their starry banner.

Ships anchor two or three miles from the Bataria; the twelve foot ebb and many rocky banks in the harbor do not permit them to come closer.* Boats and pirogues travel continually between it and the landing place where natives are at work, in the water up to their arm pits, carrying goods and passengers to shore, running the risk while doing so of becoming a tidbit for the sharks, as has sometimes happened.

The first Spanish ships were able to anchor close to the walls of the city and the water level of the sea extended far beyond its edge. It seems, and more recent observations confirm this, that a tongue of land has been formed in the bay between the city and the islands, and the rocks are gradually rising and being covered with layers of coral to which are added the various crustaceans which die at low tide.

Another of the evening recreations of the Panamanian is riding towards the savanna. Hardly has the sun disappeared 33 behind the islands when the *Caballeros* are seen everywhere, dressed in the colorful linen mantles, *Mangas*, on lively ponies loping* through the steets; nothing seems able to hinder their course except the sound of the people praying the Ave Maria coming to them through the open portals of the church. Doffing their hats the *Caballeros* join in the prayer and then rush away across the peak of the mountain of Ancon, where in the blue evening air they appear for a moment like giants, and then vanish. The stranger sees it and he too feels a strong desire to join them. Then he sees a crowd of people moving towards the *rempart* [rampart] of the city. The arena is located there in which cock fights are staged. Everyone goes to the arena.

The popular loping pace has become hereditary among the horses of Spanish-America. It is taught to the horses by binding a wooden roller just behind their forefeet and then forcing them to trot.

Two fighting cocks are chosen for the battle. Their owners take sharp and narrow scythe-shaped blades, three inches long, from leather cases. These are bound to the legs of the fighting cocks below the spurs and a call is made for bets which is the real purpose of a cock fight. “*Quien quiece* [quiere] *dos, seis, dies, pesos!*” is heard on all sides and he who does not wish to bet is considered cowardly. All is quiet; the cocks are held opposite each other; they bristle with mutual hate and

anger and strive to be let loose to fight for victory or death. Several rushes are made, whereby each vainly attempts to thrust his sharp spur weapon into the breast of the other. Then the owners pluck a few feathers which incites new battle lust in them. Finally one gets a bloody head but his owner does not find the wound dangerous; he licks away the blood with his tongue and sets the fighter free again.

It frequently takes an hour before one of the cocks succumbs. Usually they tire themselves out so that they fall down gasping and wheezing. Then the cocks are worth nothing, absolutely nothing—not the least thing— *nadita*. A new pair makes those betting more impatient or excited. The crowd is very restless and rarely agrees with the decision. A skilful cock is filled with the lust to battle and makes use of every opening to attack his opponent and like a flash pierces his heart or veins.

Such cock fights are customary on Sundays in Panama and are then extremely well patronized. The cocks are well cared for and are usually tied to the entrance of the house where they appear as a symbol of bravery and anticipated victory. A paladin who is of importance in the eyes of the Panamanians enjoys being with cocks, horses, and wild steers and usually lives in the house where such a cock stands.

The *Corren el Toren* is as familiar and popular an Isthmian game for the inhabitants of Panama as a bull fight, and as pleasurable. A wild steer rushes bellowing through the streets of the city attacking every one he meets with his horns. A crowd of young people pursue him, attempting to catch him or throw him. Whoever is able to do this single-handed receives a distinction at the *Vandango* that evening. When the Faun extends his paw The belle cannot without ease withdraw.

The most beautiful women and girls in the city take part in such balls. Here, over and over again, an opportunity is afforded to realize that the women of Panama possess everything that makes the female of the tropics charming. The Panamanians all claim to be descendants of the last Ynca daughters, and are really so, at least in regard to their beauty and incomparable gentleness which makes the foreigner admire them. They are always thinking about and imitating Rava Ruska and

often they include the unforgettable daughter of the last Ynca king in their prayer when they kneel before the brown Madonna or the Ynca picture of San Bastian in front of the church.

The Panamanian woman increases the charms of her physical beauty by the thick folds of her hip skirt, the *enagua*, light 35 *manto*, and the ever present Panama hat. The Panama hat and the heavy gold Panama chain are the only objects manufactured in the country for which one must praise the skill of the colored people. The former is indestructible, withstanding years of sun and rain, and surely worth the high price at which it is sold, even in this country. A Panama hat should be of Creole tint, waterproof and flexible; it should be possible to fold it to any size and it must be able to stand the most horrible abuse without showing any signs of wear. Every year it should be bleached with lime and here it finally serves as decoration for an Indian, who paints it with white lead or covers it with red or brimstone colored oil-cloth. The horse reins plaited of the same fibre (*palo de laghetto*) and the handkerchiefs woven of *pita*, which are equally as fine as the Chinese ones made of Filkgrass, are just as durable. The finest Panama hats are those made in Panama itself, not those made in Guayaquill. The work of such a hat takes much time and patience; therefore it is a fitting occupation for the hands of the prisoners who busy themselves with this for the duration of their sentence. Thus the sweat of the prisoners sticks often to the most valuable article of clothing of the Panamanians but the Panama hat is not disgraced by this any more than it would be if it were the needlework over which the Panamanian woman at times “transpires”. This transpiration which occurs even during idleness is a sign of health and therefore honorable. Whoever does not sweat in the tropics is close to illness. That is why the tropic dweller consumes so many of the spices which stimulate the skin secretions. An organism which adapts itself readily to all the demands of warmth will soon flourish here and will swell up rich in strength and juice like a fruit ripening in the sun's blaze. Easy digestion and great appetite are the results. Healthy men of the northern countries who lacked corpulence will be bothered by it here. The lazier the soul the more active the body. 36 The spirit is depressed but the sleepless night with which the thinker of the north is often tortured is unknown here. Here on the isthmus one finds people of very great age. I knew a Castillian matron who was 121 years old. She lived with her grandchildren between the *Half-way-House* and Panama, was still vigorous and with her *cigarillo* in her mouth, still swung in her hammock as comfortably

and with as much pleasure as she had a hundred years before. Her memory was still vivid and she had a living source of her country's history from which additional humorous ideas purred like the sweat which stood on her lips.

Under the tropical heavens everyone must live the days of his life in the sweat of his brow. The thought that life is passed here in a paradise in the midst of the greatest glory and beauty of generous nature is embittered by the drop of sweat which is always present. Thinking of places you have left Of Paradise you feel bereft.

During the last days of my stay in Panama there was a great change in the weather. The west wind blew over the city; the barometer fell several degrees; the swarms of poisonous *tabanos* flies disappeared from house and street; the weather indicator *alacran* (scorpion) withdrew into his hiding place; the crickets made their nests near the city foretelling by this the time when their scissor-sharpening sound would be dampened; and finally the rain fell in streams. On the glowing savanna the earth crevices closed up tight giving forth a peculiar "greening" or earth-smell and the earth disappeared quickly under a green-grass carpet on which the emaciated cattle soon recuperated while the diligent *savannaro* cut the tall guiana grass and sold it in the city.

The return of the rainy period brought with it again the 37 feared epidemic into the walls of Panama; everyone who could get away fled and filled the ships in the harbor of the city. These ships called also to me with their gleaming sails and so I left the glorious green of the tropical country to embark on the celestial blue of the sea.

38

II

On to California

THE *Sarah Elisa* on which I departed from the Bay of Panama was a large American three-master. The ship had once made the trip around Cape Horn to California and had the reputation of being

a good sailer. The opportunity to travel was enticing at such a time when the sudden pressure of emigration from Panama made it almost impossible to find another ship.

My interest in this sailing ship was increased even more by the praise accorded her equipment. She belonged to a company of foreigners established in Panama who neglected no opportunity to present the advantages of their ship before the public, and made use of every speculative activity of ship brokerage to enlarge the passenger list. The ship had been newly painted, repaired and thoroughly cleaned. Fresh meat, fragrant tropical fruits and everything for which a sea traveler is most hungry during the first days of his voyage were displayed for several days on the quarter-deck. This resembled a bit of tropical Utopia around which over 200 passengers jostled, only to learn later how unsound were their glorious visions and hopes.

Ready to sail, the *Sarah Elisa* lay in the Pearl Archipelago, in the Bay of Tabago, an island six miles distant from Panama. 39 There was no wind and the time was used to bring several more kegs of water on board. The passengers were given an opportunity to land for several hours. They went back and forth in the pirogues of the island dwellers. I was glad to return to the charming island village which I had visited once before from Panama.

Tabago is noted for its continuous fresh vegetation. The environs of Panama are less pleasing to the eye because of the scarcity of water but everything here is decorated by most glorious tropical growth. The scattered stone buildings of the village are set in shady bowers and form a pleasant colony. The stream which rushes through it has wild beauty and one is delighted to obtain a drink of fresh spring water at the base of a damp stone. But the delicious drink is spoiled. The brown women of Tabago stand around everywhere in the stream bed, almost as far as the mountains, using the soft spring water for their washing. Soap foam on the surface and everything unrecognizable beneath it is mixed with the foam of the water dashing against the rocks. Farther up in the stream stand the water nymphs of the village enjoying the cool wetness on their whole body; the naked mountain dwellers of the island also scramble to stand under the waterfall which drops from a gorge. One takes one's drink at the foot of the mountain stream, however, knowing that on the ship the same liquid will be imbibed, only then it will be even still dirtier.

The pineapples which are raised in great quantity in Tabago and are sold cheaply there have a much better taste. To stand in the midst of a bunch of pineapples makes one think of the strawberry beds at home and a bite of the delicious fruit tastes like strawberries—no, it tastes like all nature's delicacies combined in one of her products. Branches heavy with mangos hang down from trees whose broad crowns shade the small habitations of their owner, who patiently waits for the fruit to ripen so that he 40 can ferment it and sell it at market. The stranger's mouth waters at sight of the fleshy plum-like fruit; he reaches for a branch and breaks it with his hand. This brings forth the careful housewife, who stands in the doorway, scolding and cursing the rascal who has spoiled the development of unripe fruit. *Apaga Satanás!*

On the other side of the island great piles of coal lie on the sea shore. They belong to the California steamship company which ships them from eastern America as ballast on sailing ships, and near them is a smithy and cooper establishment. It makes an odd impression to see American industry contrasted here with the laziness and idleness of the island dwellers. The heavy sledge hammer swings over the glowing iron and falls upon it, spreading scintillating sparks over the foliage of a widebranched *Sapucaja*. It is thrilling to watch the almost untiring activity of human energy after being accustomed to see examples only of *Dulce hacer nada*. The working man appears most worthy here where man seems to have been destined to enjoy the gifts of nature in idleness.

When I returned to the seashore at Tabago the sailors had finished taking on water and had returned on board the vessel with most of the passengers. My companions and I found it necessary to engage an Indian to bring us to the ship. The simple bark we engaged could hardly hold us; we were forced to kneel down, huddling close together. Added to this discomfort a breeze, contrary to our making a direct course to the roadstead, sprang up and this caused us to fear that the *Sarah Elisa* would go under sail with it and at any moment disappear from our sight. Night fell before those on the ship heard our calls and sent help. After great exertion and danger, wet through and chilled, we finally arrived on board. When I look back over this incident I could regard it as an omen of a sea voyage the description of which filled the gloomiest pages of my diary. Enough of such 41 happenings foreshadow undertakings over the whole world. Would that we could be warned against

one by heeding them. If no premonition is felt from such an occurrence there is an inclination to blame oneself for the resulting misfortune and for not having taken warning. Yet only bigoted people believe in what is designated as premonition, fate and presentiment, all that which cannot be understood but is described by such poetical terms.

The breeze became a storm; the *Sarah Elisa* was forced to ride at anchor the first night. The following morning we picked our way between the Pearl Islands towards the sea wind. The islands, rocky and bleak, partly encrusted with sea salts by the waves and partly covered with guano, still have great pearl treasures concealed in their vicinity. Pearl fishing, which has been destroyed by lowering the price of the pearls, has been paralyzed for a long time. The pearl fisher living on Tabago hardly finds it necessary to plunge into this dangerous business when he can find pay and shelter so easily now that his own country has become more frequented. Several companies have attempted to stimulate and enlarge the business but without the desired result. It will not be easy to bring back to the pearl fisheries near Panama such happy times as those of which the most striking monuments are the pearl shell decorated towers of the cathedral.

Occasionally pearls are found washed up by the waves on the shore of the bay; these sometimes fall into the hands of wash-women and are sold then by them for a few *reals*. The pearl covered comb of the colored person, which they all try to procure and which is as common to them as is the native's kidney-shaped *Cujaker* * or elephant's tooth necklace with which he performs miracles, shows how cheaply these can be bought.

A *Therebinthaceae*: The seed contains a bitter material which possesses a medicinal effect similar to quinine. The natives scrape off a little of the seed substance and drink it with water as a remedy for fever and often as an antidote for scorpion and snake bites. The fruit is edible but has a repugnant turpentine taste as have all tropical fruits which are allowed to hang too long on the tree in the sun after ripening, or are picked early but ripen in the shade. This taste can be destroyed by placing the fruits in an earthenware pot and allowing them to soften there overnight. One becomes accustomed, however, to this turpentine taste or content which, after eating the glorious fruits several times, seems to lend a pleasant spice, and like pepper also seems to aid digestion. I believe I can prove this statement because during my stay in the tropics I consumed daily, morning and evening, six to twelve oranges (they cost about five cents a dozen), and many other fruits in addition and felt better and had a heartier appetite than I had before. One of the main rules for preserving health is to accustom oneself to the diet of the new land.

About three miles from the Pearl Islands the wind filled the sails and blew the ship forward on the correct course. Land soon disappeared beyond the horizon and with one last look we turned towards the pictures of the sea.

When we leave an equatorial region we have the most pleasant memories of the aesthetic pleasure felt at seeing the colorful decoration of the earth and its infinite wealth of beautiful creatures and if we have at the same time learned to understand the meaning of these varied, beautiful expressions of nature, they appear even more extraordinary and lead us into all kinds of reflections.

The deep strong colors of tropical creations of all kinds in which the nuances are changed according to the season in response to chemical or physical causes—as evident in the glorious feathers of the birds and the shimmering covering of the fishes and insects—are so striking that they are entirely characteristic of those creatures. If the reason for these peculiar appearances are sought, laws are encountered which are not only necessary for the existence and development of individual creations but seem also to have been created for the welfare and delightful existence of the highest creature, the human being.

No insect, no plant could exist on the savanna if it were not for the great porousness of the sun-cracked dark-colored earth, probably colored by its great iron content. During the day warmth and light is greedily swallowed by the earth, the former being given off again to the latter as soon as the air cools; perhaps both are partially decomposed in the bowels of the earth in some still unexplained way. The intensity of the reflected light and heat and other contrasting peculiarities of the earth would be unbearable for human beings if such a process did not take place. Similar effects of inner and outer examples of creation according to need are evident in the darker shades and more loosely celled structure which distinguishes the tropical vegetation and all living creatures of the tropics.

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Forest vegetation plays the most important role in this process; the plants express it wonderfully in their colorful daytime dress. The peculiar leaf-green darkens by day after the taking of nourishment (carbon-dioxide) and is therefore not of a little service in modifying too bright sunlight by a

consuming or breaking-down process, while during the night the leaf-green becomes lighter and more vivid in the mechanical process of absorption by the plants. This process thus perhaps takes part in the causes of the apparent morning and evening twilights. The resinous, watery leaf-green becomes modified during the process and if light is continually absent or its effect is weakened in some way, as in winter for example, red and yellow coloring matter is formed which reflects the light more strongly. This green light when broken up by the leaves has a very good effect on the ripening of the fruits which lose their oxygen content and in which the starch and amylaceous parts are changed into rubber and sugar. The juice of some vegetables undergoes a peculiar change of taste during this shading of the leaf-green by sunlight. The leaves of the cotyledon *Calicina* and those of the *Cacalia sicoides* taste sour in the morning, are tasteless at noon, and bitter in the evening, a proof of the rôle played by the different degrees of light in absorbing nutrition by plants, their coloring appearing to the chemists as the result of burning. Still more peculiarities and advantages of plant life of the tropics can be studied and assumed in this connection; but it would lead us too deep into the field of physiological chemistry. During the night when all creatures on the earth and in the tree tops go to rest nature develops most admirable activity in the quiet tropical forests. The richly absorbed warmth streams lightly to the aerial heights and if these are free of clouds and clear they advance the process and this takes place just when the circumstances seem to demand it, that is on summer nights rather than in winter. The greater the evaporation, the greater is the cooling of the air layers closest to the earth and around the individual creations of the forest. A vapor cloud is formed above, which protects the delicate plant creatures from the moonbeams and any harmful cold. When the phenomenon of daybreak begins it falls as refreshing dew.

This nightly evaporation, by means of its pressure and the equalizing effect of warmth and cold, creates the land winds which serve the sailor and which during the day, because of the absorption of warmth, are thrust aside by the sea winds, and this continual change of air effects a closer mixture with the other gases of the atmosphere of the oxygen exhaled by the plants which serves the life processes of the animals.

The air of the tropical countries is believed to be poorer in oxygen than that of countries in the colder regions. Man would suffer here from this if it were not that a smaller content of oxygen is needed here in the creation of energy, which is shown by an increased demand for vegetable food, and as this requires less oxygen to make carbon dioxide and water to carry on digestive and breathing processes it is again balanced, or perhaps it would be better to say, that the atmosphere of the tropics has the correct composition for the welfare of man.

The food of the inhabitants of the tropics consists mostly of starch, sugar and rubber, materials which are gradually changed into fat in the organism. This causes loose cell tissue which, like the dark color of the skin, adds to easier secretion of the volatile substances and to greater creation of energy as in plants. It is astonishing that the air of the tropics is so oxygen poor when animal life in the hot regions needs less oxygen, while on the other hand the predominating plant life exhales very much oxygen, even more than is inhaled in the form of carbon dioxide, and that the newer researches have shown that plants also consume nitrogen from the atmosphere for their nourishment. Oxygen, 45 then, must be used here in some other way and this may be indicated by the fact that strongly ozonised air has been found especially in the tropics by means of the Ozonometer,—that peculiar atmospheric principle which seems to play a more important rôle in nature's household than has been previously assigned to it.* This is a surmise engendered by the knowledge that nature moves with the most varied effects, still offering many problems for research. Nature even infringes on her own much praised laws, which we partly understand but mostly see only in their effect; infringes on them just where such an infringement seems necessary or pre-determined in order to smooth out incongruities in relation to organic life.

Whoever has read the very stimulating work by Dr. Frd. Schmalz "Concerning Ozone in the earth as the inexhaustible source of nitrogen, and about its action in relation to vegetation" and agrees with his supposition based on Prof. Schönbein's immortal Ozone theories will find in the tropics the richest and most important region for furthering the interests of his research problem. The atmosphere on the tropical sea is pregnant with the miasma destroying ozone, like in the dew-forming process in the tropical forest, as a result of the frequent unloading of the thunder clouds which are easily formed by the strong vaporization of the ocean. The effect of the atmospheric air is shown most intensively on the Ozonometer at the beginning of the rainy period when the tropical porous earth, cracked by the heat of the sun and containing much iron or iron oxide, clay and humus, draws together and distinctly changes its color while it greedily swallows water and exhudes the peculiar ammonia-like earth-gas.

On sea as on land in the tropics the most glorious colors can be seen. The shining tints of the clouds and the charming infinite blue above and below are a continual surprise, and when the evening sky blends in its colors and “places its arch in the clouds” a magic circle is created for heart and spirit the delightfulness of which can never be surpassed. The scintillating of the stars at sea, the Newton color rings with the Clio-Borealis layer on the calm surface of the sea, the similar color reflection on the blistered skin of the tortured slowly dying shark called the “rose-colored one” by the revengeful sailor who caused his death—all this and other common phenomena produce a great effect. The deep blue water close by or in the shadow of the ship contrasts with the lightest green in the distance, where those peculiar sea spots are formed about the cause of which there is still such a difference of opinion. A more detailed examination of these moving sea fields shows them to be most visibly beautiful when a lowered temperature has made vapor layers in the air over the surface of the water, which gradually dissolves again in the sunshine after a light breeze has driven them together in clouds. Goethe says in his *Farbenlehre* p. 78, “When divers are under the 46 sea and the sunlight is in their bells everything around them that is illuminated is colored purple while the shadows look green.” And on p. 164, “In bright sunshine the bottom of the sea seems to the divers to be purple while the water of the sea has the effect of being a cloudy and deep medium. At this time they observe that the shadows are green which is the required color.” If this phenomenon below the surface of the water is compared with the analogous one above it and the cloud vapor layers are considered to be the same as the shade creating medium the green sea spots can be explained by the refraction of the sunlight.

The most wonderful color and light spectacle, reminding one of Döllers “dissolving views” is at sunrise and sunset while a full moon scene under the tropical sky makes an indescribable supernatural impression. The sea traveler soon experiences physical discomfort, however, from the oppressive heat as well as from the terrible thunderstorms, the enormous power of which are felt here in all their force when “lightning glitters in the night and Pole and Heavens crash.” These are far beyond the imagination of those who have not experienced them,^{*} and the traveler soon feels an easily explainable aversion to his surroundings in spite of all their glory and beauty, so that he often is not interested in the greatest phenomena of air and sea which occur before him, or is unable to

grasp their true greatness. The pale mariner leaning against the mast in the moonlight would seem very interesting on land but is as repulsive here because of his tar smell as is the highly seasoned ship's stew which is served for food. On land the pale ribbed surface of the water on which the bright beams of the full moon shine could be compared to a silver net through whose mesh jump the fishes of the sea, but here it appears like a shroud. Great depression and unhappy moods are unavoidable by-products of a tropical sea voyage. The perceptive faculty is stimulated by the most trivial outer influences or alternates with utter exhaustion so that it becomes difficult to avoid that lethargic condition in which one resembles a ghost who is even unable to feel any inclination toward the daughters of Nereus who dance merrily about on the sea. It would take much strength to exhibit self control in this pickled state and its long duration or frequent repetition would dull the senses as is evident in older sea travelers who are endowed by the eternal trinity of sea life "grayness, grumbling, and grieving" with the appearance of the olympic Zeus, who is able to move the earth by lifting his brows.

Naming this ocean the "Pacific" seems like irony to one who has experienced such storms. On the Atlantic Ocean I never saw such high and wild waves as here in the South Sea; but the storms here seem to subside much more quickly than they do there, probably as a result of the greater specific weight of the more saturated salt water. The first voyagers on the South Sea perhaps named it Pacific because it was not made lively at that time by extensive shipping. Today, however, considering the great sea commerce between South America, Australia, the East Indies, China, the Sandwich Islands, California and Mexico, it earns the name "Crowded Ocean."

The passengers of the *Sarah Elisa* were in just such an uncomfortable situation during the first days of their voyage to the upper part of the Pacific Ocean below 06° N. lat. Captain Monroe intended to reach the northeast trade wind and to tack northwest with it. With the beginning of summer on the northern hemisphere the northeast trade wind is occasionally crowded back by the trade wind coming from the south and a *Monsoon* or *Mousson* then occurs; with this steering should be northeast. The captain was firmly convinced that he would make the trip in fifty days.

We ran southwest to 90° W. long. trying in vain to steer northwest and when we were almost on the equator at 03° instead of the anticipated *monsoon* we were completely becalmed. This is the border of the northeast trade wind and it is not without worry that the sea traveler recognizes still water from which a ship is rarely spared the dangerous ship fever. No bit of air seems able to stir, only occasionally at night the quiet element lazily rises and falls rocking the ship a little. The

traveler awakes then again from his gloomy brooding and hopefully looks towards the direction from which he awaits a stronger, more effective sea breeze. He does this in vain, however, for the rocking movement of the sea is caused by the moon, the result of a 48 sidereal influence which is as puzzling to him as is Saint Elmo's fire which occurs especially frequently here.

Day is unbearable; night offers a little diversion in viewing the starry heavens if one's senses are still alert enough to be attracted by the great brilliance and clear colorful scintillation of the southern constellations. The Southern Cross, so often previously described, probably inspires admiration in everyone. To compare its charm to that of a diamond cross on a virgin's bosom is not new, but I compared it to an antique gallows on which I sacrificed my pleasant mood on the *Sarah Elisa*. On the eighth day the annoying situation of our ship life was changed. A strong puff of wind, a squall, followed some lightning and under "double reefed topsails" we left Scylla to go to Charybdis.

We had food for only sixty days on board and were already thirty days at sea on 09° N. lat. and 95° long. It had been necessary to replenish the water several times with rain water as the impurities in it made it a foul, ammonia-like fluid which was very disgusting and often caused nausea. On the thirtieth day only half portions of food were dispensed for the cabin as well as for the steerage passengers. The salt meat which in the beginning had hardly received any attention now became the main food. All the other courses had disappeared. Fresh bread could not be baked any more! I had enjoyed the last piece on my birthday.

After fifty days the food for both cabin and steerage passengers was distributed from one pot. That last tasty bite was prepared to glorify the American holiday of Washington's birthday after there had been a dispute as to whether the flour needed for it should not rather be saved. We were then below 20° N. lat. 111° W. Long. The wind drove us continually towards the west, and as our need became more pressing we petitioned Captain Monroe to cross over to the coast in order if possible to take on 49 new provisions. He did not accede to this suggestion; he hoped to reach the *Monsoon* one degree farther west and to arrive with it at San Francisco in twenty days. We reached 112° but the wind still showed no change of direction. The passengers became very angry and again petitioned

the captain to turn around, but in vain; he was thereupon notified that he would be held responsible for all consequences.

During a violent storm the ship had sprung such a leak between its planks on the larboard side that in one night the water stood above the ballast. This consisted of sand which had been taken on board in San Francisco during the last trip. When the pumps were pulled, they proved to be stopped up with the sand. The sailors and passengers, exerting themselves to the utmost, were unable to lessen the danger by calking the leak until the pumps had been pulled out several times and inclosed in a suitable sieve apparatus. From then on, however, the passengers were obliged to work every day at the pumps.

Several passengers were now delegated by the others to make a search of the ship for the remaining provisions. The treasure they discovered consisted of decayed salt meat, crumbling musty zwieback, spoiled rice and fat waste. This stuff, according to an older sailor, had been on the ship for years and was intended for use as pig feed. Every morning it was now weighed off for the passengers so that each could use his portion during the day as he saw fit.

Several days previously the cook and steward had been deposed; the kitchen became a republican possession and as there was an insufficient supply of wood a fire could only be made for two hours during the day. Every one tried to get near it to cook his bit as well as he could. Naturally this arrangement caused a great deal of scolding and quarreling. the retired cook, an ugly bad-tempered negro who was accustomed secretly to allow some of the passengers certain advantages for “cash” was the first to suffer bloody blows at the hands of the sailors for his selfish activities. The sailors now took over the kitchen and with it the greatest power. The captain himself transferred the performance of his duties to an assistant and was rarely seen again. The helmsmen deserved praise for their friendly and sympathetic treatment of the passengers and the patience with which they shared our bitter fate. They supplied firewood for the kitchen by splitting up the reserve mast and tended the fire themselves. After the sixtieth day we did without tea, coffee, sugar and spices. We had only the fat to make the spoiled provisions somewhat edible and to prevent rapid emaciation. I had an opportunity of seeing the preserving effect of fat on a starving body and like a Laplander

came to praise it after a successful experiment of washing the fat in salt water and mixing it with zwieback crumbs which made such a tasty and nutritious dish that it was soon in vogue with all the passengers.

The last provisions were being consumed. Bitter reproaches, curses and quarrels occurred on all sides. The sailors had found a small cask of powder in the hold which they divided among themselves and adherents, and with which they planned either to start a mutiny or to protect themselves as their main idea was to leave the ship in the boats with a favorable wind, taking with them the rest of the food and rowing towards the coast. They still carried out orders, not from obedience or a sense of duty, but for their own selfish ends.

Every day there were fist fights on the quarter deck; the most rebellious threats were uttered and even the officers were unable to offer any objection to the disorderly conduct. Vulgar expressions were used to curse the captain and the last spark of respect due him disappeared entirely when a sailor made it known that the decrepit ship had been condemned years before in New York and that the whole trip was a daring speculation in which Captain Monroe himself had a share. Once when he fell asleep over his nautical calculations his hat was taken off and fastened to the point of the mainmast with the following label fastened to it: CAPT. MONROE IS LOOKING OUT FOR THE ARCTIC NAVIGATOR FRANKLIN! On another occasion he was unable to find his boots.

When he asked the sailors for them they replied gruffly, “We were so hungry that we ate them.”*

Even in the greatest misfortune the American preserves his stability and presence of mind and during the most oppressive occurrences his good sense of humor never deserts him. The foreigner learns to prize these traits of character, typical of the inhabitants of the New World, and these are the determining factors in his choice of American traveling companions, for he can be sure that he will fare well with them even though they be of that class about which one cries: *Comment pourrait on s'y perdre?* Although the common American has his uncouth side—his courage, his versatility, will power, energy, and ability to make decisions, his warm-heartedness and devotion, which one can win if one knows how to impress him a little, make him an excellent companion. The foreigner must be able to impress him for without this ability he will be a lost man.

The first officer was treated just as disrespectfully. Bitterness was expressed in every way and no occasion to scoff and deride was allowed to pass. Caricatures were drawn and these made the captain as hated as he was ridiculous. In the meantime need had reached extremity; in a few days we would have had to become familiar with examples of those deeds of horror which enrich the

pages of the shipping almanacs of those days when hunger was so common. I wrote the following page in my diary at the time I anticipated the worst.

Pacific Ocean; longitude 131 W., latitude 30 N. Hunger had made me sleepy so I was able to sleep last night until three o'clock in the morning. Restless footsteps walking to and fro on the deck woke me. The waves splashed gently against the ship's side and the sound of the slack sails told me that the wind had died down and the ship was standing still. I listened quietly for a moment and heard the sighing and groaning of some of the passengers whose last hope of being saved seemed to have left them when the calm set in. The torrent of laments and reproaches was caused not so much by hunger as by the great disappointment. The starving person at sea feels the full power of the enemy grumbling in his body only when the sails hang slackly on the mast like the wrinkling skin on his empty stomach and when the breeze stops fanning the blaze of his hope and courage.

Vainly I tried to force myself not to hear these infectious sounds of lamentation. I could not withstand them, already I bore the contagion in my heart, my calm was shattered and black pictures swam before my eyes. At daybreak when I stepped on the deck I noticed several passengers standing near the anchors looking at a white dot which announced a sail on the horizon. It was a three-master coming towards us.

At eight o'clock in the morning the ship was so close to us that we could speak to it. Our flag was on the rear mast at half mast as a sign of our distress. The captain of the strange ship hesitated for a long time, however, before he answered the signal. We hoped it would prove to be an American ship but the flag finally showed it to be English. The passengers distributed at the railing and on the rope ladders were so quiet that the drop of a pin could have been heard at the moment when our captain put the megaphone to his lips. Their pale haggard faces were very grave but the tightly compressed lips seemed ready to emit a cry of joy.

The customary greeting sounded from ship to ship. Our captain's "From where?" and "Where to ?" was answered by "From San Francisco" and "To the Sandwich Islands" and finally to our question "Have you food on board?" the curt reply "No" was given. The terror with which we heard the

quickly spoken word was indicated by the dull groan which we gave forth in place of the cry of joy. Some sank down where they were, others crawled to their beds to try again to blot out their hunger in sleep, still others stood as if nailed to their places staring blankly at the three-master sailing proudly away with the wind, seeming to mock them with her oblique masts which looked like the derisive gesture of a spread hand placed at the tip of the nose. The question remained moot whether or not the English captain told the truth, whether he thought it dangerous to have intercourse with a ship on which, from seeing so many pitiful looking creatures, he might suspect the presence of an epidemic disease, or whether he merely wished to show the lack of sympathy existing between the two flags. An American ship would certainly not have acted so despicably.

From this time on we had storm. Most of the passengers were too weak to come on deck and stayed in bed. Their groans of misery were drowned out by the sound of the raging sea and their pangs of hunger were forgotten in the storm. It was not a storm which could overturn a heaped up bread-basket or other kitchen utensils, nor could it cause an unnatural emptying of our stomachs or create disgust at some dish set before us; it was a storm which blustered in empty rooms, which shook back into the blood the gall that hunger had caused to flow into the stomach; and it certainly stamped each face indelibly with the bitter experiences and spread in our hearts a poison which had profound after effects; such a storm strikes deep, it threatens to pull away one's last props and forces the tortured involuntary desire "I would like to die, then my troubles would be over. Such constant rolling Painful lassitudes, annoying impulse Now liberating, and again oppressing Half asleep and hardly refreshed He is fastened to his place And prepared for Hell.

53

Help is near when distress is greatest, even on the sea. We discovered an American brig which sold us provisions. The joy of the passengers was indescribable and it seemed impossible that after a mere twenty-four hours they were again in as happy a mood as if they had never made any complaints. Happiness and joy increased still more when after ten days we sighted the coast of Upper-California and altogether gave one great shout of joy as a greeting to the new land. After an

Odyssey of 109 days, aided by a light south wind, we reached the harbor of Monterey, discovered in 1803 [1603] by Vizcaino.

Although San Francisco was the goal of my journey I decided to go on shore here with several companions. After twelve days more the ship with the rest of the passengers finally arrived in San Francisco where, after the story of the trip was made known, a complaint was made against her owners and she was condemned for the second and last time. She had every bad trait; was dilapidated, wormeaten and so badly built that even in the most favorable wind she could not make the requisite number of knots. Her main defect was a continual lengthwise rocking which caused disgusting and embarrassing *pittching* [pitching]. As she could hardly be steered in a strong wind the captain planned to stay as far from the coast as possible. This plan forced us to pass through a blow-pipe flame near the equator at the edge of the northeast trade wind. Our “Hunger Captain” who, like the Flying Dutchman, always sailed against the wind, can never vindicate this trial by fire to which he exposed us.

The passengers of the *Sarah Elisa* were able to withstand all this misery for such a length of time only because they were mostly young, sturdy people and because there were several sensible, generally useful Americans among us who were able to protect us from bloody revolt. The Americans alone were able to impress the crowd and turn them from troublesome reflections. 54 Divine service was arranged by them every Sunday, during which an American preacher attempted to instill new courage and hope into us. And really such hours of prayer had a soothing effect on the crowd. If prayer somehow achieves the “uplift of the whole soul concentrated in the consciousness” it does so when man separated from all accustomed things, is hardly able to console himself in his unfortunate situation without faith in God. “God's wisdom and protection are found everywhere, and not for these alone must we pray, but rather to thank Him must we essay.” Certainly it may be said to be a gift of God when a hungry crowd of the most varied individuals of human society, encountering new dangers every day, still possessed enough strength to conquer their suffering and despair. When we build on God's wisdom we build also on our own!

The most horrible food was consumed on the *Sarah Elisa*; hunger had lessened the power of discrimination to such an extent that the fatigued brain was incapable of maintaining the mental powers, and animal greed demanded any kind of satisfaction for the stomach. It was a terrible sight to see the ravenous faces pushing greedily towards a newly opened cask from which green and yellow-tinged salt meat spread a smell of rotteness. Each squad of passengers had its portion of this weighed out and, half-cooked, it was divided into smaller portions and handed out to the individuals.* It was sad to see the people chew roots and aromatics intended for medicines in order to keep their eating organs busy. As long as there was still tea on board the Americans, who could do without food sooner than without chewing tobacco, after the tea had been steeped, used the leaves for a tobacco substitute.* One of the doctors divided licorice and sarsparilla roots for chewing purposes and another distributed sulphuric acid thinned to vinegar. Once when a bunch of flying fish was precipitated on deck they were received like manna 55 fallen from heaven. Occasionally the passengers were able to shoot some sea gulls which are usually regarded as the souls of departed sailors. We were not able to harpoon dolphins although they circled the ship with their odd jumps. Several sharks were caught but they only served as food for the sailors after the oily meat had been soaked sufficiently in water.

This meat developed so much ammonia that when hydrochloric acid was held three paces distance from the cask it produced the thickest kind of ammonia vapor. I made among others the following physiological observations: After the daily consumption of six ounces of this meat, together with one pound of re-baked mouldy zwieback, and one-half quart of concentrated tea, a quantity of clear dark brown urine was produced which, after standing in the air for six hours, became cloudy. After pouring this off a sediment remained, which consisted mostly of carbonic ammonia. This food completely satisfied one's needs and did not result in the least perceptible harmful influence on the body.

The American's vice and passion for chewing tobacco has been often related by travelers and the fact is probably well known that during a meal the American either lays the half-chewed tobacco quid down on the table or holds it in his hand so that he can resume chewing it as soon as possible. I would like to add that I have also observed Americans do this who were taking the Lord's supper!

All activity and conversation of the passengers disappeared during this hunger period and some most unusual ways of living were demonstrated. Remaining in the musty hold or in bed was preferred to coming on deck; and we dressed as warmly as we could and consumed the hottest possible food and drink. The rapid burning of blood was delayed because less air was breathed than

usual and warmth was obtained in other than physical ways. The consumption of tea and rotten food, so rich in carbon dioxide, was even preserving and allowing the hair on head and face to grow could also be called a gain for the life process. Thus one may consider how life can be prolonged in the starving person during the emaciation of the body and the simultaneous metamorphosis of brain and heart, however gruesome the process may be.

Thirst is perhaps more distressing than hunger when a foaming flood is constantly before the eye while the dry gums vainly yearn for coolness. At times we had to bear these Tantalus tortures for days before rain again filled our casks. Frequent bathing in salt water did, however, somewhat lessen the violence of this thirst.

In spite of all these deprivations there were only a few cases of sickness, although scurvy became very prevalent during the last few days. Several passengers who suffered from this horrible illness looked exactly like skeletons. Still they were able to keep a hold on life, consuming frequent doses of thinned out sulphuric acid, until they could be cured on land. Everywhere only gloomy, 56 earth-colored faces with sunken eyes and prominent cheekbones were visible. The four female passengers who had enough of the food with smell and sight of it faded away to shadows. Although at all times it takes a great deal of self control to proffer a friendly service to a woman at sea, it required a great deal more here, when one wished to approach these creatures sympathetically with something edible which under the critical circumstances might be to their taste. A young American woman who was on her way to meet her fiancé in San Francisco was transformed into an old woman and the saddest picture was that of a mother who was unable to nurse her infant son while a little girl at her side cried in vain for food.

We had only two corpses during the whole trip. Twice the starry banner waved as a sign of distress over that miserable ruin of a ship and twice it served as a shroud under which the victims of that distress sank into their deep watery grave. And all dance in the sea No one knows where he will go Or if he will ever return From where he is blown by wave and wind.

III

On to the St. Joaquin

MONTEREY, called the California paradise, had the following inscription on its portal: “*quien quierre morir, que se vaya del puebla* [pueblo].”^{*} Nothing was left to be desired to glorify the existence of this enviable city with its beautiful fruitful surroundings, healthy air, wealth and prosperity of its gay inhabitants and their cordial pleasant life together under the paternal care of wise priests.

“He who wishes to die should go from this town.” The climate of Monterey is so healthy that there is only one death to six births and only one doctor is needed for 3000 souls. Actually at the time of my arrival there was only one doctor who assured me that during the whole summer only one important case of illness occurred among the natives.

Monterey had lost much of its glory, however, since the days of the revolution. During this time the good fathers were forced to leave the happy land of their Christian missions. After their departure there remained a desire for the Egyptian fleshpots, this having been formerly fulfilled by a wave of the pious Padres' wishing wand.

Now the gold rush had awakened the inhabitants of the adobe city from the lethargy which threatened to overcome them and new life and new joy dwelt in their midst. I found this to be true when I walked between the scattered vine-covered buildings on my way to a *Meson* where I was about to do away with the last bit of physical and mental discomfort of the past days. My friend Witfield [Whitfield], a young doctor who also had endured the unfortunate starvation diet of the voyage had already 58 ordered there a well laid table and from the threshold of the California hotel he called to me, “All is ready,” with as much joy as if he had just discovered a new country or a gold mine.

Everything was really ready. The aroma of the meal was wafted towards us, a group of Mexican troubadours was waiting to entertain us as well as several *Caballeros* who were playing at the faro table in the small room next to ours. Señora Petronella, the cordial landlady, was willing to put

kitchen and cellar with all appurtenances at the disposition of her newly arrived guests. Several *muleros* stood around outside who declared themselves willing to accompany us at any time into the interior.

The cordiality and prodigality of our immediate surroundings was such that we could not even think of going on at this time. We wished also to become more familiar with this place which we had entered with childish pleasure and in which every step brought us new joy after the long barbarous period at sea. We needed several days for this, during which time we could completely recuperate our strength. We found cordiality on all sides and observed that although the European was still a stranger to Monterey he was much liked there. Otherwise we surely could not have been favored, right on the first day, with an invitation from the former *alcalde* of the city, Mr. Hartnell, who placed his house at our disposal so that we should enjoy resting in it for as long as we liked, and who would have been insulted by a refusal of this invitation. After we had obtained an ineffaceable picture of the old California coast city we proceeded to his rancho, Patrocinio del Alisal, situated about twenty miles from Monterey.

Monterey, seen from its calm harbor, resembles a bird niche around which circle flocks of pelicans, sea-ducks and sea-gulls who undisturbedly pursue their wild hunt in the bay for fish. Bounded on the south by a pine-covered slope, on the north by a flat garden-covered plain, and on the east by cool forests the 59 town gives ample evidence of the priests' sagacity in the choice of their dwelling places. Mountains and dense forests as far as can be seen, With heights covered always by many pastures green. Clear lakes with many fish and countless brooks and rills, And then the broad valley with meadows, slopes, and hills.

Besides several churches and the garrison, which is occupied by a detachment of American soldiers and serves also as city hall, the city has no prominent buildings. Low earthquake-defying houses with cool cellars suffice a people who live together as one family alternating between piety and amusement. The inhabitants of Monterey, who are wealthy, happy and reach a very old age, spend their time visiting fairs and *fandangos*. Nothing else but amusement has any value for them, even the development of their country only troubles them. The words in every mouth are, "Pray

and amuse yourself,” or, as the Italian says: *la mattina una mesetta, e la sera una bassetta* (in the morning a small mass and in the evening a gambling game), and the words of leave-taking are *mucho divertissemento* (much pleasure!). These words, uttered by some of our well-wishers, resounded in our ears as we rode with the old *alcalde* from the city to his California estate in a carriage to which four lively ponies were spanned.

Ocean, city and forest lay behind us. Soon we reached a broad plain where smoke and flames announced a raging prairie fire, but we had to cross it as the Patrocinio del Alisal lay beyond. At first Whitfield and I thought this risky but we had hardly recognized the danger before the carriage had flown through the devouring element and we had passed through the fire cloud. That was a fox hunt, but one unfortunately without the “stuff” to quench our thirst. We were branded and smoky from head to foot. The family Hartnell need have no fear of receiving any contagion from us.

60

Before us now lay a landscape through which flowed a treelined irrigation ditch, an acequia, and as we reached the foot of a prairie hill Mr. Hartnell's ranch buildings and a whole group of his family became visible. Without further ado they embraced us one after the other in the manner customary in the land, welcomed us cordially and called us their desired guests at whose “*mui*” disposition they placed the whole house. This is a Mexican custom which is not merely empty etiquette but shows expressively the liberality which is not to be found in any other land. The European speaks of himself as “your most humble servant”, the Californian calls himself your “friend” and really upholds this relationship.

Rancho Patrocinio del Alisal is over thirty *leguas* in circumference; it is a whole duchy. Eight thousand head of cattle and several thousand horses and sheep graze here. Not far from the dwellings there is a silver mine which was formerly operated very successfully and constituted the main object of my visit. It was said that this had been exhausted but after a short search I re-discovered the vein which later brought the mine again into operation. During my stay no workers could be found as everyone either flew to the southern gold mines, which at that time had just been discovered, or demanded too high wages. The mine consists of genuine silver, lead ore and

limestone embedded in quartz which is occasionally characterized by *Itakolonit*. There are several such silver mines in the California coast range, most of them belonging to the church fathers, and the missions produced enormous wealth from them. They are abandoned now and all kinds of fairy tales have made them terrifying and inaccessible for the superstitious people. A time may come, however, when tales of past glory will open them again and they will vie with the mines of the great gold rush. Surely there is silver enough in California, and as some research has shown in 61 Australia also, to wipe out the picture of golden horror of the world of finance, but “where gold speaks other speech carries no weight.” A higher valuation of silver would perform miracles.

Agriculture is not carried on extensively at Patrocinio del Alisal nor at other California ranchos. Cultivated fields, or *milpas*, are seen only here and there. Lack of trained workmen and the very profitable business of cattle raising have stifled any further agricultural pursuits. Mr. Hartnell would be delighted to have European settlers on his rancho; the advantages which he is prepared to offer to them would surpass anything which has ever been anticipated in such contracts.

At the time of the missions California produced 100,000 barrels of wine yearly and the same amount of brandy; today barely enough is produced for the market. Mr. Hartnell owns a large piece of vineyard which, however, is in such a neglected state that the vines are rapidly becoming destroyed or growing wild. On the other hand the vegetable garden of the rancho, which can be easily watered, leaves nothing to be desired. Under the care of a French gardener it produces during the whole year the most varied and delicious native and foreign vegetables. It gave me particular pleasure to walk between the green garden beds, reaching now and again for a radish, gooseberry, current or strawberry, and with everything else of which I had been deprived for so long growing right at hand.

The sight of the native garden plants is also pleasing. The eye lingers with pleasure on the casaba melon (*crescentia cujete*), on the vine-covered earth-wall, on the dark green *ruqueta* bed, or on the pepper plant which chokes my praise in my mouth by its tongue-burning pod and without which life for the California ranch dweller is as impossible as for the Mexican. If he be offered both a pepper pod and a strawberry-like *granadita*, he will disdain the latter. *Chili verde* must never be absent

from his table; 62 it is like the white bread of the Frenchman. Without chili all food is tasteless, and without chili his customs would be less fiery. Fiery customs are to be found wherever pepper grows. At Patrocinio del Alisal I had opportunity enough to observe this again, not, however, without variations.

Mr. Hartnell is a born Englishman. He has been in this country for thirty years and is happily married to a Californian who presented him with twenty-two children, fourteen of whom are still living, the oldest son being twenty-seven years old and the youngest being baptized at the time of my stay at the rancho. Mr. Hartnell was educated in Germany and speaks all modern languages very fluently. He left nothing undone to have his children educated according to his standards and always kept a European tutor for this purpose. I was not surprised therefore to find thoroughly educated people and everything which makes society pleasant in the middle of a broad prairie in this far corner of the world. Every child had a musical training and brass and stringed instruments were played, from the French horn to the piano. Every evening suitable instruments were heard together and signalled the beginning of the *tertulia*.

The whole household takes part in a California *tertulia*, even the servants have the pleasure of looking on. It is a most liberal, but at the same time very aristocratic entertainment. The richly dressed members of the family, together with the friends of the house favored as *compadres* and *comadres*, and the other guests, sit along the walls of a spacious room. Respects are paid whereby a thousand compliments, a thousand wishes and a thousand pretty words are wasted. “*Beso las manos!*” and “*Beso las pies!*” [I kiss your hands! I kiss your feet!] passes from mouth to mouth and the most animated conversation is developed. But the young *dons* and *donzellas* become too restless during this, they want music, song, games and dancing. Everyone takes his turn 63 at the piano and as he who can play should also be able to sing the stranger is quickly told, “No excuse, *Señor*, the *Señorita* will accompany you.” To earn applause it is only necessary to sing any strange song, which has a cheerful sound, because they like entertainment in music and song.

A *cigarillo*, rolled by the *Señorita's* deft fingers, is the stranger's reward for his cheerful song. He is indeed unfortunate if he does not like to smoke and does not accept the *cigarillo* “*con mil gracias*”

and “*con mucho gusto*,” and smoke it to the health of its beautiful donor; for then she will never bestow her favor upon him, even if he be an Apollo! Only the men take part in the national card game and while they are amusing themselves at this the young people play *juegas de prendas*, a popular forfeit game. Soon everyone joins in, for one would certainly be a foolish fellow to wish to miss this entertainment in which the redeeming of the forfeit frequently affords unforgettable memories. The *fandango*, without which the *tertulia* cannot be concluded, brings everyone together again to increase the pleasure of the group to its highest point.

The traveler soon learns that the dance in Spanish-America is unavoidable, even more than that, it has become the law of society here, the most universal pleasure embodied in a natural law, for the Spanish dance is a circling of its charming object. Just like the planets around the sun it is a picture of life, of attraction and repulsion. The Spanish-American dances as long as he lives and “I have enough of dancing” would mean for him “Oh, I am tired of living!” He allows no opportunity for dancing to pass; how could a *tertulia* be ended without dancing? These graceful movements, this casting of glances by the “lightly tanned sunburnt ones” and this light, skillful handclasping and interweaving of the odd figures of the Spanish dances would never end if it were not that the *matrone* of the house has the 64 prerogative of announcing the midnight hour to the group and no one wishes to be the last to leave the parlor.

Night on a California or Mexican Rancho brings something unpleasant with it about which not a word would be said if its cause were not generally known in the country and if it were not an endemic evil: it is what one might call “flea-fever”. Hardly has one gone to bed when a whole band of these small devilish fleas pursue their bloody maneuvers on one's sensitive skin driving away sleep and torturing a man to madness. One breaks out in a martyr's sweat and because of this and the continual throwing off of the covers one runs the risk of contracting a fever. It is almost impossible to rid the body entirely of these vermin during the day so these blood-related parasites also join in the pleasant entertainment of the *Tertulia*. Many women, many fleas, Many fleas, much itching Though they cause you secret pain You dare not complain!

No hesitancy is shown on the rancho in speaking of this countrywide misfortune, even in the presence of ladies, and the stranger whose skin is not yet leathery enough to withstand it is unreservedly pitied. During a conversation not the least hesitation is shown in making certain gestures [scratching] as it would be impossible to refrain from doing so. These body beasts are more effective than the quintessence of Spanish pepper, the most imperative means for creating and stimulating southern customs!

Vermin has found a great homeland in the new world; the inhabitants of America can almost be differentiated by their various types. The bedbug predominates among the inhabitants of the United States; the *garapato* (*acarus ixodes*) or tick, the *nigua* (*pulex penetrans*) or jigger, and the *alacran* or scorpion, among the South Americans; the flea among the Mexicans and 65 Californians; and the louse among the Indians. These are also symbols of these nations; the Yankee is insidious and sly like the bedbug, the South American is poisonous like the *alacran*, the Mexican and Californian are passionate like the flea, and the Indian shuns civilization like the louse.

At daybreak there is already much activity on the rancho. The *vaqueros* and servants receive their breakfasts and disappear, some going to the savanna, while most of the members of the household start off on their morning ride. All necessary work in house and yard is finished in the morning, the afternoon is dedicated to rest and idleness if a cattle taming or killing does not require the cooperation of all. Everyone is glad to take part in these as they are celebrations of the ranchero. Cattle slaughter is a real war of destruction against the animal herd. The most beautiful beef is slaughtered in such great numbers that what in the morning was a roaring herd thundering over the ground is in the evening only a pile of skins and dried meat cut up into strips, horns and bones. Above this hover carrion vultures, the California police, marking a repugnant field soaked with blood which under the sun's blaze soon taints the whole countryside. “*Matanza! Matanza!*” is the joyous cry which sounds all day and the bellowing of the many steers sentenced to die mingles pitifully with the joyous cry. Contemptuous of death the *vaqueros* push through the crowd, twirling their lassos in the air, steers fall under the knife of the butcher, the *media luna*, and the blood drizzles in streams. *Carne con cuero*, a calf roasted in its own skin in the pile of ashes, is the dainty

of the day, which the slaughtering group, the members of the household and the guests consume down to the bones which are left to the *vaqueros*, the pariahs of the rancho.

The greatest entertainment at the *matanza* is that of lasso throwing. Every one present wishes to take a turn at it, but in 66 order to be recognized as a lasso thrower one must be not only an excellent rider and have a keen eye, but one must also have beauty of motion. The California ranchero has achieved virtuosity in this and his equal cannot easily be found. He is accustomed from his earliest boyhood to approach his goal with his lasso, and this goal, which he attempts to lasso, is that some day he may be an excellent *lazadero*.

This ambition to learn early that with which later one may achieve distinction in society is also shown in the female sex in California. The tiny girls, barely six years old, already learn dancing and riding. California easily escapes, therefore, that posture and foot movement, which seems so ugly in a great part of the female sex and reminds one of certain feathered domestic creatures.

Lonely as life on the rancho may seem it in no way lacks ample entertainment and diversion for the stranger. Occupation is the same every day but the scenes are varied and numerous. The ranchero cannot bear monotony in his daily life, he even knows how to choose his daily ride so that he always returns home with new adventures and stimulates new conversation, jokes and laughter by his animated Hudibrastic telling of them.

It would have been difficult to have determined beforehand the end of my visit at Patrocinio del Alisal had I passionately devoted myself to all that made the stay so worthwhile for me or had I not suddenly remembered that my traveling plans extended beyond the California rancho. Whitfield, too, worried over the fact that, although he smoked so many “delicately rolled” *cigarillos* and participated in so many excursions to mountain and meadow, he had lost much of his Don Quixote type and was fast approaching that of Sancho Pansa. Our plan to leave immediately for the mountains was opposed by most influential voices which uttered the most horrible prophecies, but we had cast our dice in 67 private and our mules were in the best condition to bring us across the

plains before the beginning of winter or the California rainy period. We threw ourselves, as did the son of Ulysses, into the waves and were free.

Armed from teeth to spurs, as was at that time customary for two lone riders in the gold country, and in a costume which completely harmonized with our route, we mounted our willing animals after we had taken our leave like sons of the family. Suddenly the circle of *vaqueros* opened and a fat female donkey, packed with all kinds of provisions, was led forth from their midst as a present from the hospitable family. I could hardly have mastered my surprise had I not remembered almost immediately that several days previously I had praised the beautiful animal when Donzella Theresita was mounted on it for her daily ride and that afterwards she had placed it at my “disposition”.

Our road led us past the two important ranchos, Trinidad and Conception, to the mission town of San Juan eight hours distant. These ranchos also have an abundance of water but their situation is not nearly so advantageous as that of Patrocinio del Alisal. There is probably not a rancho in this neighborhood which surpasses the latter, nor an owner who is thought of more highly by his neighbors. Everywhere in the land where his name is known Mr. Hartnell's praises are sung and any stranger who meets him must join in the praise; “*que el viva mil annos!*” they say about him. Yes, indeed, may he live long as a popular, unselfish friend of his countrymen, may his Hacienda still be the Tusculanum of his later years!

Mr. Hartnell's large family of children is the most significant proof of his happiness and is at the same time a characteristic trait of California rancho life. The boy whom I saw baptized when I was there flourished like the child of young parents and his mother showed hardly any visible signs of so much child bearing. 68 This is one of the peculiar features of the California women about whom the proverb relates that they do not know what Sadness, Old Age, and Death look like and that their fruitfulness is not inferior to that of the earth on which they grew up. There are enough such examples in California and this virtue of the country expresses itself also in such married couples who have come from other countries where they were childless. The gratified parents say that it is caused by the healthy air but “the greatest magic lies in good humor” and “without wine and bread,

love is dead". In a country where will and strength can provide amply for existence the seamy side of life, which has such a destructive effect and which first of all embitters the pleasures of marriage, is unknown.

Turning one's attention from such animated family pictures to the valleys and rills of this enormous country, its vast stillness and loneliness, broken only occasionally by passing wanderers, impresses one even more. A rancho is hardly left behind when one is again in empty and deathly quiet country and this in a land which no power could populate entirely, regardless of its wealth and fruitfulness, and where millions of acres are still awaiting cultivation.

The region of the Buenaventura River, which is eighty miles long and debouches twelve miles north of Monterey, is like this. A narrow path leads past the wild-oat covered hills and past the mountains, rich in minerals, to the San Juan plain on which new signs of human activity are visible to the wanderer who has just climbed up from a mountain ravine. There was formerly a flour mill and a plaster and lime kiln in this mountain ravine of San Juan; now the romantic spot, connected with the mission by a mile-long avenue lined with silver poplars, has become a sad place of pilgrimage.

San Juan Baptista consists of two rows of houses which form a cross at the foot of which is the main church and the spacious mission buildings. Above the ruins of large private buildings rise the new dwellings of many recently settled Frenchmen and Americans, the present missionaries of the place. In the west the rounded tops of the San Juan mountains are visible. In the east extends the grassy prairie, bordered by hills and threaded by irrigation ditches. The town has a very favorable, pretty location, also entirely in keeping with the ideas of the *ci-devant* pious padres. Surrounded by bushes and trees The plain extends to the mountain ravines.

Immediately on our arrival in San Juan I went directly to an old building which we had been told was the only *Meson* in the town. As soon as I entered I heard a shrill voice shouting "no hai! no hai nada!" [I have nothing] but even with the best sense of location and auditory perception I was unable to discover whence it came. Somewhat surprised and annoyed at this rude reception

I shouted back in good German “Hey peasant!” “*No entiendo! No hai!*” was the reply to my incomprehensible answer. “The devil take it! What haven't you got that I want?” I finally asked in Spanish while Witfield let a *Peso duro* clang sharply on the floor. The dollar produced magic results; it sounded sweeter than honeyed Spanish words. The floor of the room opened and before us stood the old inn-keeper who, it seemed, had retired to the subterranean room to protect himself from the heat of the day. He said he regretted very much that he could give us neither food or lodgings as his house was very badly off and everything had become so expensive “since so many strangers roamed about the country”. Then he paced restlessly back and forth in the room as if he had eaten pepper or...but after he heard again the clang of a dollar he turned about so quickly that he stumbled and fell through the trap-door 70 into the cellar. “*Santa Maria purissima! Dios de mi alma!*” (Holy blessed Maria! God of my soul!) was his first outburst but then he let loose a torrent of invective while he attempted to set to rights the many pots and baskets filled with provisions which he had upset by his fall. This was undoubtedly his supply storeroom which he would probably not have shown to strange guests without a great deal of money. Quite amused we left the pitiful *Meson* and with no alternative camped out of doors.

This first night spent in California out of doors together with our riding animals on the quiet plain gave us that pleasant impression of companionableness which comes even when camping in the most solitary places if contentment, modest demands, courage and Wanderlust dwell in the breasts of two comrades. The soft night breezes crept toward us and whispered their secrets in our waiting ears, soon changing into a slumber song and then into a simple chorus, reminding one of the glorious songs of the Camp at Granada; the scintillating stars floated above our tired heads like guardians of the night, the moon smiled and gradually we sank back into the unconscious ego.

We slept tranquilly until the sun dried the morning dew on our foreheads. I was extremely astonished, however, upon awaking at being almost unable to recognize my companion as his head, which he held between his hands, was swollen to a great size and resembled the Mecklenburg coat of arms on a blue field. The smiling nightwatchman, “mild harmless Selene”, had daguerreotyped a moon face for him which, however, soon disappeared. As in the case of sleep-walking, the moon face still conceals one of those mysterious laws which science could only solve by accompanying

Lesage's lame devil on a trip. The orchard behind us, which in the darkness of the preceding evening we had believed to be a pleasure grove was also a surprise to us, the apple and pear trees laden with fruit were pleasing to our eyes. The 71 man, wrapped in his *Tilma* under his broad sombrero, who approached us with a “*Buenas dias Senores*” really seemed to us to be the Adam of this garden. He offered us his fruit and urged us to pick at will, as he was the watchman of the orchard. When we praised the glorious garden he did not hesitate to reminiscence about the days when it was still under the fruitful care of the missionaries. “O Santa Maria! Then and now!” he sighed, saying that he would give five fingers and all his possessions if those times would come again, but now it was improbable that they would return “since so many strangers were wandering about the country.” Whereupon he again filled our hats with apples, pears and apricots and wished us a thousand blessings on our way after I had pressed a gold piece in his fingerless hand which, according to his story, was a souvenir of the revolution. He had a wooden leg which he had received also in a battle for the holy rights of his church fathers. The apple does not fall far from the tree and I learned later that the poor fellow had formerly been a Franciscan.

In eastern America the apple is known for its juicy meat while the California apple has exactly the mealy taste of the European and is just as delicate, complete and beautiful as the latter. The trees bear every year and reach a great age although they naturally require suitable watering. The most peculiar feature of the California apple is that its seeds stand pointed upwards, that is, in the antipodal way. I am surprised that the Yankees have not attempted to prove from this that America, “the glorious land where milk and honey flow” had its own paradise.

When we wished to proceed from San Juan we made the unpleasant discovery that “Alisal”, our donkey, had fled for her home. We did not want to lose the animal on any account; she was a valuable present and furthermore we cherished the hope of 72 soon receiving an offspring from her.^{*} I rode rapidly, determined if necessary to pursue the animal to Patrocinio del Alisal, but shortly I was lying in the mud of a marsh which I had overlooked in my haste. My animal had fallen; the accident was exceedingly disagreeable and I could do nothing but take a bath and put on fresh linen. Soon thereafter I was able to mount the second mule from which I had to dismount

immediately, however, when a *vaquero* made it clear to me that I had not saddled and packed my mule, but his. The fatality of this second occurrence made me so angry that I almost overlooked an irrigation ditch. I would have landed in this if my animal, which I finally had under my saddle, had not been less energetic than I and had responded to my violent spur. I rode pace and trot through hill and dale and in a few hours covered the lonely way. Alisal had been captured and I found her at Rancho Trinidad where she was returned to me after I declared the *fierro*, her brand. I was only a few miles from the place where I had spent such a delightful days and I felt powerfully drawn there but mounting a hillock I remained content with one last look. Alisal also turned around when she sensed the nearness of her home and emitted a pitiful, heartbreaking moan. The donkey's longing for home made her forget the pain in her feet caused by the hobble which she had worn during her flight and in spite of which she had attempted to hop home. Overtaken and disappointed she now broke into a loud bray of woe; and one calls the donkey a symbol of stupidity. In reality a donkey is the symbol of perseverance and loyalty. I should mention now that the California donkey's most bitter expression, like that of the Old-Californian, is nothing else than “a Y-ankee! a Y-ankee!”*

Our interest in this offspring was well founded for its mother was the bastard of a female donkey and a Californian stallion, and it was to be produced from having bred her to a mule, who was the offspring of a brood mare and a Mexican donkey. Such peculiar interbreeding between donkeys and horses and bastards happens occasionally in fruitful California and is certainly the most significant example of the boundless creation of nature where she is found in her full potency. Wolf dogs as descendants of coyotes bred to all kinds of dogs and their most varied dog bastards are frequently found with the California Indians. Many anomalies of nature's potency are also found when the botanist turns his eyes on the flora of the country.

Yankee, in American slang, is synonymous with “smart fellow” (clever, sly fellow, *sub rosa*, rascal). The word is supposed to have degenerated from a mis-pronunciation by the Indians of “English” or of “Eankhe” the name which is used by the Cherokee Indians to designate their slaves, perhaps also from “Ynkas,” the name of the South American natives. I have a strong suspicion that it came to Acadia with the first donkey immigrants.

It was on a Sunday that we finally left San Juan in the midst of a Mexican caravan which had arrived the day before after a four months' trip from Mexico and was glad to be able to travel with us under the American flag. None of the caravan understood English and as at that time trouble occurred very quickly between Mexicans and Americans, because of the existing national animosity, we represented the position of American owners of this prairie fleet, which was then accorded immediate respect.

It is pleasant to travel in the new style, to be hurled by force of steam over a smooth road from one end of the world to the other with such rapidity that one has hardly time to think how great the distances must seem otherwise. But there is also something pleasant about creeping along at a snail's pace on the back of a sure-footed mule while mile after mile is covered and restful pauses are made from time to time. Everyone's excited fancy has surely painted for him at some time or other the picture of just such an adventurous caravan and has felt the urge to travel its leisurely gait. One learns much there and above all one learns to be patient while traveling; a virtue almost beyond the conception of the modern world. Each member of a caravan is confronted by all kinds of difficulties, danger and distress, but he possesses also great humor, happiness, pleasure and continual good health due to constant traveling. The nationality of a caravan is most important to the foreigners who travel with it and he, who has become familiar with caravans of various continents, will retain fondest memories of one of these. I, for my part, praise the Mexican.

The caravan with which we traveled consisted of 150 mules, donkeys and horses, and 100 Mexicans and Chileans. It included the entire population of an exhausted Mexican silver mine which was now emigrating to seek new fortune in the California gold mines. The caravan was made up of *majordomos*, foremen of the miners, *carettieri* and *barreteros*, miners, and peons and vaqueros, tired of ranch labor who were intended for *gambucinos* or *buscaderos* to seek gold. Each was healthy and strong, every inch 74 a Mexican. According to the custom of Mexican caravans the calvacade was separated into three divisions. The first was that of the owner and majordomos, the fellow travelers, friends and strangers; the second, the *cargaderos*, who looked after the goods and their assistants the *lazaderos*, the centaurs of the caravan; and third, the *arrieros and savannaros*, who took care of the cattle. The horses were all Mexican, worthy progeny of that stallion which Bishop Leon brought from Andalusia to South America after he had driven the devil out of him. Two-thirds of the animals consisted, however, of mules and burros, the native donkeys, and contrasted with the beautiful horses somewhat as did the *savannaros*, trailing at the end, with the cheerful majordomos. The Mexican horse, with broad forehead and chest, short neck and body, twelve to fifteen hands high, with round thin legs, just as well-shaped hoofs, and much spirit and courage below the knees, possesses all the traits that give pleasure and honor to a caballero

who understands *caballos* as well as he does cabal. The majority of Mexican horses are either all white or all black as ravens; medium colors are not popular. The Mexican likes only bright and extreme things and shows his preference in women as well as in horses. A twelve-year old horse is considered young by the Mexican. In its eighteenth year it still serves as a lasso horse which must rear and turn in full gallop, making the popular *vuelta* or pirouette, to rush with full speed and strength after the prey who will be captured in the noose of the skilful rider. The mule and the donkey also have their praiseworthy traits. The camel has been called the ship of the desert, the mule is the airship of the prairie and the mountains. It is indeed a pleasure to be rocked along on one of these hybrid creatures, especially since Mr. B. in Brazil made the pretty discovery that the mule is comparable to the female mulatto. A mule can carry sixteen, a donkey eight *arobas*; these animals can be fed straw 75 and wood if the feed supply is low and they are only thirsty when water is at hand. They are rarely lazy and will travel the most dangerous mountain path just as easily and unafraid as a somnambulist; that is why they are indispensable as the members of a Mexican caravan, accustomed as they are to great hardships and long fasts.

At daybreak after they have drunk their fill the animals of the Mexican caravan are led to the camp from the pasture where they were under the care of *savannaros*. All have risen and the *madre*, usually a young boy, has filled the *botas*, the leather flasks, with water at the brook and brought them for breakfast. He begins to prepare breakfast after a kind assistant has stirred up the fire for him. Soon the *pote* filled with *poritos*, the tasty Mexican beans, cooked tender the evening before, crackles on the fire. This cooking pot and the *sarden*, the frying pan, are the only cooking utensils in the caravan kitchen and are never cleaned. The *madre* kneads corn dough in the *patea*, the broad wooden platter, from which *tortillas*, the main food of the whole group, are fried. He weighs off about half a pound of this dough in his hand, shapes it round and with admirable skill makes thin cakes, about the size of a dinner plate, by rapidly slapping the dough from one palm to the other and stretching it across his knees. This dough manipulation makes quite a noise, especially if several helpers have come to the aid of the *madre*; it reminds one of the early threshing of our countrymen and would wake anyone from a sound sleep who has the least appetite. When each cake is sufficiently broad and thin it is placed on the *kormal*, a piece of sheet-iron which has been

heated on the fire, and is fried in one minute. Breakfast is over as soon as the last cake is baked; *frijoles* and *tortillas* are the only food of all and everyone feels strengthened for the departure after the frugal meal, and singing cheerful songs the animals are saddled and packed.

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It takes much practice to put the complete Mexican saddle and harness on the horses or to tie the voluminous burden on the mules so that they can go up hill and down dale all day without shaking it off. The animal seems to suffer neither from the burden nor from the heat of the day, if everything has been arranged with the necessary knowledge and care, and he proceeds on his way as if he were bound for a large meal.

The *sudaderas*, the wool sweat blankets, are first placed on the backs of the bridled riding horses, then the shoulder cushions and heavy saddle are placed on this. Over these are hung the *alforcas*, the saddle bags, and all is covered with the leather *nochilla* and strapped on with two strong bellystraps. To protect the moccasined feet of the rider *tapaderas* are placed on the wooden stirrups which weigh from three to five pounds, and the *cola de poso* hangs around the hind quarters of the horse to chase away the *banchuca*, a poisonous fly parasite. An *aparejo*, weighing twenty pounds, serves as a foundation on the pack animals on which are laid the goods packed in bales covered with hide and bound on by the stout hide thongs.

Soon after daybreak the procession moves from the camp. The leader, *madrina*, an old mare wearing a bell and ridden by the *madre*, is followed by the other animals like a mother of numerous children is followed by her flock. The pack animals, among which ride the *cargaderos* and *lazaderos*, form the first part of the calvalcade. If a pack becomes disarranged the lasso falls immediately over the animal's neck and the *capa de ojo* over its eyes and in a few minutes the *cargadero* brings it, re-packed, into the column. The middle of the procession consists of people of the first division and somewhat at a distance those of the third division, make up the end of the procession. Every one of the servants carries a *bota*, filled with water, a lasso, and an equally indispensable machete. In all Spanish America the machete is ⁷⁷ the universal weapon, a most dangerous and serviceable tool in the hands of the people. The father gives it to his small son for a

Christmas present and it remains his companion during his whole life, wherever he is called, in joy in sorrow in peace in war, it is his iron bride from which he parts only in death. It is most dangerous in the hand of the Mexican, who swings it over his opponent at the slightest annoyance and travel holds no fear or terror for him if he has it, carefully sharpened, with his lasso by his side.

The Mexican caravan, thus arranged and prepared, proceeds towards its distant destination. Loquacity, curiosity, jolly ideas and good humor are typical of the Mexican and there is much evidence of these characteristics on such a trip where they have leisure, so that one is rarely bored in such a procession. A *coleo* is held at times, to which the riders challenge each other. They ride off a short distance from the caravan and the jolliest, wildest confusion reigns while each strives to grasp the tail of the other's horse to dismount him. This affords opportunity to admire the horsemanship and cunning of the Mexican and there is many a one among them who could be placed side by side with a Ducrow or Bayard. The *arrieros*, who know no sweeter life than that of traveling in a caravan, furnish the most entertainment. One of them, a cheerful, jolly Chilean who was probably a *sereno* in his youth, sings a *Tonadilla*, a *serenes* folk song which he sang often while a nightwatchman; the other, a husky *barretero*, who formerly in the *cajons*, the mine corridors, swung a hundred blows on the *barrena* with his heavy sixteen-pound hammer, devotes himself now at ease to the smoking of *cigarillos*. The sun burns hot in his face but he pushes his sombrero farther down over his fiery eyes and mockingly blows thick clouds of smoke towards the sky. Two other stragglers are engaged in a violent quarrel; the many *carajos* and *carrambas* which can be heard and the 78 annoyance they exhibit when they throw away their half-smoked *cigarillos*, gives rise to the thought that they have quarreled about something of grave importance. They are only trying to decide, however, which is the most beautiful country, Mexico or California, that is: which of these two countries has more feed and water to offer the animals.

At midday when the sun seemed to try to burn up the world a slumber spirit crept into the caravan, and there was quietness and an inclination exhibited for a siesta. Frequently a member of the caravan would ride along sound asleep, while his animal, itself half-asleep, would crawl along the edge of a precipice. “*Mulas! mulas! carajo! todos flajo!*” the *arriero's* wild cry, which urges haste, completely awakens new life in the group and as soon as the noon hour has past no more yawning

is evident; quickly then the time lost in drowsing is recovered. During the first days when *cocina*, *dispensa y granero* (kitchen, pantry and corn bin) were well stocked, *tortillas* and *quesadillas*, dried cheese cakes, were dispensed at noon and the *bota* was emptied of all its contents which then consisted of *pulque*, the fermented juice of *maguey* fruit, instead of water.

The time soon comes to think seriously of the goal for the day's journey when the flocks of *bandurias*, plover, begin their evening flight toward the mountains, when the *taparcamino* [road-runners] fluttering on their way block the path of the caravan, when the *tuza*, the prairie dog, sounds his evening wolf howl to the echos at his home, and the dottrel and whip-poor-will are hushed by the mocking bird. The Mexican members of the caravan believe it is a *rara avis in terris* if no camping site is visible at this time. He is seldom mistaken because he has received accurate information from the *rancheros* about the region and has previously determined his stopping places, arranging the hour of departure and pace of the animals accordingly. He finally arrives 79 at an arroyo, a small brook, near a green *patera*. When the caravans in the far west of America are fortunate enough to find such places, suitably located at some distance apart, they dare not proceed farther without stopping if they have the well-being of their animals at heart.

The leaders of the caravan have already ridden on ahead and marked the site of the *campo*. The *madrina* arrives and the whole caravan arranges itself about her. The *aparejos* are removed and set up in a battery-like semi-circle, and behind these all the goods and implements are neatly placed so that everything will be at hand when it is time to commence saddling. If, after the saddles have been removed, a sore is visible on one of the animals, dried horse manure is rubbed on it, a Mexican cure for all horse injuries which deserves respect when one has observed its astringent effect. The members of the caravan, wrapped in their *ponchos*, lie on the ground, scattered about or in groups. One consumes a mush made of cornmeal and water, *pinole*, the other prepares a *frangollo* punch or a corn concoction, *atole*, which he guzzles burning hot, by means of the *bomba*, the silver tea spout, and a third who has neither *poncho* nor punch, a poor but jolly *arriero*, who from the beginning of the journey depended on the generosity of his countrymen, is able by means of his jokes and pranks

to get hold of the *bota* or drinking vessel and empty it to the last drop, expressing his gratitude with “*mil gracias!*”

In the meantime the fire of the *cocineros* blazes high and sends its smoke column, undisturbed by a breeze, straight up to the rosy evening clouds. *Charque*, or *cecina*, dried meat, is being cooked with *mantequilla*, thoroughly peppered, and will be served with *frijoles* and *tortillas* “*de horna caliente*”, very fresh cakes. The meal is devoured in as little time as it took to prepare 80 it, as the Mexican wastes as little time on this business while traveling as does the American at his daily feeding.

The Mexican has no night tents and rarely builds a *ramada* with twigs. He lies down beside his saddle, draws his legs up under him, and pulls up his *poncho* to cover limbs and head so that it serves both as tent and bed. If wild animals are near and the interchange of humorous stories keeps many awake for a long time the fire is kept up all night in camp. If it is “all quiet” in the prairie state the fire is extinguished on retiring and with it all conversation. On the meadow close to camp, the bell of the *madrina* tinkles constantly, a sign that the animals of the caravan cannot even rest at night but must use this time to satisfy their hunger. Everything else is still and solemnly quiet. All for one and one for all is the watchword of night for the Mexican caravan. this was the watchword which governed my caravan journey of eight days from San Juan to the San Joaquin. We spent the first night on the slope of one of the chains of hills which border the San Juan plain at the east. From here we crossed the pastures of the Pachecco Rancho.

Pachecco, the California owner of this rancho of about twenty hours circumference, played quite a role in the California revolution; he is probably well known in the history of those days. He, like many of the *rancheros* whose possessions were confiscated, proved by his patriotic efforts the proverb of the rolling stone. Now, however, he has again obtained such riches that his name has become proverbial throughout the country. As we approached his hacienda at the edge of his beautiful meadows we observed a cloud of dust which at midday grew high in the air. A thundering uproar awoke the echoes of the mountains and the air was shattered by the roaring of many hundreds of cattle milling back and forth in a large corral built of tree trunks. We climbed the gallery of this to have a better view of the 81 proceedings. It was a steer-taming, the yearly

recogita. Several vaqueros were busily engaged in lassoing the wildest steers among the bellowing and rumbling crowd while others constantly struck the herd with their hard lassos driving them in a blind rage around and around. In this way all the animals were driven to the point of exhaustion, then dragged from the corral, one after the other, and after the brand was pressed on with the glowing iron, the vaqueros drove them with wild cries to the pasture. If marked with the sale sign, the *venta*, they were destined for the market.

Formerly an ox in California cost four to five dollars, a hide one to two dollars, and the *aroba* of tallow the same. In the twenty-seven missions over 30,000 head of cattle and over 40,000 *arobas* of tallow were sold yearly. Now the prices are five to ten times higher while the sum of the animals sold yearly is two-thirds lower. Since 1836 and the breaking up of the missions the countless herds of cattle have constantly diminished; they have been divided and many also disappeared into the wilderness where they still roam. The same thing happened to the horses and mules. In 1842 they numbered about 65,000 and today about half of these are without a master. When one asks the *ranchero* what has made his cattle breeding fall off so, he answers: “*Quien sabe?*” He does not know and makes no attempt to find out. To tell the truth, he hardly knows what goes on in his own household. He finally lays the main blame to thieves and bears and scolds about the many strangers who are everywhere in the land.*

Bears are without doubt the greatest reducers of the California cattle herds. During my stay at Patrocinio del Alisal the Rancho was visited several times at night by one of these beasts of prey who, regardless of several shots we fired at him even the first time, did not allow his visit to be interrupted. An enormous brown bear lay stretched out in the courtyard of the Pacheco Rancho which had been killed on one of his nightly marauding raids shortly before our arrival. He had been skinned, the sun was withering his carcass, and according to the opinion of the vaqueros, his fouling corpse was the best possible warning to the rest of his comrades. Old Pacheco asked us to hunt these cattle thieves during the remainder of our journey through the territory of his Rancho and offered us one of his best oxen or mules for each bear carcass. That same evening during our rest period we tried our luck six miles distant from the hacienda. On the banks of a dried up brook we discovered many bear tracks in the sand and other fresh traces, but the reward of our hunt was a glorious stag.

Leaving the Pacheco Rancho we crossed over the shoulder of the coast range which extends towards the northeast. Around here the region suddenly takes on a very wild appearance and only the covering of wild oats which decorates all the valleys makes it a little cheerful. There is a vivid contrast between the dazzling white oat-covered surfaces and the fissured rock walls of old

carboniferous limestone. From cracks and crevice trickles 82 a fluid which deposits iron under the influence of sunlight, giving the rocks a dirty, rusty appearance. This seems to be the mysterious fluid called *spiritus metallorum* by several mineralogists. the mountains spirits prepare it here in such great quantity that it could be completely drained off.

The path over the mountains is difficult; we found it necessary to climb the mountain on foot and to actually pull up the riding and pack animals by their reins. After four days we finally reached the plain of San Joaquin. The only rancho on it where water can be found is Sant' Luis. From here a region stretches which by its dryness and barrenness warns the members of the caravan to be careful. The Fata Morgana is often evident here; during the violent sun blaze of the afternoon it shows itself most beautifully in the form of a deceiving picture of a rolling sea. The ground over which it is produced is very bare, only occasionally covered with moss from which rise visible vapors which spread like waves through the atmosphere. These mirages seem to be most easily produced near bushes and along a hedge. This is probably caused by the evaporation of the dampness of the ground.

The most beautiful sight on the Joaquin plain is the rushing across it of the wild horses and *berendos*. We saw this several times and certainly enjoyed it. The *berendos* are usually snow white, not particularly shy, and travel in countless bands. When seen at some distance through the clear prairie air standing on a prairie knoll they give the appearance of riders drawn up in rank and file. They look around for a long time and if they see no hostile object in their path they move rapidly forward in a long chain but in perfect order. They form a live ellipse or parabola, in which the firing of a shot causes wild confusion. First only chaos is evident, soon, however, a square is formed, followed by two circles, which rapidly change into two parabolic forms which 83 gradually merge into each other forming a large circle, meeting again in a hyperbola. Finally in the distance the entire *berendo* procession becomes visible drawn up in rank and file and the maneuvers begin anew. Similar varied movements are shown by the bands of *bandurias* when they want to settle down on the plain. In general there seems to be a law of moving in such mathematical figures among migratory beasts of both sea and land which live together in large groups. The parabolic form is shown everywhere in nature, in plants and animals, at every point where a dynamic motion

is expressing itself or has expressed itself. It is both the most artificial and natural expression of a significant thought unity which awakens the feeling of the beautiful, and it may have been this which determined the ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans to prophesy the future from the strange migrations of the birds. It is to be found also in the orbit of the comets which have created so much superstition. In the bird groups which force their way through the air it can be explained by the fact that each individual bird always strives to maintain that position which affords the most clear view of the whole group and country. It is known that each animal group has in its migration a so-called leader animal. Probably this one forms the vertex of the parabola to which all the members of the band direct their attention.

A bunch of these prairie horses once rushed by our vanguard. The animals were very excited and must have mistaken our horses for some of their own, as they came so close that they caused a general confusion in the caravan. Several lassos flew quickly towards the stallions but in vain; snorting and steaming they raced through and disappeared over the plain. A more beautiful drama could not have been enacted before our eyes. The Mexican members of our caravan, however, would have admired it more if they could have caught several of these *cimarons* with 84 their lassos. The Mexican only admires the *utile cum dulci*. The view of the wide plain with its grass blown into waves by the gentle evening breezes so that it resembles a lovely lake would only appear beautiful to the Mexican if it were good feed and an easily accessible and useful pasture.

After a while we met four *ciboleros* who, after they had saluted us with the *estrivera*, the hunters' greeting, pursued the fugitives. The *cibolero* is a most passionate prairie hunter, never turning away from the *rastro*, the trace of the wild prairie dweller, without having satisfied his fondness of the chase. He returns to his camp usually in the evening with a burden of buffalo and antelope hides or with a captured horse. He is the true death of the prairie and the only civilized enemy of the Indian who likes to decorate himself with scalps.

In the midst of the prairie between Sant' Luis and the San Joaquin we found a monument to a sad occurrence of recent days. There was a grave there, surrounded by all kinds of broken mining implements and not far from it an empty cistern about fifteen feet deep. Arriving at the San Joaquin

in the evening I learned that it was the grave of a man from Tennessee who had suffered a sunstroke while crossing the prairie. He had also suffered the tortures of thirst and his death was the result of both these misfortunes. His companions, not being provided with sufficient water either, had made a vain search for it by digging deeper into the cistern. This I learned from the owners of a ferry which had been hastily built on the other side of the San Joaquin; they had been sailors on the *Sarah Elisa*; the dead man was a passenger on that ship and these mariners were his two companions on the journey across the prairie. He had been a quiet, contented married man, trying in the best years of his manhood to find a new home and future for his family in a place where they could prosper. He was uncommonly tall and thin so that the passengers on the *Sarah Elisa* nicknamed him "Tall Tennessean". What an unfortunate fellow, to escape death of starvation only then to succumb to thirst so close to his goal. He was my companion in misfortune and went on ahead of me with hope of fortune, and now I stepped across his grave. I sank into the deepest sadness at the sight of this lonely, abandoned resting place, which for the rest of my life will remain fresh in my memory.

At the San Joaquin we recuperated finally from the weariness of our travels in a cool forest camp, surrounded by marsh cypresses and oak trees which, with their *barba vieja* (*Tillandsia usnacoides*), gave the region a very dignified aspect. The river is quite broad here and rushing. The valley through which it flows is 560 miles long, fifty miles wide, and everywhere gives evidence of the best agricultural possibilities. The San Joaquin was already being traveled by a small steamer almost to the mouth of the Merced. With this the way has been broken for civilization, a new world valley is now open.

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IV

On to the Southern Gold Mines

THE California gold region resembles an electro-magnetic net which when accidentally touched once, is shaken in its entire circumference. The northern mines were just discovered and immediately thereafter the southern ones, the opposite pole, were also found. The Mariposa Mines

are the farthest and richest of these. They were discovered by Mexicans and were occupied by them. Therefore the caravan which I accompanied proceeded first towards this goal.

It was a hard ride on the first day from San Joaquin over part marshy, part sandy country. The region had been disturbed by a band of robbers who had already attacked traveling strangers several times. Therefore we spurred our horses with the greatest impatience and hurried forward in separate divisions. That night we arrived happily but exhausted at the Merced River. Before us lay the sandy desert, behind us the gentle river which extended in many curves along the edge of a forest. The night was sultry and dark as pitch. Suddenly we were awakened by a roar like thunder. It was a stampede.

Our *arrieros* knew immediately what misfortune had occurred. The prairie fleet, most of our animals, had fled. They said immediately that a wild beast must have frightened them away. There was nothing left to be done but to send after them 87 several of the servants on the best of the remaining horses, while all the other members of the caravan armed themselves to prevent a second attack of the suspected enemy. We spent the whole night tensely expectant but neither our horses nor their disturbers returned.

A stampede is one of the worst misfortunes which can befall a caravan. If the animals be once frightened they rush forward, disregarding all obstacles and breaking all restraint, hastening their flight through the night until they fall down on the ground, rigid and convulsed, where they remain until the rising sun allows them, little by little, to recognize their surroundings. For days they cannot be found and only the *arrieros'* sagacity finally enables their haunt to be discovered. The thunder they cause is terrible but for the newcomer it is also interesting. Like the sea storm it begins *stacato con furia* and dissolves *tremolando* with an extended harmony into the quiet of the night. A new discovery of acoustics is that sound is louder by night than by day; a stampede makes one think that it also has peculiar characteristics in dynamic relationship to night.

It was not until daybreak that we learned from the returning *arrieros* that our animals were in a corral belonging to some Americans, on the bank of the San Joaquin and that we could only obtain

them by force as the Americans had declared themselves to be their owners. On hearing this we armed ourselves and proceeded to the place where we soon observed that we had now met horse thieves. As soon, however, as they realized our superior force they flew to the forest leaving behind not only all our animals, but also theirs, which were also probably stolen. The interior of their log cabin, which was located right at the edge of the San Joaquin, certainly looked like a poacher's arsenal. There was a great variety of weapons on hand, represented by several models in the best condition. We left them there but thought it best to remove all the cocks from the weapons and these we took along. After we had ridden for about half an hour we observed a thick cloud of smoke behind us which rose higher and higher. An *Arriero*, who had probably suffered quite a good deal of annoyance and mishap during the past night while searching for the caravan animals, in a spirit of revenge, had started a fire in the thieves' hut, or as he expressed it, had left his burning *cigarillo* as a souvenir for the *Robaderos*. At that time the Joaquin Valley was notorious for such horse thieves. They conducted their business in this manner: On a quiet night they suddenly fell upon the animals of a caravan frightening them and thus causing a stampede; then this was usually attributed to wild animals.

Our way led us across a valley plain which narrowed at times, along the Merced, to the collar or branching mountains of the Sierra Nevadas. It was astonishing to see growing on this plain many varieties of aromatic herbs and spicy *Labiatae*. The sun's rays stimulate the numerous *Therabinthacaes* to exude their sticky fluid which spreads an unbearable odor, causing everyone a mild headache. These growths stick to the animals while they feed and their resinous head decorations give them an odd appearance. Several varieties of heather with coral flowers were found in the sandy places and a kind of water melon was frequently seen growing on slopes and hillocks, which lent a wild aspect to the region. The juice of these melons is supposed to be drinkable but to me it tasted repugnantly bitter. Here and there one finds a red oak which, with its reddish bitterapples, the size of a fist, resembles an apple tree. One is tempted to bite into this lovely apple-like wild fruit which contains the quintessence of that black juice [ink] which can be made sweet, sour or bitter, according to taste, and therefore perhaps, tempts people to use it.

In the Merced valley we shot an elk whose antlers were 89 extraordinarily large and many-branched. On the bank of the Merced I found the petrified antlers of an antideluvian giant elk which must have been a great deal larger than its descendants as the antlers seemed absolutely proportional when placed on the head of a mule nine hands high.* Remains of extinct California *Fauna* are found on the San Joaquin plain, especially in the lower river regions and are frequently visible on the river banks and deltas. They lie in sandy, bluish and reddish clay strata, at a depth of two to fifteen feet, but are never embedded in the older gold deposits. The gold country must indeed have much importance for the geologists as there is no place where they can make a more fruitful study. The most dreaded obstacles to visiting the gold region have now been removed as California suffers no more from lack of development of communication and transport of provisions. Prominent naturalists should now visit this country in the interest of science; they would certainly be rewarded by finding the rarest and most useful treasures.

On my departure from Europe I intended to offer my services to collect specimens for a Museum Society, but learned indirectly that "this had already been tried once but had proved a failure." This honored Society thus missed the opportunity of coming into the possession of the largest horns in the world! Take note of this, you gentlemen, for the next time!

We crossed the Merced River at the foot of the first mountains. Its current is wild here and its clean-washed banks are a lovely sight with their varied colors of *syernit*, *ghrünstein*, and *trappfelsarten*.

This is the beginning of the gold region whose borders had already been much "prospected"* before our arrival and which was alive with many gold seekers. The prospectors thought we were Indians as most of the members of the caravan had taken off their clothes and put them beneath the saddles to protect them from a complete drenching by a heavy *aguacero* which poured down on us at our first step in the mines; thus our nakedness caused the mistaken identity. Two days later, having crossed a terrain characterized by many isolated slate-rock mountains, we arrived at the Agua Frio and Mariposa mines.

Prospecting is the first thing the miner does in the mine. He digs into several levels of earth where he has learned by experience to expect gold, and removing some earth, washes it in his wooden platter or tin pan by alternately dipping the vessel under the water and shaking it. This process, however, requires practiced manipulation and motions; from this, result specimens of medium-weight gold, the gold having remained in the vessel because of its greater specific weight. The earth is assayed at 1, 2, 3, etc. dollars to the *poket* (pail) and called rich or poor in consequence. Whoever has the benefit of some geological knowledge and has speculated as to the location,

extent, and outlet force of primeval waters and has a mental birds-eye view of the excavation or formation of mountains by the process of carrying away or laying down of stone and earth deposits, learns prospecting in the sense of observations and prophesy i.e. to study is better than to assay, and a mental prospect is just as sure as if it were already in the pan.

On arriving the cry “Las minas! Las placeres!” sounded as sweet to the Mexican caravan and had been longed for as much 90 as mariners on a stormy sea long for the magic sound of “Land” and “Pilot”. It is astonishing to see the miracles performed by such exclamations when they announce the gleaming nearness of the journey's end. All the sea voyager's hopelessness disappears at the sight of land, even if it be only a strip seen by a stretch of the imagination, just as when the homesick and lovesick person approaches again the object of his affections. When approaching the coast Neptune's tortures and suffering vanish overboard and at the setting foot on land the traveler forgets the whole torrent of misfortune caused by a long and painful voyage. “Land! Land!” has the power to suddenly transform an hydrochloricacid, rusty sea-heart, and “We have arrived at our destination” can at once restore new courage, strength and daring in a caravan which has been reduced to a crawling shadow by the painful trip over mountains and sunburnt plains. In short, these words can make the last days of travel like the first. Before reaching every journey's end we should cross the River Lethe, burying in it all the unpleasantness of the past, so that we can enjoy to the full our fortunate arrival. On a trip it is a true saying that the past should be left for the rascals and the fools and as Shakespeare says: “All's well, that ends well”, the *Dutchman* says “jolly”.

The members of the caravan, content and joyous, pressed on down the narrow mountain path into the Mariposa valley, pregnant with gold. The practiced eye of the leaders, who had ridden on ahead, soon found the place most suitable for dwelling and serving Mammon. One day of rest and then mining life began. The three divisions of the prairie fleet were dissolved and the members of the caravan were divided as *gambucinos* under the *Majodomos*. All dug and washed gold. In the intervals between the performance of his regular duties the *madre* also had to wash gold; this made his hands clean and white—the *tortillas* certainly tasted better.

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Witfield and I, the flag-captains emeritus, set up our tent above the mining town of Mariposa on an elevated plateau from where we could overlook the whole valley. It was with much pleasure that we

had a taste of mining life, wandered about the region in all directions and gathered the experiences which everyone wishes to take along when he leaves the mines.

The Mariposa mines occupy a region of about fifty square miles. The scenery of the main valleys of both the Agua Frio and Mariposa Rivers is magnificent and varied. Everywhere are visible the greatest variety of crooked and bent, jagged and round shapes and forms. The eye never rests on unattractive straight lines and square figures but in turn on circles, arcs, ovals and wavy lines and here finds full satisfaction. Where the main source of the Mariposa rises the succulent grassy mountainsides are joined to shape the valley into a shovel-slaped slope over which the path leads to the plain by way of the many bends in the valley. Dazzling white quartz crowns are visible on the rounded peaks of the granite and gneiss mountains which because of their resemblance to fortifications are called Quarzburchs. The morning and evening sun effects that delightful play of light on them which recalls the alpenglow of the Swiss alps. In some spots the mountain is clothed with low, bluish-green bushes over which tower lonely pines and laurel-oaks, or granite and *syrrnit* blocks peer through the thickets like revolutionary monuments of primeval days of the mountain region. The farther down the valley one goes the more narrow it becomes and it seems finally to close altogether. Suddenly there is an opening which affords a view above a forest through which the river rushing to the plains far below has cut a deep gorge. At the left, inclosed between the towering mountains, is a lake on whose banks deserted wigwams and shattered *balsas* or reed boats still give evidence of the dispersed Monas Indians who are characterized by their Roman 92 facial features. The Mariposa, now more abundant in water and with a greater drop in its forest-covered bed, roars by this sorrowful place of abandoned Indian life. Terrified and with pounding breast one enters the valley which conceals within its towering walls a fearful sublimity and wild beauty where the genius of nature challenges the mind of man and conquers him, and where the feelings overcome the soul of a past all-crushing force which has created this valley and one feels impelled to prophesy for it an equally terrible future. Basalt pillars and granite obelisks over thirty feet high which support rock spheres ten to twenty feet in diameter are arranged on both banks of the river to form a chain, fantastically reflecting the pale rays of daylight which penetrate the ravine. The world is “geologically topsy-turvy” here. The primitive rocks are everywhere and

nowhere. Looking all around for an orderly arrangement in this Plutonic empire of wild natural masses one finds only a great confusion of stone and rock layers which have a disturbing effect but are at the same time stimulating and refreshing. The gloomy appearance of these rock towers and steep banks, *barrancas*, is increased by a rusty skin, black as iron, with which they are covered. Wild vines and laurel bushes, which make their presence known by their unbearably strong odor, grow luxuriantly in the cracks and enwreath the ancient gray rock heads of the geologic Plutos and Mercurys, partially animating them. Here and there the ravine opens up into a rock arena in which alluvial sand, gravel and boulders are heaped up in great quantity. The main gold deposits are found in these. The mines in such sand piles or *Bars* are simply called *Diggings* or wet mines, while those on mountain cliffs and in dry valley beds are called *Placeres*. The gold of the *Diggings* is usually of leaf, grain or dust form, while that of the *Placeres* is generally found in large pieces. In all the mining region it is found at a depth of from one to one hundred feet 93 below the granite sediments, and in larger mountains and cliffs in bluish or reddish clay containing iron and with magnetic sand.

A critical examination of the exterior of the gold shows that the *pipedas* found in the dry mines have an undamaged original form, while the gold in the wet mines has been misshapen. Their primitive form is frequently very odd and quaint; it is crystalline dendritic, or shows all those characteristics which are familiar in metal pieces poured in water. It seems as if Nature had made her prototypes in it. The gold, without doubt, must have condensed during its sublimative creation in water; it must have reached the upper crust of the earth when this was still covered with water. The gold in the hypogene rocks effected by Plutonic forces, have cropped out in an eruption. Metamorphic and Plutonic stones, which have usually been translocated, are found to be penetrated by gold veins. These like the *pipedas* lying loose in the older deposits, seem not to have suffered any damage which could not be the case if “the cursed rubbish room of the new world creation” had not been filled at the same time with an element, in which the eruptive stones could move with less violence. Thus the gold might be called a souvenir of a California flood which took place before its birth. This is further proved by the evident signs of a Neptunian opening in the Golden Gate of the Bay of San Francisco. The towering hollowed-out rock masses of the river valleys, discolored by precipitation, contain iron, and gold dirt is to be found in the highest cracks and crevices of these.

Only a great flood could have mixed the heavy metal with the granite sediments and pushed these to the depths of the oldest mountains, frequently even stirring them around, or could have sprayed on to the peaks of the mountains and into the cracks in the rock walls the diluvium which contains gold. It must have been a powerful flood which could force its way through the coast 94 range and finally distribute far over valley and plain the gold produced in the mountains.

Washed down from mountains and cliffs during the rainy periods of years the dirt containing gold was occasionally brought by the rushing mountain brooks into the streams of the far plains. Here, since the disappearance of the great floods, new sediments were put on top of the old firm deposits. At the Sacramento River for instance, signs of more recent deposits containing gold are found up to a depth of thirty feet, in places which are exposed to yearly overflows. If the scale to measure the Nile River sediments is used here, namely three and one-third inches of sediment thickness for a century, this earth layer on the Sacramento thirty feet high, would prove to be 10,800 years old. The approximate time can be obtained, according to this, of the complete disappearance of the California flood, the transformation into an ocean gulf of the sweet-water lake near San Francisco, discovered by pearl seekers in 1770, or the opening of the Golden Gate.

Such thoughts might lead one still farther, and present the gold as a souvenir metal of creation. A step in the empire of geologic mysteries has always a magnetic effect on our deficient striving for truth, and possesses as great charm for the thinker as that which is revealed in broad daylight.

The eye, returning to the mining valley from such wandering, lights pleasantly on the figures found there. Gold seekers of all nations and of all social classes are working, singly and in groups, on the canyons, on the slopes and along the river. They work calmly and confidently behind and below the threatening massive rocks and disregard the imminent danger. Only the gold in the depths is their Lorelei. The miner's clothing is simple and adapted to the wild life; his tools, with which he has accustomed himself to tirelessly examine the earth from early morning until late at night, are simple.

The tools of the miner have passed through their own period of history. In the beginning the industrious gold-seeker obtained with only shovel and pan the gold which was in the upper earth layers or almost on the surface. When gold was first discovered at a greater depth he used a gold cradle, the *Roker* [Rocker] which soon developed many forms. Dirt containing less gold but which, however, was abundant, was worked by the *Long Tom*, a wooden stationary gutter through which the earth was washed down by running water into a container. The deposit passed from there into the *Rocker*. The quicksilver machine was needed, for the earth hastily washed once by the first miners could only be reclaimed with quicksilver, and as soon as quartz containing gold was discovered, steam quartz mills were used by the larger companies.

The Americans and foreigners still find the *Roker* the most suitable of all the many hand machines and the Mexicans still mostly use their universal implements; these mining heroes still go about outfitted with *baretta*, *macheta*, *fatra* and *cucharra*, the horn spoon, as if to consume a golden banquet. These *Bucaderos*, accustomed from their earliest youth to search for metals, are able to find the places containing most gold; their *baretta* is like a perfect wishing wand. They find more pleasure in mining life than do the others, are always carefree, happy and joyous without a thought of the morrow, and are the immediate focuses of interest for the observers of mining life. If they are working for someone they hurry to put that sum in their master's hands with which he has planned to leave the mines, so that perhaps, if he be a Mexican, he can hurry home to a *pronunciamento*, weighted down with conceit as much as with gold, like the Britons, nicknamed Nabobs, who after becoming wealthy in the East Indies, returned to England and tried to force their way at any price into Parliament. If, however, they are working for 96 themselves they are seldom seen working in company as their greed and selfishness would soon lead to quarrels, but they do live together in communal camps. They are much addicted to gambling and all kinds of light living. The gold gives no pleasure to the Mexicans unless they can spend it. Possessing this knowledge one of their countrymen quickly erects a *tienda* near such miners and in this tent the gold soon obtains pleasurable value. A group of chorus girls, from the twelve year old *muchacha* to the *matron* of the *tienda*, strive to brighten the wild life of the *paisanos*. Guitars are strummed among them from morning until late at night. There is dancing and the bacchanalian revelry ends with a night scene

which would cause disgust if the curtain were lifted from it. One should, however, occasionally look down into such depths so as to recognize one's own strength or to learn to know oneself. One of the weaknesses of our nature is to pattern ourselves according to others. Often enough, one of these "Hombres" can be seen staggering about giddily while saying to his friend, "Buen amigo! tengo gana de guttar una gutta de aguardiente?"* Such gutturals are gloriously suited to the thick tongue of the drunken Mexican! Italian has been called the language of love, Spanish is that of passion and drunkenness. And often enough one sees such an "Amigo" get into a quarrel with another because he could not make himself understood. The *macheta* is used for fencing after they have tied themselves together at arm's length with a rope around their bodies. With the left hand they try to pull the hat of the opponent down over his face while the right hand, quick as lightning, deals the *machetasso*, the knife thrust. Perpendicular wounds are forbidden in such duels; the Mexican aims only for cuts because in his native country these are not punished by law. When blood flows in streams full satisfaction has been given. A drink of *onze* serves as a reconciliation. The barbaric character of these duels is evident in all America. The 97 *machete* of the native of Spanish American never satisfies him by cutting deep enough into his opponent's face while the terrible "*ganguin*" [gouging] the putting out of the eyes, is used by the North-Americans in their boxing matches which occur daily and from the most trivial causes in every gathering of people.

[Erroneously marked 2 on page 96.] Good friend! I would like to drink a drop of brandy. *Aguarliente* from *Agua-ardiente* (distilled water) is also called "Onze" because of the eleven (*onze*) letters of the word and is the common fruit brandy of the Chileans and Mexicans.

In California such encounters had the most terrible combinations and were extremely widespread. Here, where the fear of robber bands and individuals escaped from the *bagno* was added to the necessity of defense against the hostile Indians and the wild beasts, the carrying of weapons was as customary as the carrying of a pocket watch. When such tools of bravery degenerated into vain playthings and were only rarely used for defense it is not surprising that they were often misused in the most shocking and careless way. The colt's revolver and the bowie knife played roles which might make up a characteristic Appendix to the history of the gold country only mentioning deeds performed by these hellish implements in the presence of individual eyewitnesses. Here is only one instance of the many presented to one of the first California juries. In this case the delinquent was

dismissed with both “guilty” and “not guilty” as the verdict. A miner asked his rival to show him his watch so that he could see the time. Without further ado the latter pulled his “six-shooter” and shot him dead. It was murder, but the court could not pass sentence as it could not be proved that the murdered man had not had rapacious or criminal intentions. Asking for the time was a highly suspicious and dangerous question in California as it contained an indirect challenge for life or death.

The Mexicans are disliked and almost hated by the other miners because of their frequent quarrels as well as their customary disturbing, dizzy life. They are shunned or crowded out if their presence cannot be otherwise avoided. That is why 98 hostilities in which national animosity also had a part have frequently broken out between the northerners and southerners.

The American, and especially the European miner, seeks quiet and solitude, and he shows a more worthy picture of mining life than that presented by the Mexican. “God helps those who help themselves” and “the strong man is strongest alone” are his watchwords. Working for a better future or for his family the miner is seen alone, away from everything that might distract him from his work. A small tent, pitched under a shade tree, contains all his possessions and willingly yielding to his fate he enjoys his quiet life and fills his mind with noble thoughts. Having become practiced in finding Nature's hidden treasures he also becomes accustomed to commune with her. His mind is occupied not only with Nature's materials but also with her forms. He finds pleasure in the various creations about him with which he must become familiar as they are his daily companions. They become more and more animated for him, speaking stimulatingly to his senses and soothing his desires. Soon Nature gives him not only material but also ideal satisfaction. But he even mounts a step higher. After he has gained this first blessing of solitude he frequently spends his leisure in directing his attention to the cause and purpose of that part of the universe in his vicinity. It becomes easy for him to understand that in spite of being cut off from the noisy world he is extremely happy and has almost no desire for any further comfort. He becomes filled with childlike feelings and his utterances become more and more naïve as his surprise at himself increases. He has returned from civilization to nature and where childlike feelings and naïve thoughts enter they stimulate or create piety. Soon the lonely miner learns to recognize the world

soul, God, in the works of nature and to worship them daily. He understands his inner delight when he connects it with the contents of his 99 observation. His mind is at rest, at rest like Nature which surrounds him. Rest creates goodness, and this again creates contentment. If for once, his day's work brings no reward the hope of good fortune does not leave him. He is satisfied with the little the day has brought and works with doubled industry on the morrow. If he is often disappointed he learns to be patient. Patience is a talent which can be easily acquired only in quiet. The miner, much tried by fate, learns self-denial and endurance. Since the discovery of both large gold countries, mining has been the chosen occupation or profession of a great number of people and as such it may be regarded as a school which will produce only good results for the human race.

In the mines, resignation and exuberance are found side by side. Both would cause daily suicide were it not that a diverse fate, with all its phases, is met with in the accepted daily life. Here fate plays tricks; cares, dangers and tortures of the wild life are present in sufficient numbers to mediate resignation and exuberance. Accidents, of which there are many in the mines, throw men down from the heights of fortune or determine their ascent; accidents either lead men to calm and privacy or disturb them. Everything in the mines is accidental but a man with a strong will can still find elbow-room and though he be unable to move mountains he can avoid them.

A miner's life is hard enough. He has heard that far away in the mountains new gold mines have been discovered. The rumors of their riches are like fairy tales. Determined to go there he packs his belongings with accustomed ease and hurries off. He encounters the steepest mountains, the deepest valleys, rocky, rushing rivers, and insufficient feed for his pack or riding animals; but he soon surmounts all obstacles. Frequently courage and perseverance seem about to desert him when he meets with some great mishap but usually he climbs out unaided from the 100 deepest traps. He cannot go to rest at nightfall if he has not found a suitable camp with feed and water for his animals. He travels on until he has found the camp where he sinks down exhausted and weak. He must use his provisions sparingly as his goal is uncertain; his destination being the place where he finds the most gold. If he loses the trail in the dense forests or on the bare rocks the sun or his instincts guide

him. If he falls from a cliff and lies crushed in the depths no one looks for his bones; all that is known of him is that he has left and not returned.

But he finally does arrive at his destination. This is the place where rumor has it there is much gold and other miners are here already. The rumors are often true, the gold is being ladled from the depths; but frequently all is false, not even the color of gold or a trace of gold can be found. The gold seeker pushes on deeper into the mountains or, deceived, he undergoes the same exertions to return to his old mining place. But here he finds newcomers and the ground which he has left recently and in which he thought he would dig again is now in the possession of another who had the right to take possession just twenty-four hours after the departure of the former owner.* The miner is again disappointed.

Every miner has the right to "claim" twenty square feet of earth, which remains his property as long as he works in it. No other person can set foot in his mine if tools are in it and the Claimer has not stopped work in it for more than twenty-four hours. According to state law every miner who is not an American citizen is supposed to pay a small tax, but it is to the credit of the state that this law has never been enforced.

The companies seeking gold also experience many mishaps. A river is forced into an artificial bed so that the gold in the old bed may be removed. This work takes years but the results are wonderful. Wonderful? Yes! If the work is not as far advanced as had been planned, at the beginning of winter a single rainy night can destroy the work of several hundred human hands and of a whole year and in a moment wipe out visions of fortune. This has happened to many a "Dam Company". The individual in such enterprises pays dearly for his share; he works; he feeds himself; by his words and deeds he encourages others to work; daily he stands in water, exposed to the sun's blaze, 101 bathed in sweat. His health ruined, he hopes and prays, and when the work is almost completed the swollen river overflows the dam so that the work must either begin again or be "damned" by the afflicted company.* In spite of these bitter experiences such a method of gold seeking is becoming more and more common. The gold thirst forces man to a Danaïd labor which enables him to forget himself while he helps both himself and others. As a rule, self-control is attained only by harsh experience.

Damning is most customary in America. The American damns everything that causes him the slightest annoyance. Among these Goddams-sons one could learn to curse like Gresset's traveling parrot.

The quartz mills' companies have also suffered similar misfortunes. When a quartz vein is found to be rich it is dug out with much effort and expense and the stone is crushed. The expensive machine is meanwhile brought to the place. However, not infrequently, one of its cast-iron parts is broken during the difficult transport over the mountains. Months pass until it can be replaced. Experience has taught that the deeper one digs in the vein the richer it becomes. Yet when the machine is finally set up and in order the discovery is probably made that the quartz vein, not having been sufficiently prospected, contains no more gold in its depths. Hopes are disappointed and time and money expenditures are great.* During my stay in the Mariposa Valley an English company operated such a quartz mill near the tent town where a great quartz vein existed in the diluvium. The business was very profitable. During the following year the greater portion of the mining population departed. The Indians returned to their native heath and destroyed and butchered all that seemed foreign or unaccustomed. The “fiery mountain eater”, the quartz mill, was naturally not spared. Military intervention again freed the valley of its wild inhabitants and the discovery of new quartz veins and of the first California diamonds drew new adventurers to this rich mining valley.

The fortunate or unfortunate outcome of such an enterprise guides the judgement of the general public. The little confidence inspired by the larger mining speculations, for which stock companies also began to be formed in Europe, had no foundation and was based solely on a few unfortunate instances. California's golden days, the gold region known today being 600 miles long and forty-five to sixty miles wide, will not begin in all its glory until more technical exploitation of gold becomes native to the country. An exhaustion of the gold mines has been rumored. To calculate this in advance is impossible. Although the entire gold country had been passed once through the pan the work would have to be repeated several times until the land could be damned in the meaning of the disappointed miner.

At the time of the rapid decrease in population I also left Mariposa Valley. The clanking of many gold cradles was suddenly followed by desolate quiet. Only in hidden places was the oft repeated cry “Sant' Antonio!” heard at sunrise and sunset from the lips of a superstitious Mexican who hoped by entreaty to obtain his fortune from this patron. And occasionally the shrill sound of the quartz mill was heard in the lonely valley and awakened the echoes of the mountains. The valley looked like a cemetery. Everywhere deep scars marked the place where this one or that had found or buried his fortune. On all sides piles of earth, like burial mounds, were visible on

which broken or discarded tools formed crosses or monuments. The wild animals of the mountains approached and made night even more terrible in the deserted valley.

“Alisal”, who had borne a droll little foal as a satellite, now stood in our midst packed and ready. Thoughtful, Witfield and I mounted and departed from this ominous place which now is furrowed only by the plow.

The friend of nature becomes easily accustomed to much roaming in a strange land and wandering soon comes to be his aim in life. He is driven on and on; a long stay makes him feel cramped and he bemoans the day on which he has not wandered. He only feels that he has roamed sufficiently and is able to make a longer stay after he knows the country well enough to begin planning a trip in another latitude. Wanderlust is also deep rooted in the gold seeker. Frequently this wanderlust is inspired by seeking regions richer in gold, but also it is often a secret longing for new scenery, a change of scene and a change from the monotony of daily life. This fact shows itself most clearly in nature where the charm of abundant variety is plainly evident to man as soon as his eye becomes a little practiced. What can stimulate our longing and can charm our curiosity more than a chain of mountains towering in the pure heavenly air on the far horizon, on which the eye rests and beyond which we imagine a new 103 charming world? The influence of the spirit of free nature on the power of presentiment and the intimate connection of her charm with the longing of the heart are shown by the migrations every summer of the natives of America and the unimpeded force of the change of seasons of which the migratory animals have a presentiment. The return to the abandoned place, as found in a feeling creature, is also determined by nature. Who has not been driven to other countries and valleys without sharing the feeling of the little Swiss boy who, in spite of all pleasure which the new places and things gave him said in his dialect with a sigh, “But I want to go back to my cows and my mountains!”...

This habitual wandering in the gold country brings about recurring meetings. If one has an acquaintance in the mines one is certain to meet him again in one's travels and his unexpected appearance awakes great joy. In the California gold mountains the Wandering Jew would never

have to travel without a companion. I even think I met him once, but, dear Reader, that is my own affair.

The tourist makes another surprising observation while traveling through this gold country. At times he comes to a scene which seems familiar to him. He seems to recognize the landscape, the outlines, all the individual objects. He is astonished, he ponders, and the more he thinks about it the more familiar it seems. He is ready to swear that he has been here once before and feels he can describe with tolerable precision the scenery beyond the foreground. This is one of the many psychological effects which often takes hold of the sensitive mind while traveling and which easily leads to deep reflection. Such scenes are usually charming, friendly, pleasant fields or meadows, green pastures whose measured arrangement of small hills and valleys must really be said to have an aesthetic beauty.

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One day arriving between the Merced and Stanislaus rivers, after my departure from the Mariposa mines, I had such a surprise. The plain is dotted everywhere here with these small grass-covered hills—like sea waves paralyzed while forming. The *Rolling Prairie* is refreshed by springs and brooklets and lacks nothing for a fitting comparison with any of the most beautiful scenes in Gessner's *Idylls*.

My traveling companion and I ate our lunch in a grassy dale and climbed one of the nearest hills to watch a herd of deer which had become frightened at our arrival. The glorious landscape which surprised me so deeply lay before me. My desire for hunting vanished and I was overcome by astonishment and admiration. I called my friend to my side; the scene was not one with which he was familiar although I seemed to know it all from the blue sky above to each individual flower in the grass. And yet in my whole life I had never seen even a similar view! I succumbed to my blissful sensations and sketched the landscape in my album. It seems there are memories awakened by the sight of nature which when projected from the infinite space and time of the past thrill us more wonderfully than occurrences of our daily life or of our conscious being.

I lingered in this spot for about a half hour when suddenly a German song was wafted from behind the hills which were arranged to look like stage scenery. "That must be a wandering miner," I thought as I listened with an increased feeling of bliss to his song, a German song in these strange, lonely valleys in which the sound of human voice had perhaps never before been heard. It was the simple touching melody of the "Drei Burschen"; the song of freedom and of love, the modest alpen flower among German songs whose glowing color proclaims the grandeur of its home. It was the pious good song, the German song with blond hair and blue eyes, the song of German longing, of 105 German love and of German blond moonlight; it is a prayer of child-hood days which can make cold hearts glow and which is heard everywhere where voices are lifted joyously in song. No matter where I was this song could make me homesick for the days when I was innocent and happy, it was a sword sheathed in white roses and cypress; it was the alpen-horn sending forth from poetic heights into the wide world its sad notes which make all who hear heartsick with longing for their mountains and all must join in the deeply emotional words: I love you now, I loved you ever I shall cease to love you never

The song died out. A slim rider mounted on a black pony and followed by a small procession of mounted and packed mules came forward from between the hills. The idyllic scene was now populated. I went to meet the jolly singing miner calling out a German "Willkommen" to him. The rider dismounted, pressed my hand and on looking deep, deep into his sunburnt face I recognized a fraternity brother with whom I had sung many a German song. The exchange of sweet memories lasted until the sun was high in the heavens, reminding us of the still distant goal of our day's journey and warning us that we must part. This meeting made such a deep impression because it occurred at a time when my mood was receptive and my stimulated imagination so flexible that it painted the extraordinary part of the event in even more charming colors.

The *Rolling-Prairie* which we crossed towards the north showed its most beautiful summer dress of anemones, *bellis perenneis*, and a completeness of plant life which vividly recalls the carpet of my native meadows. The daisy is not a native of eastern America but here it pleases the eye at every step, and it is found in all Upper California. The anemones are the wind roses of the prairie and are

found in the grass in the places most open to the wind. How odd! Like certain poetic girls the anemones seem destined to bloom and to flourish while defying wind and storms and then, hardly having completed their full development, to fade. To cool hot breath in the soft prairie breezes it is only necessary to lie down in a bed of anemones. But the rattlesnake and the pitch black tarantula, as big as your fist, infest these flower decked meadows. These poisonous prairie dwellers are put there to startle the pleasant dreams of the charmed wanderer and to warn him, but they are also there to poison each other's life and to kill each other.

It is not a rare sight to see a rattlesnake quietly lying in wait in the sunshine for its enemy, the tarantula, a horrible animal with extended legs and bloodshot eyes, which is lying about a pace away. The tarantula seems to have sensed the nearness of its enemy for it is prepared for the attack, and is raging mad with white foam gushing between its teeth and dribbling down its beard. The rattlesnake attempts an attack. It coils itself up tight and with an elastic jump springs at the tarantula. But the aim is wrong, and before the snake has time to coil itself again the tarantula jumps on its neck and with one bite the snake is conquered, paralyzed by the spider poison. Had the snake been victorious it would have sucked the last drop of juice from the spider. When the libidinous rest of the rattlesnake is disturbed by approaching footsteps it always rattles as a warning, it only sinks its poisonous teeth in the flesh of its disturber without warning if it is stepped on. It is easy to paralyze it with the blow of a stick; I killed one once with the ramrod of my hunting gun. It was a glorious specimen from which I took off fourteen rattles. The fire light at night in camp is enough protection from these poisonous animals. A mule, if allowed to graze nearby, will never suffer a tarantula to exist near camp; he spies it and crushes the horrible pest.

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The *Rolling Prairies* of the southern mines extend from the Merced River to the Sacramento and lose themselves in the west towards the plain of the San Joaquin. They include some of the most beautiful parts of the country. Near the tributary rivers of the San Joaquin which come from the east the hills flatten out, becoming smaller and smaller, until they become merely heaps of all kinds of gravel, from one to ten feet high, in which lovely quartz crystals and opals are occasionally found.

Beyond this river the country is less lonely and empty; between the rivers American farm buildings and cattle herds are visible. The road itself is good and looks like a macadamized street. The sun gave it this appearance by drying the dust in the wagon tracks of the many North American emigrant groups which passed here and which was then blown away by the wind. The many bumps in the road disappeared after awhile and now the trip through the California mines is over roads which, at times, seem to have been in existence for more than half a century. Here and there is a corn or potato field, fore-runners of the agriculture for which this fruitful region seems destined. Near the river the growth of the field is accomplished by irrigation. The water is lifted from the river by a large water-wheel and poured into small ditches. This has proved to be the best way to carry on gardening on the river plains. All garden vegetables grow very large and are very tasty as the continual sunshine favors their growth. I have never seen larger bulb plants or a greater variety of vegetables than are found in California. There seems to be no potato rot here; they ripen in summer so that the rainy period with its frosty nights never overtakes the potato harvest and there is no danger of this fruit ever suffering from disease. All native and other flowers flourish here and are usually picked twice a year. Bee-keeping is also carried on extensively in California; wild bee swarms are found on all the 108 prairies and at hot midday in quiet places their humming can be plainly heard. The bee does not seem to be a "European fly"; they exist here in such great numbers that they seem to be a native insect.

We visited several mining regions along the Towalumne, Stanislaus and Calaveras rivers. The scenery here is more idyllic than wild. The rapidly growing towns give a pleasant aspect to the valleys which, very dry in summer, are enclosed by low mountains. Regular alpen flower beds of flowers and ferns decorate the craggy mountain peaks over which the colorful butterfly flits, giving evidence of the wild climate in which it spends its joyous sweet days. The industrious miner crawls in and out of the dark shafts of his *cajote* mine at the foot of these mountains bringing his golden treasures to light. When seen from a distance these *cajote* mines, typical of only the southern mines, resemble animated bee hives.

These mountains on the Calaveras are famous for several enormous natural caves which can be entered through a narrow opening at the top. They contain many bones, some fossilized, of four-footed animals and are richly decorated with stalactites and crystals giving an appearance of a fairy crystal palace. The music made by the tapping of an iron hammer on these crystals, one to two feet long, also makes a magical impression on the visitor. At first it sounds like the jingle of bells, and then like the soft melancholy tones of an Acolian harp. The miners have bestowed peculiar names on such caves and the ingenious Americans are quick to fit them with fables of mystery and stories of adventure. Names like Imperial Chamber, Devil's Cave, Witches' Den, and Baker's Oven have already been bestowed.* The Imperial Chamber, not far from the Valcano Bar, resembles the German Kiefhäuser in which Barbarossa sleeps hidden, as the poet says "for as long as the old ravens will fly there." In the middle of the 109 crystal room is a stalactite marble table on a grotesque pedestal and the enchanted Emperor, made of the same material, bends over it with his head propped on his hands and his beard grown through the table-top. Thus Nature furnishes the material for legends and not infrequently for later historical researches.

The hellish adversary and assailer is supposed to have been in the Baker's Oven and a ridiculous anecdote is circulated about this retired hero. The Devil's Cave, so named because at times warm vapors and mephitic gases gather there, is supposed to resemble a baker's oven because at first its heat is bearable and then it gradually becomes hot. In the Baker's Oven overpowering vapors also frequently rise.

Before the discovery of the mines these valleys were inhabited by many bands of Indians who stubbornly opposed the entrance of the white people. Without military interference the Indians could hardly have been forced to relinquish their lovely territory. Later the government of California through her "Indian Commissioners" made treaties with the Indians of several of the mining regions. They were given lands, better habitations were built for them and at regular intervals were provided with clothing, tools and provisions. Thus most of the Indian tribes became reconciled with the whites and gradually came to discard their more crude customs. Even in the most wild and distant regions, like that of the *Scotch* Valley in northern California, they are peaceful now and carry on agriculture and cattle raising in the territory apportioned them. The most effective work in the converting of the California Indians was that of first giving them some conception of civilization. That is the way by which the twenty-seven missions were able to exact

obedience from 22,000 Indian proselytes and use them for agriculture. The Indians still remember those times of conversion, which must have been effective in spite of their return to a savage state, otherwise the present work of reconciliation in California would surely be more difficult.

The first miners on the Towalumne in late 1849 were Mr. Rippstein, a Swiss gentleman; Don Luis, a Frenchman; and Robinson, an American. The first told me the following:

“Driven by adverse fate, a desire to make new discoveries, and the restlessness of the first gold fever days, I went with my two friends, Don Luis and Robinson, to prospect the Stanislaus 110 and the Towalumne. We were within several hours travel of our destination when nightfall forced us to make camp in a thicket on a high plateau. This we did, not however without taking precautions as we had just discovered signs of Indians. The place which I thought suitable was a small grassy plot in the midst of the thicket over which towered a powerful oak at whose foot we spread our blankets to camp for the night. To our left, several paces distant, burnt the watch fire and opposite us grazed our only mule, bound with a lasso to a stake. Our mining type of supper was soon consumed and we drew straws to determine who should be guard for the first half of the night; this duty fell to Don Luis. Smoking his pipe the fearless Frenchman sat down cheerfully by the fire, stirring it energetically. He remained all ear while Robinson and I, wrapped in our blankets talked softly for quite a while. Robinson finally fell asleep and I turned away from him. I longed to sleep also but that night it was impossible. About an hour later, I had been lying tired, awake and watchful, with my face turned toward the fire, I heard a soft sigh soon followed by devilish laughter. A band of ghosts seemed to float above me in the air and branches and mock at my astonishment. A shove woke Robinson and brought him to his knees. He was annoyed and accused me of dreaming. At the same moment our mule brayed anxiously and ran the full length of the lasso into the bushes. I rose and looked at Don Luis only to see him fall backwards with two arrows in his breast. Another wild yell sounded on all sides, whizzing arrows flew past us and grinning Indian faces were visible everywhere in the bushes.—Never in my life have I seen such a terrible sight as those wildly grimacing faces in which the pale beams of firelight made visible fiendish smiles which showed only too plainly the bloody murder lust of the redskin band.—I took up my gun immediately and

aimed at one of the wild beasts but an arrow struck the finger with which I pressed the trigger and my shot went amiss. A scar remained as a life-long souvenir.

I looked around for my companions. Don Luis had disappeared. Robinson was on his knees, holding up in his left hand the woolen blanket as a shield and fighting desperately with the most daring of the enemy. He had thrust his hunting knife deep into the breast of his wild adversary. With a raging death cry the latter sank down and the other Indians—I could never understand whether because of fear or cowardice—retired from the place of battle for few minutes. ‘Flee! Flee!’ shouted Robinson to me, while he disappeared sideways into the thicket. With one jump I gained a protecting boulder behind which I cowered. The *Warwhoop* was repeated several times. Then the Indians saw that we had fled, and singing a song of victory they passed single file in a long row close by my hiding place.

As soon as the last of the line passed me I jumped up and zig-zagged through the little wood until I reached its edge, no, until I fell down exhausted. A cloudburst brought me back to consciousness. With renewed strength I hurried through the night and at sunrise arrived in a small valley in which I recognized several tents where I had been with friends the day before. In one of these I woke three hours later from violent delirium and learned from several miners who were standing around me that they had picked me up in an unconscious condition. My clothes were torn and hands and face were covered with scratches and blood. Robinson arrived in the afternoon in a similar pitiful condition. Not far from the mining valley we found Don Luis drawing his last breath. He had crawled there on his hands and knees and died in terrible pain from the arrow wounds. This event was revenged. Eight days later the united miners fell upon two Indian settlements on the Towalumne and burnt them. 112 From this time on no Towalumne Indian was seen again in the vicinity of a white miner's dwelling.”

Most of the American mining towns have been built on the sites of the burnt-off Indian settlements. Sonora, James-Town, Mokolumne Hill and Hangtown are the best known of those in the southern mines. They were built and named by chance, Hangtown being one of the most significant examples of this. It was named from a deed which was as horrible as the name is barbarous.

Nomen et omen. The oak still stands in the center of the town which served as a gallows for several criminals who fell into the hands of the excited mob. This is Uncle Sam's^{*} fashion; wherever he goes he leaves pasted in his footsteps the names of his adventurous deeds. The names Syracuse or Bethlehem may be frequently found in the United States right next to a town with a barbarous name.

[Erroneously marked 5 on page 112.] Uncle Sam, used more frequently than “brother John” as a nickname for the United States and taken from the initial letters, U.S.

Crossing a wide plain covered with oak forests one approaches the land town, Stockton. These forests resemble artificially planted avenues as there is no underbrush and the trees are placed at fairly regular intervals. No young trees grow because the acorns seem to be the favorite food of the prairie animals and are immediately devoured by them. The age of these forests must be greater than that of the animals and the enormous size of the trees and their thick branches show how ancient they must be. This is the resort of the coyotes or prairie wolves and of the owls (*Stryx cunicularia*), the colonists of the prairie, who live with them. These cave dwelling animals of the marmot class disturb the traveler and the farmer more by their horrible howling than by their rapacity. These wolves are not dangerous, but they are as sly as the wolves in sheep's clothing of my native land, who snap up every opportunity to attack the peaceful humans—a trait held in common with dogs.

We had bidden farewell to the southern mines and finally 113 arrived in Stockton, my companion's destination. Stockton is the third largest city of the country and is the main center of communication between San Francisco and the southern mines. The city was founded in 1849 by a German named Weber and grew rapidly in spite of its unhealthy marshy site. To the north it is connected with *Sacramentocity* by a road and to the south with San Jose, which is famous for its rich quicksilver mines. These are in the coast range and are probably the richest in the world. The metal is found under layers of red and yellow cinnabar. The richest Spanish cinnabar contains ten per cent; cinnabar of one per cent can be used effectively. The California red cinnabar contains thirty-eight to forty per cent quicksilver and the yellow fifteen to twenty per cent. The mines of San Jose and the newer ones of Santa Barbara are mostly in the hands of English companies who reduce great

masses of mineral every year in a simple but not very economic way. In the first year of the gold discovery a pound of quicksilver cost six dollars, today it costs half a dollar. This price reduction made it much easier to obtain gold from the quartz rocks.

Nature has been very generous in California in furnishing the means with which man with only a little art can obtain more of her treasures. In the coast range enormous deposits of lead, asphalt and sulphur are found near the lagoon, fifty to sixty miles long, north of Sacramento and about sixty miles distant from *San Bai*. They have not been exploited but the value which they have for the country is evident. California, whose coat of arms should be the horn of plenty, has been destined by Nature to become a great land of industry.

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V

On to San Francisco

THE wilderness scatters life, cities concentrate life. This is also true of our inner life. Out of doors we awake from “oblivion and rest” and all the power of fancy and feeling is loosed. In the more narrow confines of human society we sink back into ourselves and its great charm which, however, is widely distributed can entice us only for a short time. Everywhere an opposing genie blocks our senses with the cry “To here and no farther”; this is Society's intrinsic law of order found everywhere, even governing the spiritual mood. This genie floats toward us when we barely approach a city. Our hearts which have become expanded with impressions of nature gradually shrink but, nevertheless, we become the more self-assured.

I was filled with new sensations and thoughts as I approached the coast city, San Francisco, on a steamboat after abandoning my wild life and leaving Stockton. The first sight again of a steamboat with its colorful groups of passengers caused my first revulsion of feeling. Once again I looked far into the distance at the Sierra Nevada's snow-clad peaks towering in the infinite where the rose-colored sun set on the last day of my first mine pilgrimage. Then my eye glided past dark Monte Diabolo of the coast range to the shores of the bay before us, discovered by pearl-seekers and 115 in

1767 [1769] named by the Franciscans for their patron saint, and it seemed as if the events of recent days had occurred years before. I had renounced the beautiful mountains and the glorious slopes and the more I breathed the fresh sea air which blew across to us from the harbor city, the more I longed for the comforts of civilization.

At last it lay before me. The steamer landed and the power of curiosity lifted me right into the midst of the activity of the freshly blooming “Queen of the West.” The bizarre, animated activity of the streets, the chaotic mixed population and the odd appearance of this wooden city surprised me almost as much as if I were a redskin who had lived all his life in the wilderness.

San Francisco had the appearance of an old city. The year previous it was but a tent-covered site where the most daring adventures took place. In 1847 it was practically in its original state, except for a poor sorrowful mission where, besides the redskins swarming in untrammelled freedom, only the Old Californians, miserably clothed and mostly barefooted, herded their goats or drowsed in the sun before their own or their neighbors' adobe huts. The do-nothing spirit was so deep-rooted in the natives that they did not think about the greater future of the place. Today there is a city here of 60,000 souls which in an interval of five years has become the third largest harbor in the United States. Here lies one of the greatest and most astonishing demonstrations of the enterprise of the Americans who build new states and cities from materials which have been thrown together as Romulus and Remus built Rome.

Call it materialism, greed, selfishness, egoism, but American projects are everywhere crowned with riches and with enviable fruits, significant proofs that America progresses completely with the times—times in which a nation must be assured physical freedom in order that there be a successful mental uplift of the 116 people; the golden present in which knowledge and truth are sought but in which man, bound to the physical world, does not hesitate to expose his varied material aspirations. Time is different from style in that it produces no renaissances, but it produces development, culture, completion; thus the present is the past to a higher power.

The material activity of the American nation has made it great. It is the youngest and it will be the most powerful of all nations. Commercial ambition and greed drove the Americans to new discoveries and new sources of profit. To satisfy these desires this nation offered defiance both to wild nature and to her wild aborigines. The American does not yet know the borders of his country as its territory is greater than that of any other nation, and he will extend them farther and farther not by subjugating, but by liberating and cultivating. His ambition for constant progress has even brought him across the great expanse of the ocean. He has made known his aims in the rebellious islands of Polynesia as well as in his reclamation to Japan.

Wherever the American eagle with its powerful wings is found, his scattered seed will and must flourish, for that which possesses the strength and spirit of the eagle will lift itself up. Prosperity, wealth and happiness are conceptions inseparable from American activity: they are deep rooted in the people in whose growth and increased communal life they materialize. San Francisco was the best proof of this each time it rose anew, like the Phoenix, from its pile of ashes. San Francisco is a site of happiness and is indestructible; its space was allotted to it by fate, and it must occupy it.

The great emigration to California, which laid the foundation for the present cities and enormous commerce, began in 1849. When I visited San Francisco in the following year it had not only long, regular streets, which gave evidence of its increasing importance, but landing places and docks had already been built on the shore where the spirited activity of an acquisitive population centered.

These landing places and the Grand Plaza were the main point of the city which seemed to be extending farther and farther to the north. The so-called Long Wharf, the wooden docks, already extended far out into the bay and carpenters were busily engaged in finishing it. Parallel to this, several other docks were also being built which were already pressed close by countless ships. However, the most of these were only coastwise vessels.

The Grand Plaza, which was planned to be a park, was still in the greatest disorder. Here and there were scattered dilapidated tents, broken down carts and wagons. Boards and parts of half-burned houses lay about everywhere. The unlovely sight of emigrant families living in their wagons, wild-

looking market groups and inhabitants of the city made homeless by the fire only served to turn away the eye of the newcomer from this place. In the streets commerce and trade increased hourly but signs of the fires occurring in December, 1849, and May, 1850, which cost about five million dollars, were still visible. Business activity allowed no time to clear away the fire rubbish; the clearing away of this was to be left for later emigrants. Involuntarily I asked myself: Will these burnt-off places be rebuilt? It could not be otherwise. Three months later brick houses stood on this place.

In the summer of 1850 the streets of San Francisco were paved for the first time with small wooden blocks and the next winter the city streets, which in previous rainy seasons had resembled marshes, looked like clean dance floors over which rolled hundreds of freight wagons and even omnibuses and cabs. There was no more doubt as to the development of the new city. Everything took its regular course; State buildings appeared in the midst of districts crowded with the dwellings of citizens. The harbor was over-crowded with ships among which those of the Chinese attracted the stranger's attention because of their novelty. Steamers were built to facilitate communication with the interior of the country as such intercourse was constantly growing due to the great influx of emigrants. The ocean steamers had already begun their regular trips from Panama and in the beginning of 1851, San Francisco was in her first bloom as a great commercial city of the world. An immeasurable wealth has been gathered here and the citizens reveling in the gold country dreamed no more of unhappy days.

Then, once again, the horror came over the city. On May 3, the third and greatest fire broke out, probably of incendiary origin, which in a few hours consumed about seven million dollars worth of property. The whole business district of the city lay in ashes. This resulted in the downfall of many rich citizens, who, rising from their crushing blow, built again with incredible rapidity. This time more precautions were taken in spite of the tremendous hurry to get under roof again. This proved that the American never loses his head and is as accustomed to make a rapid survey of the future as he is to finish with the past. More fireproof houses were built, due not a little to the fact that wood was much more expensive after the fire than the bricks manufactured nearby, while before it had been so cheap and on the market in such great quantity that the city streets were paved with it at a

relatively small cost and several wood dealers in New York went into bankruptcy because of their daring “lumber speculations”.^{*} Soon half the city rose anew from the site of the fire and so only a half-wooden city remained to be devoured by the flames of the fourth fire in June.

In recent times a lovely fine-grained marble has been used for building. It is found in the northern mines of the Eldorado region where, surrounded by granite, it seems to have been metamorphically produced from the lime in the *Leas* formation.

Since then San Francisco has grown larger and larger in the style of a beautiful modern city, a second glorious New York of the West, and has no less traffic on its streets than is found in 119 New York, the “teeming-place”. The enlarging of the city might veritably be called a rage to cover the shores of the bay. That which was the southern boundary of the city two years ago, is now its center and the harbor begins where in 1850 the last ships anchored. The inner part has been filled in with sand and gravel and the most important streets occupy this space. The first large freight vessel to land in San Francisco stands here yet as a monument to the buried inlet. It all began right here
The first log house stood near And they dug a little gash Where many oars now flash.

The site of San Francisco is very favorable for shipping but it took much effort and art to adapt it to extensive inland communication. In the south the city was inclosed rampart-like by many sand hills which were partially removed by steam shovels and taken by the railroad to be dumped into the bay. Telegraph Hill, composed of greywacke, bounds the city in the north and affords but little protection from the violent trade winds of winter. To the west lie the mountain slopes of the coast range. At the northwest foot of Telegraph Hill, opposite Karquinez Bay, lies North Beach, a spacious slope with an open landing place; it is intended to make this the northern-most part of the city. This slope is distinguished from the southern part of the city by its better drinking water and its less windy location. The terrain consists partly of diluvium and partly of greywacke, with a partial change of mineralogical character. Coal and slate marls, many plant remains and often whole banks of sweet-water mussels are found here as indices of a former inland sea. A super-shrewd, experienced Yankee hoped to still find a sweet water basin under the Silurian formation and while attempting to dig 120 an artesian well in the city Plaza found such vestiges deep down on the greywacke stone.

The North Beach belonged for the most part to a Swiss family named Sturzzenecker who had settled here many years ago. After losses in speculations they were forced to sell it in small parcels during the expansion of the city. The old man fared like most of his countrymen and first settlers of this country. He cordially gave the Yankees his finger and soon they held his whole hand. His property seemed to be increasing enormously in value so the aged couple refused the sum of \$300,000 offered them by some city speculators in the summer of 1850; they wanted California prices they said in their Appenzell dialect. They put in a wooden dock and built a street to the city, doing everything in their power to improve the place, but the next year they were bankrupt. The city grew more and more toward the south; North Beach depreciated and Sturzzenecker's former patrons did their share to bring about his downfall. "Who wants everything will receive nothing."

There is a very imposing view from the heights behind San Francisco. Looking over the city and the dense forest of masts at its foot one sees the mirror-like bay extending to the south on which many steamers ply here and there. On the east shore rise the dark forested slopes of the coast range mountains, grouped about the highest peak, Monte Diabolo. Contra Costa, where a settlement remarkable for its gardens is being developed, lies opposite San Francisco. In front of this rises the oval island, Yerba Buena, decorated by green meadows, and north of it opposite the narrows of Karquinez, are Angel Island and Alcatraz, bare rocks lashed by the incoming waves and covered with flocks of sea birds. Steep wooded shores extend from here to the mouth of the bay and form the columns of the Golden Gate. Still visible on the southern heights of these are the ruins of a Russian 121 fortress from those times when the ominous name Ross began to be heard on the coast of the Pacific Ocean and reminiscent of those days of horror of Rurik's time when the red-bearded inhabitants of the Borysthenes were victorious at Constantinople. Not far from this is the picturesque military station of the Presidio, from which a path winds through cheerful Happy Valley to the Mission Dolores. There is no more religious tranquillity here; the mission has become a suburb of San Francisco. In the long, low main building, reminiscent of a Bernese country house with its projecting gabled roof and galleries, there is ceaseless animation; it is hotel, shop, slaughterhouse and Mexican *fonda* all in one. A half-ruined enclosing wall and the picturesque church at one end of the mission dwellings show the only evidence of its origin. Extensive gardens

with cheerful, modern country houses surround this place of decay. Sandy ground, dotted here and there with hills covered by gnarled oaks and bushes, extends between it and the city to which it is connected by a planked street. Clouds of dust hover over the street showing the constant traffic, dedicated to pleasure and recreation, which concentrates here from all streets of the city.

The streets of San Francisco, like those of all modern American cities, are laid out at right angles. The long streets are laid out parallel with the meridian and form with the broad streets which lead to the harbor a 360-foot square which is crossed by a communicating street. Montgomery is the oldest and in every way the most important street. The prettiest brick and iron buildings and the most magnificent shops lie between it and Kearney Street. A single space of ground floor, twenty by thirty square feet, costs \$ 100 to \$ 300 rent a month. Thus, the cost of a building can be paid in five years from its rent. It is also generally the same in other sections of the city. Building enterprises have become the most alluring and profitable speculations, especially since fire insurance has been inaugurated in the country. That is why San Francisco will rapidly increase in size and become indestructible. It is needless to say that business must be tremendous when such an enormous rent has to be paid. The year in California has only thirty days and each hour is worth a day for the capitalist as well as for the merchant. If you do not know how to make both clever and diligent use of your time do not dare to come to the California emporium.

The main seat of the gold exchange is in this Montgomery quarter; also the new California State mint is here. Most of the California gold may therefore be said to have its depot in this quarter before it leaves the country. This quarter thus forms the heart sacks [pericardium] of American trading companies whose shareholders, like all members of the business world, frequently do not have their hearts in their heart sacks but in their money sacks, and as in the molluscs, this seems to be in the rectum. To leave San Francisco without visiting this place is like visiting Rome without seeing the Pope. Here Mammon is really exhibited in all his power, greatness and glory. Piles of gold coins and gold dust lie here and there like grain in the granary and the smirking gold-changer stirs it up like the ant-eater burrowing in his food. The gold scales which never rest, are very sensitive if they are not rusted at the balancing point, or if a magnet has not been placed at a well-calculated distance. The gold dust is constantly sieved and separated; the last grain of quartz or

magnetic iron sand is blown from it or cleaned out, during which process not even color of the gold can disappear from the office. This seems an impossibility when one sees the extract in the shop bin which the gold melter or assayer in every banker's service must weekly reduce.*

It is well known that the main parts of California gold (silver and gold) are to each other as the parts of water (oxygen and hydrogen), namely 11.1:88.9. In the different kinds of gold there are several variations of this ratio which the practiced assayer or banker can practically recognize in the shade of color of the gold. This approximate calculation of carats is the customary procedure in gold buying of all California bankers and not a little profit is added to the business in which only assayed gold is put up for sale.

In a similar manner accidental(?) percentages are obtained in the purchase of larger quartz or stone pieces, in which the seller is content to have the gold content hastily calculated according to the formula:

$$x = a(c-b)/c(a-b) \text{ w}$$

whereby a the specific weight of the gold (=19)

b the specific weight of the stone (=2.6)

c the specific weight of the entire mass, and

w the absolute weight of it.

the absolute weight of the stone controls this or:

$$y = b(a-c)/c(a-b) \text{ w}$$

The gold changer's busiest time is the last three hours of forenoon. The bees of the gold region, the busy miners, arrive 123 then and bring their honey to the hive, which, like the Danaïdes' barrel, can never be filled and about which has been written: "diamonds are not to decorate those who find

them and gold is not for the gold washer.” The assayer works in the afternoon melting the gold like wax. When it reaches this state it serves as a sign that he should pour the fluid metal from the melting pot into the iron form. After he has refreshed himself to his heart's content at the sight of the glittering gold bar, he assays it, or tries it. Thus taken from his cleaning process he stamps it and sends it forth from his gold hearth into the world, never to see it again, as it will be broken up into coins which must roll because they are round like this odd world, in which after all golden folly plays the greatest rôle!

California gold was formerly put on the market as gold dust or in its natural form. Now, however, it rarely leaves its home unmelted and without having its value chemically analyzed and calculated. Formerly the value was determined by weighing. Although these are still fat times for the gold buyer they are different from what they were. “Then and now!” he sighs, and scolds about the newcomers in the gold country who brought all kinds of chemical apparatus and sensitive physical instruments to serve as aids to justice. At first the ignorant miner made his scales himself out of wood and used gold coins for weights, or like the Mexican, determined the sum of gold in a measured quill and used this for paying. Then, when he came to the shopkeeper he actually had to find the weight of his purchases in gold or pay for them with spoonfuls of gold dust. Sometimes, to satisfy his needs, he would be handed a gold measure, scaled in ounces, and occasionally, especially when it was a lovely hand that had served him, he was supposed to fill the measure with as much gold as there had been liquid in it. The Chinese displaced this primitive gold barter, bringing the first metal scales which still prove the 124 most useful. Some gold merchants then melted gold into *pipedas* weighing an ounce and introduced these in trade. They were followed by the manufacturer of the first private coins. These will be remembered forever. Two years after this coin factory was started the proprietors were called to justice and sentenced for the crime of mixing metals in the coin. It was rumored that they knew how to make gold, an ancient art which the chemist, Tifferau, had recently brought from the gold country and laid before the French Academy of Science. The names Balduin and Moffat are still written in black ink in the Great California ledger of Crimes and Criminals which Nemesis will take to hand at the end of the world. In the summer of 1851 the

people of California first found power and means to make a State coin and to pass laws for its use, and from this time on there was order in the gold quarter of the young harbor city.

The main artery of traffic is from Montgomery Street to the Long Wharf. This dock, extending for a mile into the bay, is the quay of Venice for the inhabitants of San Francisco. The stream of arriving and departing people, mariners, peddlers, and curiosity seekers moves ceaselessly back and forth from the city to the ships. Restaurants, gambling houses, saloons, grocery stores and shops are crowded closely together covering half the length of the dock. The inhabitants of the city buy their supplies here and the indigent loafers and Mexican *Leperos* visit the odorous eating booths. We avoid the crowd and reach the row of houses at the extreme edge of the wharf where we come to the withered and evergreen forest of masts which increases and diminishes with every change of tide. Its existence is also determined by an extremely short period of time, as the months of low and high tide is the time when the harbor money for the ships which anchor in San Francisco rapidly increases into an important sum which is used to maintain the wharves and the harbor. In the 125 first half year of 1853 the following boats ran into the harbor: two whalers, 216 American and 7 foreign coastwise vessels, 105 American and 231 foreign ships from foreign harbors with a total burden of 285,000 tons. These are figures of harbor commerce only comparable to those of New York.

A mail boat arrives in San Francisco once every fourteen days, causing great excitement among the population. When the telegraph office gives notice to the customs house of its arrival the United States flag is hoisted on all public buildings of the city and on the sailing vessels and it is a day of joy for the inhabitants of the Far West. News from the old home town is anticipated or the arrival of relatives or acquaintances is hoped for. The merchant learns the state of the eastern market or impatiently awaits the answer to the order he has sent there. All rush down to the wharf to meet the arriving steamer or hurry to the post office where the mail is frequently even distributed on the same day.

In early 1851 I participated in such an unforgettable mail day in San Francisco. It was a glorious Sunday afternoon when I heard the salute fired to the incoming steamer and thereupon went down

to the Long Wharf. The busy week-day crowd was replaced by curious spectators and idle city folk. The mail steamer had docked, the passengers moved on to the city, but the dock was still covered with people who awaited the departure of the many river steamers destined for Sacramento and Stockton. The larger of these were comfortable and fast and therefore soon crowded with passengers while the owners of the smaller vessels were using cheap fares to compete with them. Barkers were employed who tried to sell tickets by wild yelling, praising their steamers and denouncing those of their competitors.

“Here, Gentleman, you can still buy a ticket,” one of these barkers shouted to me, “I will give it to you at a fourth of its 126 cost; buy it and hurry, hurry, for the *Clay*, the most heavenly boat in the world—the boat on which the ladies, the governor, and all high society travels—will leave San Francisco at precisely four o'clock and her passengers will set foot in Sacramento City at ten o'clock this evening after they have received a splendid supper gratis. Here, buy a ticket—the *Clay* is. . .”

“What are you saying, you liar?” yelled another barker, “the *Clay* is an old tub and would blow up right away if our lightning ship the *West Point* should race with her. The *West Point* can beat all comers both in speed and elegant equipment. Here, friend, I will present you with a ticket so that you will not can be deceived by this loafer.”

“You are a scoundrel, a *damn'd rascal*,” replied his competitor angrily, and cursed him to his face. The next moment they were fighting with their fists; but on the following day they were good friends again. What one denounced the other praised. The ticket cryers changed off every day.

In the meantime steam pressure on the steamers had been brought to its highest by increased firing. That expectant quiet reigned which is always evident immediately before the departure of American steamers in which the senses of the passengers are strained for the sizzling sound of the steam pipes and the first turn of the wheel. It was also evident among the staring crowd on the Long Wharf.

Suddenly there was a roar like thunder and huge clouds of steam rose in the air in which floated splinters of an exploded steamboat. There was a great gap in the wharf which was covered with mangled corpses. The water around the demolished stern of the ship was a pool of blood; human

remains floated about in it. A horrible scene met my eye as I came from the end of the wharf toward the place of the accident. The thunderstruck crowd had moved back. Pale as death several of them returned, 127 anxious about a friend or acquaintance who had been on the steamer and while all, filled with horror and misery, looked at the bath of blood, the remaining steamers left the dock one after the other, and hurried by the scene of the accident, their passage stirring the blood in circles and mixing it with the water. Humanitarians, who did not shrink from horror, used hands, hooks, and nets to grasp the mangled masses of meat, held together only by clothing, and placed them in casks and carts. An hour later the “human meat” that had been destined for Sacramento City was in the city morgue and the landing place was cleaned up for the steamers arriving at night. The next day it was said that the steamer *Sycamore* [*Sagamore*] had exploded as a result of a defective boiler and ninety people had been killed. No more detailed examination of the accident was made and the competition of the steamers continued with its dangers.

Although human slaughter is of little importance in the eastern part of North America the indifference with which it is overlooked in California is truly astonishing. Occasionally of course, a defective boiler is the cause of such an accident but more frequently ignorance of the engineer and the crew is to blame. Cheap labor is employed straight off the streets with no examination as to competence. The skill of the engineer and the excellence of the boat is only praised when speed far beyond the actual power of the machine is obtained. It is common to carry the pressure several atmospheres too high and every day this machine which was made to serve society is calmly used to destroy or shorten human life, and because of lack of vision, to curtail its own profits. Sacrifice of property and life are inseparable in the entire American “*Go-Ahead-System*”; and the State of California is a new sacrificial altar for the spirit of industry.

Leaving the Long Wharf and continuing in the same direction towards the center of the city one arrives in the midst of the 128 colorful race mixture in the quarter of the long-queued sons of the celestial empire. This quarter of the city, on Kearney Street and the Plaza, formerly belonged to a Chinese restaurant owner who, soon becoming rich in the service of Mammon, returned to his native country and did his share to swell the flood of Chinese emigrating to San Francisco by renting them cheaply his building sites in the city. There are about 30,000 of these Chinese now

in California, of whom half reside in San Francisco and have taxable property valued between \$ 2,500,000 and \$ 3,000,000. They are divided into four sections, named after their native provinces, the heads of each being the owner of several important Chinese stores in San Francisco. They respect the American laws, have their own schools, also a heathen temple which they built on a site where already much has happened. The eastern part of Africa is being converted by America, China will have to sacrifice its idols on the western edge of this continent. American spirit will creep from here into the heart of the Mongolian race in eastern Asia and thus develop in their native country.

The Chinese comprise the most harmless part of the California population. They are tireless and persevering in work and money-making and are rarely idle. They live in a closed group in the mines and in the city. They are therefore of little value to the California communities but they are well liked by all because of the knowledge that they can be of service in the future and because they do not interfere with the State in any way.

The largest and best-stocked stores of the city are in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco; they look like wax-works. In the front of the store the richly brocaded silks are hung for show like tapestries and a variety of both artistic and useful Chinese objects first attract the eye. The round-bellied Chinese merchant sits comfortably in his reed chair in the midst of his silks, like an idol among his riches. An assistant at his side is busy with the toy-like hybrid calculating machine and in the background a group of Chinese, who all seem to have been made from exactly the same pattern, entertain themselves by playing a game of pennies, which requires true Chinese patience, while several Chinese women are busily engaged in folding and packing the purchased silk merchandise. The complete stillness and the measured actions of all these persons gives an enchanted appearance to the interior of the Chinese shops which is increased by the twilight sifting through the asbestos window. The interested stranger will find no better way to call forth the satisfaction of the Chinese merchant than by purchasing as a souvenir one of the Chinese tutelary gods made of soapstone, Fangsiagungtschai or Gundam.

The Chinese have made San Francisco a city of luxury in which the feminine sex soon feels at home. The Chinese, aware of the lack of girls in the new country in which the youthful masculine

population seemed to be growing uncivilized because of a need for the opposite sex, also enriched it with a countless number of their daughters, and so united the treasures of the celestial empire with those of the golden one. In spite of this the ratio of the feminine to the masculine in the population of California is still one to ten. Eldorado is still desolate and tedious and the need for good, honest and lovable girls is the standing lament of the miner and rich city dweller as well as of the poorest fellow. Love is really a true blessing from heaven for the Californian, many of whom receive it only rarely, while some never do.

The European, who wishes for golden mountains, dreams of California, the Californian, who longs for love or for a sweetheart, must let his fancy travel far, far away to Europe, for it is too difficult to obtain this happiness where he is. This condition has very apparent results. Many a man who has obtained his wealth with comparative ease and who has no loved one to share its joys throws himself into the whirlpool of pleasure and frequently is destroyed by it. In no other city in the world are pleasures outside the home more expensive and dangerous. This is especially true if one has fallen into the strong net of intrigue and seductive arts spun by the modern California woman who has first whispered her siren's song: "Come to us, we will hold you in our arms," but who quickly drops him who has no more gold. There are people who have more confidence in a female Hottentot than in a female Californian. A great part of the feminine sex here has such loose morals that this distrust in the entire sex has resulted. The beautiful sex might be called the ugly sex in this country, where in spite of its beauty, it must seem empty and without charm because it lacks chastity, that sublime virtue that is at its loveliest in the hearts of women. I say women, because once and for all I can only think about these lovely creatures in the plural. It is not surprising that under existing conditions even the best and most innocent girl must succumb to the lure of vice and cannot be like the lotus flower which floats on the water without getting wet. As soon as she arrives she falls into "*slyways*" by which she can very quickly obtain the goal of her golden desires. Every woman traveling alone is therefore subjected to twofold danger when she arrives in San Francisco; the easy way to get gold and the heavy *crepes de chine*s are things to which it is easy to get accustomed.

Sensual pleasure in the cities of California is bound up with as much luxury as it is in the most important cities of Europe. It seems that the priestesses of Venus in their temples, palaces and on the *Haine von Amathunt* follow the principle of the English physician, Graham, who knew man and the heart of man, and who caused such a stir in London in the early eighties of the preceding century with his heavenly [canopied] bed which he 131 recommended as a sanctum sanctorum to impotent married couples beginning with the words: "There are so many things that are as they are without our being able to understand the least thing about them."

California is the only place in the world where heavy Chinese silks are the customary clothing of the ladies, of which it may be said, easy come, easy go. These and other articles of fashion are therefore the most popular here, especially in San Francisco, the dictatress of fashion. In the ladies' world when one says, "It is being worn in San Francisco," it means as much as it means in school when they say, "The teacher said so." Most of the Mexican and South-American women bury their wealth in these things. In Mexico, a cotton *rebozo* (echarpe) was preferred to a silk one; here the most marketable is made of richly embroidered silk of the most bizarre and blatant colors, and from *reboza* to slippers the *señorita* looks like a piece of a rainbow. This glorious clothing is best displayed in the dancing houses. San Francisco has several of these, not far from the Chinese quarter on Dupont street, which were always the main seat of the Spanish-American life of hilarity. The "Mazurka" and "Polka" are the most popular and well known of these dancehalls. At nightfall the exotic dance entertainment of the California Franciscans with their *Minorites* begins, a recreation which might be called the last work of the day to relax the strength of body and soul.

The southerner, whom Fortuna smiled on in the southern gold mines and elevated to the position of Caballero, vies with the rose-colored dandies of San Francisco for the favor of a richly dressed Mexican girl, or perhaps for that of a Peruvian girl, painted with *alegria*, strutting about in her *Saya y manto* and tight-fitting dress. In the native dances skill and perseverance are the most important factors. The favorites are: the *Bolero*, the 132 *Afforado*, the *Enano*, and the *Jarabo*. With very little imagination a long rhymed dialogue of love, passion, and jealousy could be improvised by a couple dancing the *Bolero* as the steps of the dance are creeping and the rhythm of the odd music

is very slow. But to carry out well the fiery tempo and quickly changing figures of the other dances requires every bit of agility and energy that the dancer possesses. The *Jarabo* or *Syrup* is a real exhibition dance. Now slow, now fast, excited couples weave in and out in fantastic figures, tying and loosing knots. Music, song, joy, dancers, and partners—all mingle without pause. Now the harps, guitars, and mandolins with gloomy chords drown out the monotone humming of the song. Instinctively the twinkling fingers of the brown-skinned player bring forth loud tones from his stringed-instrument. These fresh chords strike the dancing crowd like a bolt of lightning. The *Saya* becomes too tight, the *Rebozo* flutters high above the men in the bare arms of the dancer. Her raven black braids loosen, lashing her shining brown shoulders; her satin slippers fly from her little feet; but she dances on, swaying this way and that about the glowing, tireless *Caballero*, while small hands clap or drum on the stiff hats of the dancers to intensify the mood and increase the ecstasy as much as possible. The floor trembles, the ear is deafened, and the onlookers call for quicker tempo, for the *Folie d'Espagne* must end in general exhaustion.

The gambling halls of San Francisco give most accurate genre pictures and furnish similar examples of passionate pleasures. These gambling houses afford an impressive look into the deep chasm of ruinous passions. There are many of these buildings, which are distinguished from all others by their size, beauty, and fireproofing. One comes, upon entering a large portal, directly into a richly decorated hall where the jostling crowd devote themselves to the games. Musicians and singers, employed by the 133 various croupiers, stand about to entice the idlers and curiosity seekers. The croupiers mingle the sound of the silver and gold coins with the music and are sometimes accustomed to play their games in time to its rhythm, and to win or lose by it. Adventurous figures upon sofas conveniently placed enjoy a rest in dull reflection. Other furniture, thought to be sufficient for the comfort of a crowd in a public room, is scattered about. A picture gallery arrests the attention of the onlooker and fills him with astonishment and wonder, not because of its intrinsic artistic values, but because art has been pilloried here, degraded to an agent of obscenity, offensive to morals and feeling. Most of the phases of sexual life, from the scene in paradise to that of the harem, are shown here in folio and fresco. Mythology furnished most of

the subject matter, for instance, the union of Zeus, transformed into a swan, with Leda, and other similar scenes taken from the life of the gods and placed in California life.

On one side of the hall stands the counter bar or dock on which all the American thirst-slaking drinks are arranged in decorative vessels. It is easy to spend several dollars here as the smallest drink still costs a quarter of a dollar. Here you can see friends ceremoniously tasting each other's wine, or a pale gambler who has just gambled away his last dollar pouring a poisonous brandy on his more poisonous wrath, or a lucky fellow who joyfully drinks a brandy-toddy to Fortuna. It is "a juice that soon makes one drunk—with a brown flood it fills your cavity."

There is one gambling table after the other in these rooms and guests upon guests at each. A great variety of games are played, some of which are so clever and complicated that it takes months for a newcomer to understand them. Dice, card, and color games of all kinds are represented here and are frequently in the hands of very clever filchers. The Mexicans idle around the gambling houses all day but those who enjoy 134 gambling can also be seen playing there, not all day, but at least every evening and frequently until late at night. Curiosity drives almost every emigrant into these gambling hells, where they can hardly resist the devilish but alluring arts of the master gambler. Many a one, who carries with him his earnings of many months or years "just takes one chance," and afterwards can be seen coming away empty handed and morally wretched. Play is only for big money, smaller sums are as unfamiliar here as the European "*va banque*" with which the player usually announces his greed or fear. The California gambling hall is orderly and quiet in spite of the large crowd.

One evening I saw a haggard man standing at a gambling table. The sight of him sufficed to put out any spark of desire for gambling that might have burned within me. He was carelessly wrapped in a *Sarobe* [*Sarape*]; his brown face with its prominent features was shaded by a broad-brimmed sombrero decorated with gold lace so that the animated play of his small, deepset black eyes could hardly be observed. He stood there, darting a quick blank glance at the cards and then a sharp look at the banker, only moving his hand involuntarily from time to time to his purse. If you were unable to read the passion in his glowing eyes you could find no indices of it in the relaxed attitude of

the quiet player. The players both seemed calm and cool. Suddenly the Mexican put his hand into his purse; his last supply of dollars and gold pieces lay on the card he thought would be lucky. He directed the play himself in order to prevent any tricks. His eyes glowing under the shade of his sombrero, his veins on his forehead swollen from greed, he drew and—lost. With a dull cry “*Carajo*” he disappeared in the mocking crowd. A few moments later he returned and won much. Then his face shone with joy for several seconds but as soon as the game continued, all his passion came to the fore and again he lost everything.

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One day I saw him happy again; he was banker. I stood by his side while in loud tones he told a friend of his how he had broken a Monte bank a short time previously and was now its owner. His sonorous voice seemed familiar to me. I looked closer at the lucky fellow and recognized one of the *Majordomos* in whose caravan I had traveled to the southern mines. With true Mexican cordiality he first invited me to participate in his Monte bank and win from him some lovely specimens of quartz containing gold which he said he would like to see in my possession because they had such mineralogical value. Then he drew his coin purse from his pocket and took from it a beautifully formed gold piece. Handing it to me he said, “But first accept this present in gratitude for your favors shown to our caravan. Nature has destined it for you as it bears the initials of your name. I found the gold piece several days before we left the Mariposa mines. Our caravan did no good business there; the Indians stole thirty mules from us and we never saw them again. We were more fortunate on the Calaveras. I earned so much there that I decided to return to my native country. After arriving in San Francisco, however, gambling ruined me. Twice I have won much only to lose it all again; the third time I finally reached my present position. Next month I expect to have 20,000 *pesos* and then I will soon again own my *hacienda* near Mazatlan which has been placed at the disposal of my creditors during my absence. *Caramba!* You must visit me there, you will like the life in Mexico better than that in California. *Amigo mio!* I will put all my property at your disposition...Wait, I will introduce you now to a lady who will bring you luck. This gold *pipeda* which I now give you opportunity to win is worth an ounce; I will let you have it for eight *pesos* which you will kindly place on one of these four cards... *Amigo voya!*”

The graciousness of the *Majordomo* charmed me so that I 136 could not refuse his invitation and I did not resist it—not drawn on by the lure of the gambling—but rather by the duty of repaying him. I took a chance and won. “You see,” the Monte holder continued, “Fortuna is as gracious to you as is your friend who offers you another gold specimen worth twenty *pesos*. If you win this I shall be satisfied and should you be inclined to continue the pleasant entertainment we must then play for coined money.” While he was speaking the last words I put down my money and the player drew the card. I won again, this time on the lady, whom he had presented to me. The orchestra, playing a prelude, entered the hall, it filled with people and my place at the Mexican Monte bank was soon occupied by several newcomers. They were countrymen of the banker so I thought it would be a good thing for me to modestly retire after I had taken leave of my unselfish *Amigo*, of course, with *milgracias*.

The largest and most magnificent gambling buildings are on the Grand Plaza of San Francisco. It would take a whole book of history to write about the different things that have befallen them since they were first built. They were burnt down several times and rebuilt by speculators; banned by the public and then sanctioned; closed by their owners and opened again; transformed from gambling house to church, to theater, to dance hall, to hotel and store and then back again to the first. They have had careers which no other buildings in the world can equal. The “Eldorado” is the oldest gambling house and the only one spared from the three fires, while the “Parker House” right next to it has been rebuilt and fireproofed since the last fire. Its architecture and elegance surpass all other buildings of the city. Half of it is built of marble blocks which were shipped around Cape Horn and in its way it is perfect. On every floor and in every wing there is a different establishment for the good or ill of man. 137 Every kind and degree of entertainment and diversion is offered here from a bowling alley and a shooting gallery to a theater. The theatre is dedicated to the “Swedish Nightingale.” In eastern United States they had Jenny Lind hats, sofas, gloves and I cannot recall all the humbug called “Jenny Lind”; in California they hurried to have a “Jenny Lind Theatre.” But if that dear nightingale had seen the comedy and goings on two years ago in the palace dedicated to her she would not have been pleased to own such a monument. The most astonishing part about the whole thing was that any one would ever set foot in it.

Lola Montez, that remarkable lady more admirable as an artiste than as a human being has left ineffaceable memories of herself in San Francisco and in other California cities, where she danced with all the power of her charms and appeared in a play of which she herself was the heroine. The Casino "Lola Montez" is the counterpart of the Jenny Lind Theater.

Wherever gambling houses are found there is much opposition to them and the same is true in California, although they have a different significance in this young and peculiar State than elsewhere. They are the common property of the transient crowd, who visit them seeking entertainment to pass the time away, or after a bad disappointment, to renounce forever vain hopes for good fortune. Many unemployed men, forced to remain in the city, sit here cogitating upon their fate. The gambling rooms are heated in winter and the homeless find shelter there. Such mixtures of people as gather anew every day in California cities need entertainment to forget their hard lives and their unhappiness. The gambling halls fulfill this purpose and also draw to the cities the moneyed part of the scattered population and thus bring about an increase in commerce and profits. It is true that most of the gold reaching the cities in this way finally comes into a banker's hands who sends it out of the 138 country, but the State has received from its taxes a new and great source of income.

Nevertheless, the gambling halls of California are schools of crime. Like many theaters and saloons they are gathering places for criminals who at night go from one hall to the other until the hour draws near for committing the crime they have planned against society. A circumspect secret police could perform a great service in the gambling halls.*

In the first part of 1853 San Francisco had for her population of 50,000, forty-eight gambling halls and 547 saloons; most of those have a sign stating: "Here you may get drunk for a Dollar, dead drunk for two Dollars, and get straw for nothing."

Where gold rains, evil pours. In California not only did establishments serving lascivety and the evil passions soon flourish but the Eldorado soon became a capital of actual erring of human principles and recognized morals, a home of human monsters. Catilina was a libertine before he was an incendiary, and it may be that in California it was but a step from the sin of debauchery to that of

crime. Many criminals step from the ranks of society where there are enough so-called “imaginary criminals.” It can not be denied that California owes the many terrible catastrophes of her cities not so much to herself as to the English criminal colony in Australia from where the “Sidney Fellows,” who escaped from their probation, soon flooded the new country. Since Australia now has the good fortune to rival California much less crime can be observed in relation to the increased population. Of course the California police were able to vaccinate the dregs of California society with the fear of the gallows, but this took not a little effort and money on their part.

At first the jury was busy all day. Considering the make-up of this first jury the conclusion is reached that it hindered crime but was not powerful enough to wipe it out. It consisted of people chosen from all classes who were rarely endowed with the necessary intelligence, experience, intuition, calm, lack of passion, deep sense of justice and great strength of character to judge the criminal with sufficient severity, as is often the case in more restricted courts. Accuser and accused could each choose three jurymen from a selected group; the other six were chosen by the sheriff. Frequently, yes daily, these jurymen were simply picked up at the door from a group of idlers who were attracted by the \$5.00 to \$8.00 to be earned for each case. The main requirement of such a jurymen was that he be an American citizen and understand the English language. These men had no other interest in the process of justice than to earn as much money every day as they could. So they tried to pass judgment on as many cases in as short a time as possible and the verdict of guilty or not guilty was passed without long debates. Whether or not bribery and other wrongs were perpetrated by a jury made up in this manner need not be considered here. Perhaps their greatest worth lay in the fact that they could not be bought. The fact is that at the time crime flourished the people suddenly became tired of this justice and with it of the State's laws for protection of property and person which could not be enforced because of the great expanse of territory and the gathering and dispersing of such a variety of individuals. Practice of the law of might was recalled and a special procedure of justice created which was used whenever the law of the State did not apply or could not be enforced at the right time. Since California has taken her place in world affairs protection is offered and the “Rogues” have been cleaned out of the country. This has been accomplished by the feared and terrible Vigilance Committee, a most dangerous and

severe court, a horrible worldly court of Lynch-Law which always held ready the noose and which could only in this way prevent California from becoming the meeting place of criminals from the whole world.

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco consisted of all justice-loving inhabitants of the city whose energetic efforts laid the foundation for the present regular police of California. Thus 140 these people attained self-assurance not by law, but by reason, determination and right. If the courts did not pass judgment quickly enough or in agreement with popular opinion Lynch-Justice was waiting outside the courtroom in a state of threatening anarchy to aid the carrying out of the sentence. That is, If the court was too obtuse They helped along with the hangman's noose.

This court of the people gradually became milder and served only as a supplementary or control organ of the official courts which, finally, rising from their imperfect youthful state, made the former superfluous. It would have been utterly impossible to wipe out the people's court as the attacker would have been opposed by the mob. The State made an attempt in this direction which, however, called forth open defiance and mockery of the jury in the form of public abusive speeches and accusing caricatures. These are familiar forms of satire among the English and differ from those of the French and Dutch in that these nations use vulgar songs and medals. Yes, they went so far as to arrest and banish the governor who had several times pardoned criminals, accusing him of being an abettor of the criminal gang.

This occurred after the second great fire in San Francisco when the bitterness of the people knew no limits and their rage against those who had caused their misfortune could not be extinguished by the many hangings. It was a reign of terror in which the peaceful observer in the California coast city encountered only pictures of fear and despair and scenes from Hell.

One must witness a hanging to understand how far a human being can forget himself in the enjoyment of satisfying his love for justice and lust for revenge. In a mob of 15,000 to 20,000 victims of a fire standing on the smoking embers of their recently glittering city with the originator of their misfortune in their midst, cursing him while they prepare the death noose, this lust

for revenge spreads like wildfire. With wild shouts of “Hurrah!” they put the good for nothing, inhuman weakling on the gallows, rushing so that he has barely sufficient time and composure to confess his deed as did J. Stuart, executed like this on July 11, 1851, with the words: “I die resigned: my sentence is just.” It is horrible to witness such a hanging scene. The mob snorting for revenge seems to have something in common with the criminal and the spirit that rules them is as contagious as a cold, as the Englishman, Shaftesbury, remarked. Many a person who has never felt the least desire for revenge has involuntarily joined in the Lynch cry “hang 'im”.^{*} An observer of such a California mob hanging can recognize the primitive urge in every man to see that which is rare and exciting even if revolting. Not to resist this urge is to admit a weakness. What makes this hangman's procedure so terrible and barbarous is the rare phenomenon of the individual joining and assuming the attitude of the feverishly excited mob which is about to torture a victim without exact information concerning his deed. It is probable that many a victim of this lynch justice was merely suspected of the crime for which the angry mob suddenly screamed his death sentence. As the saying has it: *vox populi Dei!* When such screams were heard in California the individual at whom they were directed was a lost man. He could not even hope for freedom if the rope tore. In Brazil in such hangings the words of the psalm, “The rope has torn and we are free” were obeyed and the prisoner was released. In California, however, the victim was certain to be the subject of Shakespeare's burial song: A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, For—and a shrouding sheet: O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.

I remember an American couple who celebrated a California hanging day by making it the day of their wedding.
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Law is powerful, but necessity is more powerful. It is difficult to banish crime where man has been driven to it by want and misery and where the judge frequently passes sentence of “found guilty of being poor.” It is a different thing, however, in the gold country where crime is simply the result of satisfying evil passions and greed. It would be a disgrace if the reign of terror in the State of California were not forever ended and if the present legal punishments did not suffice to check the most dangerous criminals. Hard labor in chains and close confinement have been effective as well as such social conditions which attempt to choke out immorality or crush it in the germ. It cannot be denied that California owes this bettering of its morals to the laissez-faire policy of the State,

and therefore the latter will not retrogress so easily for it has been built on indestructible principles, invulnerable because they grew from freedom of action and independent experience. The greater the evil of immorality the more rapid is its obliteration. Man must pass through extremes to reach the happy median and in the final analysis all virtue rests on the human instinct for preservation of existence which forces man to bring forth this virtue from the foundations of his being. More attention should be paid to the force and direction of Nature's arrangements than to disturbing interference which is more liable to choke the last seed of moral strength than it is to strengthen it, and which by its weakness threatens to shape the evil in still more ignoble form. Stories were told that a lack of religion was the cause of the former numerous crimes in California. There was sufficient religion as there always is among the American people who, more than any other nation, has recognized that this is the easiest way to find happiness. But it did not suffice in this case; Lynch-Law had a better effect. This combination seems peculiar; it is not, however, if one reflects that in a given case religion, like Lynch-Law, is only a means of its possessor to be used as a threat and for protection against the mob. If these evils are not to be regarded as primitive human traits awakened by the social inequalities, ample explanation can be made of their beginning and ending in a new country. Such explanation would, however, be out of place in these travel pictures.

That California was not made a slave State is due to the striving for justice and the humanitarian feeling of the inhabitants of San Francisco. The same desperate energy was expended in a pursuit of the heartless apostles who promulgated or tried to force slavery on the new State as had been used against the criminals. The slave traders came in huge numbers and only owed their escape from the lynch punishment of tar and feathers (which occurs now and then in America) to the sudden departure of steamers upon which they disappeared. The abolitionists were tireless in their public speeches against the new evil. The huge crowd which gathered about them every Sunday in the Grand Plaza of San Francisco showed that their philippics were more fruitful in California than in the older American States. The unanimous vote of opposition to slavery by the legislature and by all the people plainly shows young America's disgust and hatred of this slave trade evil. I need go no further into the details of this disgrace of humanity, as they do in modern sinister propaganda novels, which only serve to stir up the fires of hell and to paint blacker the devil and the damned.

Young America, whose duty it is to stamp out the disgrace piled up by the southerners so that the untarnished brilliance of an ever more powerful nation may not be dimmed, has, in contributing to the welfare of the black people, made a great stride in California towards attaining its goal. It was soon understood that this new land, destined from the beginning to be a happy asylum for humanity, was gathering together and producing a people who possess the necessary ability to some day supplant as 144 free workers the slaves in the United States. It was therefore to the greatest advantage of these States to lend all possible encouragement to its settlement and expansion. The people being produced here are Chinese, Sandwich Islanders, and a mixture of these bred with Mongolo-Zambos, the offspring of free Africans. A great increase of these will do more in the future towards the abolishing of the slave yoke than all the returning of negroes to Liberia in Africa, which really seems unnecessary and not very wise when one understands that it opposes the interbreeding of the races which is to the best interest of humanity.

In California even the slave who has escaped from the other States is protected and free. Countless slaves, who have escaped or been stolen from their former owners, come to this place of refuge where without interference they can devote themselves to their “Jigs” to the melody of “Jim” and Josey”.^{*} The wealthy California negroes have become especially talented in such stealing and many mystery stories could be written about their operations which have been very cleverly developed. The negroes exhibit a great deal of energy and intelligence in saving their brothers. Thousands of these flock to the gold mines where they perform the most arduous labor, labor which no white man could perform. They work so hard not only to better their own condition but also to obtain the purchase price of their relatives or friends who still languish in the chains of slavery. This proves that the black man working as a free man wishes to work harder and can really produce more than the white man, in spite of the hot climate and in spite of his resemblance to the monkey—a theory which a learned scientist recently discovered and tried out among the “short-skirted” negro girls at a Brazilian slave market.

A dance to the odd melody of a foolish negro or minstrel song. Jim and Josey (Jacob and Joseph) are common names among the American slaves, the latter probably because it was the name of the first man sold after Adam's time.

California is a twofold Eldorado in this respect and a harbinger of salvation for the unfortunate sons of Africa. Hail to such a land that produces happiness and fortune! Hail to San Francisco, its capital, the flower of the west which blooms now on the glowing purple shore of the Pacific and will flourish in the great ocean of time; she is the magic torch which lights the way for a great immigration and brightens our planet with a new human asylum, rich in treasure! The world city, San Francisco, remains unforgettable for him who has seen her first miraculous development. It is with peculiar emotions and hesitant steps that we leave this western American "Eureka".

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VI

On to the North of Upper-California

IN THE early spring of 1851 it was rumored that gold was found in incredible quantity in the north of Upper-California between 41 ° and 42 ° N. lat., from along the coast to far into the interior of the Klamath River territory. All San Francisco was excited as the rumor soon became so gold-swelled that everyone firmly believed the \$100 to \$300 could be obtained there in one day. Hundreds of those greedy for gold prepared for departure and left the city for the new region. Many of these were probably not so credulous as to completely believe these fairy tales but they thought (as people often do believe what they wish to believe) that there must be some truth in these rumors. Then too, it had almost become the fashion in California to follow the first rumors of new discoveries because many became rich in this way who previously had tried in vain to work the old mines and bring forth the god of the world from his dark caves.

I joined the expedition for I was glad to grasp an opportunity which presented a charming new bit of travel. I exchanged the activity of the coast city for the quiet of primitive nature, the city dwellers for the redskins, and soon strode from the scene of tinsel show and tinsel gold, where society was trying to be fashionable, to that of danger and want, of privation and resignation.

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I made the journey by sea along a mostly rocky coast on an American schooner. The small group of passengers experienced several storms and many an evil fate threatened during the eventful trip of fourteen days. We were forced to anchor first in Drake Bay, thirty-five miles from San Francisco. It is twelve to twenty fathoms deep on the uninhabited coast, discovered in 1578 [1579] by Francis Drake and named New Albion by him. Later we also anchored in calm, protected Bodega Bay.

This coast, dotted with wave-like hills, is gently sloping and has an abundance of water from the coast range. Thousands of wild cattle and horses which have probably run away from Sonoma and Fort Rott [Ross] roam it in untrammelled freedom and offer rich hunting for the American rifleman. But as California's demand for meat increases these herds are being gradually wiped out. Several ugly slaughtering places on the shores of the bay give evidence that devastating *Matanzas* are periodically practised here by hunters.

The captain of our schooner, *Odd Fellow*, pointed out the glorious cattle hunting and encouraged us to make a sally on the herds after they greeted us on our arrival in the bay with very distrustful bellowing from the top of the bluffs. A storm raged over the ocean and soon hunger and the lure of the chase raged within us. We decided to go after a wild calf and went ashore to pursue the pleasure of this peculiar hunt. If you are familiar with hunting you will know that its enjoyment lies not so much in the killing of the prey as in its pursuit, and you must admit that a cattle hunt has an inexhaustible supply of this particular enjoyment and pleasure. These are wild steers which resemble buffalo in the way they form bands, and in their rage and dangerousness, but they differ from them in that they are less timid and boldly advance towards the hunter. They form in rows and stand there staring dumbly at him. The newcomer approaches 148 them fearlessly on foot within shooting distance as he believes them not to be dangerous. Immediately that he takes aim and fires they become angered by the shot and using it for a signal they break order and attack. If flight is still possible he has learned a lesson, is punished for his first daring and warned to be more careful in the future.

Our first cattle hunt thus resulted not so much in spoils as in constant flight, as none of us, except the sailors, had had any experience in such hunts and in spite of their warning we insisted on

getting as near as we could to get the best shot. These animals can only be killed by stalking and by cowardly slyness.

The raging sea still prevented our departure and, more-over, the Captain did not wish to leave such a glorious anchorage. So he had some empty casks made ready to be filled with salt meat and then went out and showed the passengers that he and his sailor marksmen were as familiar with *Matanzas* as they were with coastal voyages.

I did not wish to allow these days of rest of our schooner to pass idly and as chance would have it we were not very far distant from the first volcanic region of the Mappa [Napa] Valley. This spurred me on to make an excursion. A young Pole, who had traveled around the world and who said he was going to continue traveling until Poland was no longer lost, was my companion. A hunter whom we chanced to meet not far from the landing place, who lived at the Lagoon or *Goldlacke*, offered to be our guide. Our excursion was certainly made more interesting by this chance meeting.

This spare, vigorous guide walked along with us carrying his simple hunting sack and his rifle on his shoulder and wearing an Indian tunic of deer leather. He had lived in this region many years and was a comrade of old Greenwood, and American hunter who has become proverbial in California. "Old Greenwood" 149 lived near the lagoon since 1826 and in his eighty-fourth year still distinguished himself as a hunter, counsellor and guide of travelers in the Mappa and Sacramento valleys. Many adventures and strange anecdotes about him circulate on the Sacramento. The hunter in the leather tunic told us a great deal about him and added some episodes of his own story. Suddenly in the midst of telling us these he rushed away into a small wood and vanished from our sight. A short time later he stood in our path holding on to a young pseudo-Indian whose hands he had tied together. "Good luck!" he shout-ed to us as he wiped the sweat from his hot brow. "I will have finished my day's work when I hang this young good-for-nothing on the next tree."

“And now I have finally caught you,” he said to his prisoner in Spanish, “Your father is a great thief and you will be the same if I do not see to you in time; confess the whereabouts of your father who has my stolen pony, or ...!”

“He is three miles from here, but I tied the pony down there in the woods,” stuttered the frightened boy.

Thereupon, the hunter took his leave, first asking for a drink. He would not drink from the flask, however, until we each had taken several swallows. This is a backwoods custom, the purpose of which is probably to learn whether or not the drink is poisoned. The red-skinned boy followed him with faltering steps to the designated woods and we never saw either of them again.

I have not the slightest doubt that this strange adventurer was one of those feared sharp-shooters of the Far West, one of the pathfinders of conquering civilization, who carry the power of the whites before the eyes of the wild natives, terrorizing them in their ignorance. Their footsteps mark the speedy advance of civilization. With the greatest alacrity he had offered to be our guide. He coolly and craftily examined the region in search of new adventures while telling us with warm interest, simply, almost in Indian fashion about his friends. He suddenly interrupted his tales to go into action, leaving us ignorant of the surprising intermezzo he was preparing for us which might have ended in blood flowing before our eyes. He seemed to me to be a counterpart of our young captain about whom I learned on our short coastal voyage that he was one of those fearless heroes who explore the coasts of little known countries, seeking adventure and gain who, familiar with the gulf bottoms and the moods of the wind, are use-ful pioneers of shipping, thus serving the works of civilization. Everything has its gradual transition and progress and the more one looks behind the scenes of the world theatre the more one recognizes everywhere the features of divine providence.

Soon after our backwoodsman left us we reached the fire-spewing grottos and Smoking Hills or *Fumaroles* of Mappa Valley. We arrived at a narrow, rocky, romantic chasm. We descended its steep wall, climbing down from rock to rock on the basalt and granite boulders. We finally reached a cave where the demoniacal power of the flames, the fumes of water and sulphur steam,

the fulminant roar, the rush and swish, the hissing and sizzling of the steaming stream or *Stufa* far surpasses human power of description. A crystal clear stream flowing from this hellish pool of terribly beautiful and exalted nature winds through a charming little valley. Along it near the fire cave the earth echoes under firm steps just as if it were hollow.* Drossy, slimy volcanic products, pumice and ferriferous masses lay scattered over its banks. Pyrite, crystallized sulphur often very beautiful, pieces of asphalt and kale are found everywhere. Salt *Theemen*, or *Ojos Calientes*, as they are called in the language of the country, on which play bluish gas flames like Roman candles, bubble forth from cracks and crevices in the sides of the cavern, while several larger *Salfataren* are active on the hills.

This sound, named "Rimbombo" by the Italians, is found not only on the slopes of Vesuvius and other hollow volcanoes but also on plains, as on the Campagna near Rome, which consists mostly of Tuff and volcanic rock. (Lyell's *Geologia*, Vol. I, p. 330)

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Ground trembles, spray swirls, From the bank smoke bursts in whirls.

We could not penetrate deeper into this little known volcanic region whose phenomëna cannot be understood in spite of known volcanic theories. We had to hurry to reach our coastal traveler where we arrived just as the flag of departure was being hoisted.

In nautical parlance we "ran before the wind" during the first days of our journey, with rudder creaking and the sails full. We wanted to enter Humboldt Bay, but the sanded entrance, which had been made even more narrow by the recently stranded steamer *Chesapeake*, did not suit our captain so he gave it a wide berth. We were becalmed the next day so our versatile captain used this time to play a new rôle. We met a whaler whose crew was occupied in harpooning a whale. As soon as we saw this our captain exchanged a few words with the captain of the whaler and then rowed us curious passengers in both our boats to a place of vantage.

It was a lovely, cheerful afternoon with the sea like glass. Soon wave-like circles formed on it, it stirred up as if it was about to give birth to a mountain or a volcanic eruption. The harpooners in their boats, which were at some distance from each other, breathlessly centred their attention on the

drama of the sea. Turned towards the place of battle they waited in a position in which the left knee was braced against the boat while the extended right leg was ready to deal well-aimed kicks to lend emphasis to commands to the ship's boy, who was busy with the lines.

Suddenly a black body rose high above the surface of the ocean and thrashed about wildly, spreading spray and vapor. The whale came to light and, greedily drinking in air, received several more spears in his body which the harpooners threw at him from all sides. This murderous attack of the harpooners at 152 the suddenly appearing and then disappearing sea monster, occurred so quickly that the spectator could hardly follow the action. There was a unanimous shout of "hurrah" and the harpoon lines whirled out of the boats, speeding under the surface of the ocean after the fleeing giant. We came closer to the place of action. In order to check the rapid running out and disappearance of the lines they were tied to a post near the stern of the boat. Although this "holding-on" process has sunk many a boat and the friction of the lines has set many others on fire it has proved the best method for checking the fleeing whale, opening his harpoon wounds and hooking into his bloody flesh, which soon forces him to come up again to the surface of the ocean. His diving to a great depth for a long time also hastens his ruin as he must either choke or bleed to death there as the pressure of the water on the surface of a body 1500 to 2000 square feet in size has approximately the tremendous pressure of fifty atmospheres or 200,000 tons, probably exceeding the weight of the entire Baltic war fleet. It must bother the wounded animal very much as his blood vessels have no flaps, like those of most land animals, so that a single harpoon wound strikes a deadly blow in his entire blood and nervous system. Once wounded the life blood flows from the whale in a seemingly never ending stream.

The fugitive, whom the sailors experienced in such matters knew to be sure prey, remained under the water for about a quarter of an hour. All was quiet in tense anticipation; no look, no word was exchanged in the small boats with their sterns pulled high above the water by the thin lines which held the largest animal in the world. The animal whose size and power seemed so terrible was now fighting a death struggle, taking leave in the depths of the ocean from the rosy mountains and valleys and all that which is covered "with night and horror", ready to begin in light his trip to eternity. Is he perhaps the Leviathan about which 153 it was written: "Do you believe that the

companies will cut him up so that he be divided among the merchants? Think well before you lay hand on him for it will be a struggle which you will not finish. He disdains all; he is a king of the proud.” Is this the fulfillment of the words of the prophets?

The sea was gradually covered with oily blood for a large space around the boats when the harpooners suddenly recognized, by the trembling of the lines which acted as telegraph wires, the whale's last despairing efforts, and then by their slackness, his early rise to the surface. The lines were wound up almost as quickly as they had run out as the harpooners still extended their right legs and their commanding “Haul in!” must be exactly obeyed by the ship's boy.

There lay the black prey in the midst of his conquerors. A few more blows and the sight was horrible. The wonderful creature who an hour before had spurted the clear ocean water like a rainbow now spread cascades of blood from his body, covered with wounds, and showed terrible agony by snorting and crying, and his eyes which had shown through the sea with fire and courage had lost their noble expression and were gloomy, dull, bulbous masses, bulging in their sockets, horrible and pitiful to see. But there could be no pity or sympathy for the old, one-armed king of the sea and of the proud, he must be killed and cut up into his component parts to illuminate man's houses of joy, and also his churches, in which there is constant prayer for mercy and against all attacks and injurious action. Lances pierced the tortured animal on all sides. Like the earth he involuntarily turned over in his own element showing the whitish-yellow secret surface of his body—and died.

It has been said that the whale never leaves the polar ocean to come to the southern regions. This may be true in the Atlantic Ocean where the extensive shipping frightens the animals. In 154 the Pacific Ocean, however, beginning in the month of March quite a large number of whales start excursions along the coast where the green infusoria feed of the *Clio borealis* lures them to 38°. The whalers, who buy and sell in San Francisco, go on the hunt at this time and frequently are laden with spoils before they reach the polar ocean. It is doubtful if these whaling excursions will continue as this animal also has a brain and, avoiding the advance of civilization, he will remain behind the crystal mountains of his ocean.

Our captain whose bloody hands and clothes showed plainly that he had not been the most inactive of the fighters in the whale battle made ready the same evening to depart. The land wind, about which he was as sensitive as a windrose, sprang up and whistled joyfully in the rigging of his “rakish” looking, fickle sweetheart.* He was in a good mood; memories of his former life as a whaler seemed to have made him feel happy and he told us the following:

The sailor calls his ship “She” because the rigging, the clothing of his sweetheart, costs more than the whole ship, and because wind and clothing are of utmost importance to the feminine sex, in, with, and for which it moves, and also because in regard to women men should always take the helm.

It was summer Sunday when we anchored in Baffins Bay. The sky was sunny and clear and all was calm and tranquil. Most of the crew had rowed over to the icy banks to look for sea-bird eggs, and the others were asleep in the cabin. I was taking a solitary walk on deck when I noticed an iceberg at a short distance in the center of which was a great cave, such that the iceberg looked like an enormous triumphal arch through which probably many a king of the sea had passed with his army.

I immediately felt the desire to see this wonder at closer range and invited a sailor to accompany me in a small boat. I had never heard nor read anywhere that a traveler or whaler in the arctic ocean had passed or examined such a cave and I was therefore determined to enjoy the novelty of this marvel.

After rowing a mile we reached the ice portal. If the laws of nature are God's thoughts one of the greatest of these was actually before my eyes in all the splendor of art, colored light and poetry. It was an ice arch in which the strangest ice figures formed a frieze along its alabaster walls. Sunbeams shone down the corridor, which was about one hundred feet long, and lent emerald green shadows to its depths while the upper walls of the arch were a dark blue.

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The water was deep enough to proceed farther into its interior where the corridor widened into a pantheon-like dome. I looked up and seemed to see the opened heavens and my soul seemed to melt into its pure blue. I cannot describe this sight; the sublimity was not in the object itself but in my soul which had been touched by it; I succumbed to the sacred and pious feelings that I had never before felt and that I would probably never feel again. Involuntarily I kneeled and wondered,

not knowing how to express my feelings in this heavenly room, this holy place of sublime nature. My companion was also transfixed with emotion, dumb as the ice itself, and the expression of enchantment on his face only served to confuse me the more.

Suddenly I wakened from the dangerous dream. The boat had of its own volition glided to the opposite exit of the area. I saw that the green walls were rapidly coming together there. They met in a tremendous impact which violently shook the entire edifice, and parted again, leaving the iceberg divided by a great crevice. My companion quickly grasped the situation which threatened our sudden death. He pushed the boat back with all his might so that we fortunately escaped the gaping icy grave which had opened before our eyes. Now at last I recognized the true meaning of my soul's enchantment at the magic sight. Its moral was: Flee the situation you do not understand, and which robs you of the power of thought. It conceals your sorrow in addition to your pleasure and delight and your pain must be intensified when all the beauty dissolves before your eyes.

The sun was setting when I again raised my eyes to the heavens. We had spent two full hours in the ice and had not noticed that the sea had become rough....and that a huge whale who had been under the iceberg had lifted it, as the elephant lifted the earth in the Indian legend, and had been the cause of our threatened destruction. The iceberg which was now partly broken up had been about a mile in circumference and 300 feet high.

This tale was especially pleasing because it showed us a new side of the captain's nature, namely that he was not like most sailors, entirely unfeeling and with a heart insensitive to sublime impressions. He was a feeling and warm-hearted man in spite of his customary hardened attitude.

In two days we were supposed to reach our destination, the mouth of the Klamath River. Suddenly, however, our hero declared, whether from necessity or whim, that he would land us 156 thirty-five miles away in Trinidad Bay as he thought that at this time of year the mouth of the Klamath would be sanded like that of the Humboldt.

When in sight of Trinidad Bay we were surprised by the wildest storm of all. The captain, who was probably also seeing this port for the first time and came here wishing to become familiar with it,

was not less frightened and astonished than the passengers at seeing a rocky and craggy gulf before us instead of a safe harbor and anchorage. The storm howled terribly. Masts groaned, the winds blew and every moment threatened to shatter us on the rocks. Several ships which had entered the bay a few days before were faring no better. They bounced about like balls, only protected by the strength of their anchor chains. We were forced to attempt a landing in spite of the threatening danger. We could not return to the open sea as we were already too close to shore to tack.

Our captain's actions in this dangerous situation showed plainly that not only his ship but he too should have been called "Odd-Fellow." The ship was making the oddest movements, jumping this way and that with the wind, and our captain showed that he was one of those daring Americans who develop the most energy and presence of mind in the greatest danger. His ringing commands could be heard above the storm. In the twinkling of an eye the main and stay sails were hoisted again, he himself took the wheel and before we were aware of it the wind drove us between rocks and ships onto the nearby sandy shore. We struck the sandbank so violently that we were thrown against the ship's sides like volitionless atoms. Although I had been frightened at first this annoyed me and I defiantly pulled myself together and was almost ashamed that for a moment I had permitted my inner strength to be subdued by danger. This happened frequently to me. When the ocean rolls and rages, 157 making us its plaything we become defiant and aware of our strength but when it is calm and seems to be controlled by us we often become melancholy and weak. The captain gave a second command—and the sailors jumped overboard with the ropes, tying the unharmed schooner to tree stumps and boulders.

A crowd of passengers from the other ships stood on the shore helping us as best they could to bring our wet bodies and our baggage to a dry place. We reached the shore just as the crowd, shrieking with horror, was running back and forth in bewilderment, wringing their hands in terror. One look at the towering waves explained their actions to me; two of the ships anchored in the harbor had broken their anchor chains and were bumped together by the wind and waves. First it looked as if they would smash each other, then they flew apart, and then the raging elements threw them both towards the rocks. Human aid was evidently not possible. We could hear the terrified cries of the

passengers who were still on board. They rushed around the decks in wild confusion, naked or clothed just in a shirt for ease in saving themselves by swimming.

In this terrifying moment of catastrophe both captain and passengers were lost in dumb resignation in which property and even life seemed to have little importance. Suddenly an Indian chief followed by his tribe, the Allequas of Trinidad, appeared at the top of the cliff and hurried towards us, shouting and commanding as he came. His appearance was so startling that all eyes on the beach, turning away from the boats in the gulf, looked up at him.

The chief now began an animated pantomime. Pale and with bloodshot eyes he raised his bow and arrow in the air and shouting loudly made signs that his people and we should all join him. It seemed to me that he wanted to break the power of the wind or chase a bad spirit from the air. This was really his intention. We saw that we could not help the ships and instinctively, still under the spell of their first impression, many of the whites joined in the shouting. In the meantime the ships stranded. As soon as this was an accomplished fact fear vanished among the whites and as they became cooler and more self-controlled they looked at each other and became aware of the oddness of their actions. To suppress the secret shame they felt at their weakness they broke out in gales of laughter, turning the tragedy into comedy.

The redskins, however, were silenced, hurt and indignant with a disdainful “quimalla woatli!” (bad whites), they turned on their heels and moved towards their settlement farther down towards the ocean.

The passengers were all saved but in the short time of half an hour seven ships had sprung leaks and stranded and one was completely wrecked. The passengers from our ship separated now and went on their way to the gold region. But the gold rumors proved exaggerated; a speculative device invented by several ship captains to get rich by transporting many people and much goods to the new mining region. They “calculated” to get rich, but were painfully punished. Some gold was found, however, in the so-called Goldbluffs and also in the mountains and valleys of the Klamath, Trinity, Salmon and Scotch rivers.

Trinidad Bay is still not well known. It does not assure a safe landing for ships with its island-like promontory offering but little protection against the north wind. The coast is covered by dense forests and traversed by wild streams. The first settler was a German, Baron Löffelholz, who erected a large sawmill on one of the forest streams. Soon an Irishman, a farmer, joined him. The first real settlement was formed at the bay in 1851 in the interests of the gold seekers. At my arrival I counted ten tents; two weeks later the place had twenty-five houses, some of 159 which were built of zinc, and many tents. It seemed as if a new harbor city had been called into existence by the magic cry of gold. At my departure I found Trinidad a place deserted by man and God, outshone by even the miserable Indian settlement. The founders of Trinidad quickly disappeared with most of the disappointed gold-seekers and left their dwellings to an uncertain fate. The place will again play an important role, however, when California's demand for wood and her need for agriculture, which can here be carried on extensively, will repopulate it.

The Indians of Trinidad have their few habitations at a short distance south of the town on a slope abounding in springs at the edge of thesea. I set up my tent near them and thus observed much that was new and rare in a primitive tribe of people. In their midst I learned to share many of their ideas, many of which philanthropists have frequently found to be glowing and inextinguishable even if they are not generally approved.

The Allequas, or wood Indians, seemed to me to be the most beautiful and intelligent Indians of California. They are of our build, strong and robust with powerful bodies. Their skin is not so cinnamon or peat-colored but whiter like that of the ancient Incas is supposed to have been. A soft red shows in the cheeks of the young people and especially in the women's. Their head (*homaschkwa*) is less flat than that of other Indians, the brow is broad, the facial angle towards eighty degrees; the nose (*ellek*) Roman curved; the eye (*mellin*) large without such square sockets and more intelligent; the lips (*matella*) not swollen; the chin (*schtalas*) oval; and hands and feet (*metzk*) small. All their features are less sharp and broad than those of the southern Indian. The main characteristics of all human races can be recognized in their faces and their physiognomy might be said to be that of primitive man. The Allequas have strong, fairly flexible hair, which is

burnt off to an inch long all around the head on 160 the men (*woa*) and the children (*papus*), giving them the appearance of Titus heads. Occasionally the men wear quite long braids, stiffened with a resinous fluid so that they stand up stiffly. These are regarded as very decorative and are ornamented with red or white feathers for ceremonies or warfare making them look like the tuft of the hoopoe. Like all North-American Indians they have but little beard (*liptasch*) and these are ordinarily pulled out but in case of mourning are allowed to remain. The women (*squa*) and girls (*wintscha*) wear their hair neatly combed and unbraided so that it flows in gentle waves about their shoulders and is held in place with strings of shells or beads (agählala) worn on the forehead. The Allequas wear ornaments in their ears, some received from the whites and others made of wood in imitation of these. Only those living in the distant mountains wear wooden or iron rings in their noses.

At five years of age the girls are tattooed with a black stripe from both corners of the mouth to under the chin. A stripe is placed parallel to this every five years so that the age of every Indian woman can be seen at first glance. These daughters of the wilds are ignorant of the way in which civilized ladies count or conceal their years. The men paint their own faces on special occasions with a fir sap varnish which they make themselves. They draw all kinds of secret figures and decorations on cheek, nose and brow by taking off the soft varnish from different places on the skin by a small stick. When the varnish is dry it is a reddish brown while the places from which it has been removed retain their natural color. This tattooing does not disfigure the face but the elliptical lines drawn symmetrically from the brow across temples and cheeks give the face a fuller appearance pleasing to the eye. This shows the skillful hand of the Allequas and their taste for more complete, more beautiful outlines of human form.

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The man goes completely naked in summer; in winter he wears a self-tanned stag or doe leather blanket about his shoulders. He is always provided with bow and arrows which he carries ready in his hand or on his shoulder in a fox or beaver fur quiver. The bow (*smotah*) is made of strong, elastic red fir roots, about three and a half feet long, with a bear sinew pasted over the back of it to give it greater elasticity and more strength. The Allequa bends it very easily with his strong arms.

They have still larger bows which they use for long distance shots. One of these is six feet long and the Indian bends it by lying down on the ground, bracing his knee on the bow and helping along with both arms. Some of their arrows (*nekwetsch*) are reed and some finely spaped cedar. The upper part of these is provided with two rows of feathers drawn across the shaft and their points are made of volcanic glass, fine gravel, iron, or ivory. The glass arrows are the most dangerous. Their points are one to one and a half inches long, three cornered and jagged and are fastened to the arrow by resin. When these arrows penetrate the body the glass usually splinters on the bone; the wound festers quickly and is deadly. The barbed iron hook is only fastened lightly to the arrow so that when the arrow is drawn from the wound it remains in the body. The ivory points usually become completely imbedded in the body. The arrows are occasionally poisoned with the sap of the sumac tree and then used only to kill wild marauding animals. Besides these the Allequas have the following weapons: the obsidian hatchet or tomahawk, the club, the lance and the spear. They are also usually provided with knives (*tschalisch*) similar to *machetas*, which they have made either from steel picked up on the beach or obtained in trade from the whites. Once on the Klamath River I was offered for my deer-knife a *canot* (*yatsch*), several beaver pelts, and a bow with quiver and arrows. The Indian who was so eager to effect the trade (*tschikwatsch*) was 162 a chief and I would gladly have acquiesced in it if some Americans had not been present who, hardened against all feeling, threatened to fight me if I fulfilled the desire of the Indian. The Allequas' hunting, war and triumphal cry penetrates bone and marrow and their shrill cry for aid can be heard above the roar of the stormy sea. The swiftness of their steps is like the vanishing of a running deer and to show me their marksmanship they shot arrows at a ten cent piece at a distance of twenty paces, hitting it six shots out of ten. The gun (*bakschoss*) of the whites cannot yet replace their bows and will not, just as long as they know that they are able to call forth with these the admiration of the whites for which they always strive. Admiration makes them proud and flatters them, a trait characteristic of all Indians, which can be easily understood if one is familiar with their great self-confidence, bound up with or based on strength of will and soul. The redskin softens all his pain and sorrow in this invulnerable self-confidence and is therefore never consciously unhappy.* Sometimes, when I was observing a group of Allequas, deep in thought about what in a superficial examination of these naked people and their living conditions seems pitiful to the humanitarian,

they laughed mockingly at me and the group broke up as if they were being shamed or insulted by the sympathy of a white man. "Don't weep about us, weep about yourself," seems to be the redskins' answer to the sympathy of the whites and I cannot blame them for it.

War stories give enough examples of the Indians' great self-confidence, strength of soul and will about which one might cry "Death! Where is thy sting! Hell! Where is thy victory? Like the Roman, Mucius, roasting his hand in the glowing flame while he stared at his enemy with the Roman glance of proud tranquillity, the Indians, governed and ruled by their self-confidence, but also striving for admiration, calmly offer their lives to their tormentors. This characteristic stoicism in the bearing of pain which is said to be heathen gives them as much renown as skill in hunting or ability to surprise the enemy.

The Allequa women wear in summer knee-length aprons made of bark threads or deer hide strips and in winter of fur or goose down. Their indispensable ornaments are decorated bracelets, *wampuns*, colored feathers, rings and buttons (*tschämah*) of which they are especially fond. The *haihox*, the waterproof basket woven of finest bark, is as important to them as the *calabaza* is to the natives of Central America. If the wood Indian is 163 a mother, she regards her children as her greatest ornaments. She carries the smallest of her children in a reed basket on her back and the older ones in her arms or on her hips. A mother decorated like this gives a worthy picture of ever creative wild nature, where everything is strengthened by the strength of the sun and the milk of the planet and only withers because of shade or dryness.

The huts (*mahlämäh*) of the Allequas are built of boards, which they have either found in ships wrecked on the shore or which they have split from fir trees. The size of the hut is about sixteen to twenty square feet, the walls about four to six feet high and the gables about ten to fifteen feet high. The door, if that name can be applied to the two-foot wide oval hole through which the hut dwellers crawl, is in one corner of the building. The blood of sacrificial animals is sprinkled over the top of this aperture as a magic sign against the entrance of all evil, "so that the Angel of Death will pass over it." The room of the hut is several feet below the level of the ground outside. The fireplace is in its center and directly above it is a perpendicular opening in the roof. This opening is used for both chimney and skylight and has a cover which is placed over it if desired. The fire (*metsch*) is never allowed to go out. Above it the pieces of pitch wood serving as matches are hung to dry. The Indian splits these with his teeth when he needs them. This constant fire is the surest sign of undisturbed family life and reminds one of the eternal light of the Catholics and the Jews.

The Allequas sit and sleep around it, that is, the oldest are always nearest the fire while the younger ones arrange themselves according to their ages. The space in front of the huts is kept very clean and the court is sometimes covered with gravel. If the settlement is a village the *mählamath* are arranged next to each other in a straight line at intervals of two to four feet and surrounded by an earth wall. In 164 the center of the settlement are the graves, carefully fenced in and kept sacred. No *woaki* can venture closer than three paces for they are guarded by the women who cry immediately for help if a bold fellow dares to cross this holy limit and who scold him with “ *Qui malla!*”

The year around at daybreak (*ahwoak*) the Allequa goes to the nearby spring where he washes his entire body and then lets the rising sun dry it, a correct performance of the teachings of the original apostles of health. The father of the family is the first to leave the hut. He opens the chimney, stirs up the fire, and after he has allotted the day's work to each of his family he either goes hunting or gathering wood (*nakoh*) in the forest (*thebbah*). The women make use of low tide to gather sea-food, while the children go to look for roots, acorns, edible berries (*nekbrah*) and wild potatoes (*lokala*).

Food is always prepared immediately before eating, never in advance. Acorns are the main food of the Allequas. They are crushed and stirred into stiff mush. This is put into the *haihox*, spread on its sides and quickly baked hard by putting hot stones in it. Occasionally a round hole in the ground in which clean sand is laid is used instead of the *haihox*. After the mush is put in the hole it is covered with hot stones, then glowing ashes are heaped on it and the whole thing is left alone until the cook thinks it is ready to be eaten.

Oysters are also a popular and frequent food of the Allequas. They are consumed in such great quantities that great piles of oyster shells are found near the Indian settlements and those found near the deserted Indian villages have often caused the carrying on of great geological researches. These Indians would, however, lead a very sad existence if it were not for the acorns. The acorn which serves as food for seventy different varieties of insects must here also nourish man; it makes him fat and keeps 165 him healthy. People who are fond of acorn coffee would probably find their principles confirmed among the Indians. To flourish on acorn nourishment one should, however,

really live like the redskins who are first cooled off by rain and snow and then warmed by the sun. The Allequas drink only water (*pahha*). Civilization has not come close enough to them to give them other drinks in accordance with the Christian teaching of Solomon's proverb: "Give strong drink to those who should be killed and wine to the sad souls, that they drink and forget their misery and think no more of their misfortune."

The Allequas' life is lonely, quiet and concentrated. It might be called a close-knit family life, only the family is rarely together for any length of time. The man is away hunting most of the time, while the woman stays at home with her children or the graves of her loved ones. The chief (*mauhemi*) is very much respected; he governs the actions, life and death of his subjects and his power is hereditary to his first born son. Polygamy is permitted the *mauhemi*; he is frequently the father of a very large family.

When an Allequa chooses his future life companion from the beauties of his tribe and wishes to marry her he must show the *mauhemi* a string of shells as long as his arm. These are long black shells (*hiaquay*), as thick as a thumb and with a natural hole in them. They are found only in the far north and are obtained by trade or war from other Indian tribes. Their rarity makes these shells the highest money (*tschikh*) of the Allequas. Besides the string of shells the bridegroom must possess several red feathers from which a former king in the Sandwich Islands, King Kamehameha, and also the present king have had made a costly mantle. If the chief finds this purchase price sufficient the Allequa takes the bride home and gives her as a dowry these treasures together with other ornaments. The string of shells 166 and the costly feathers are the hereditary property of the first-born son, so that when he is ready he can marry with ease while his younger brothers must first try to obtain the expensive purchase price of their brides.

The Allequa lives very chastely with his wife. Only in spring is he, like all other creatures of the wilds, animated by the great spirit to create life and practice sexual intercourse which every year produces strong, healthy children who bloom quickly on the breast of their watchful mother.

These are facts which may seem without rhyme or reason to the physiologist and to understand them he must certainly become more familiar with them, especially when he sees the squaws' great development and the perfection of their nutritive system and compares it with their subdued and controlled sex life. There are many things in life which like some verses or books require no rhyme or reason for being but are entitled to recognition. Nevertheless Indian life has physical and psychological causes enough for this seeming anomaly. It is the result of the stoical mode of life, the predominating plant food and because their outer and inner life is patterned exactly after Nature which surrounds them, and whose children they are. Although the Allequa has no knowledge of morals in the abstract he practices a strict moral code by harmonizing his life with Nature. He is slightly conscious of having this advantage in life over civilization. That is why he has such a bad opinion of the whites whom he calls "palefaces" or "weak ones" because of the color of their skin and whose concealed sins and defects he sees sticking out all over them. Contemptuously he and his wife punish the bold, lewd, "palefaces". A dark red blush covers the cheeks of the maiden when the white man makes his lewd jokes about her naked body and stares lustfully at her. This is a sign that shame is a natural human trait, although art must first awaken it in a simple nature. In this the maidens resemble Diana who responded to no sensual feeling but directed her feelings and glances towards the distance and seemed heartless and cold, rather than sensitive and gentle to the pleasures of love. The Indians of northern California are on a higher plane morally than their eastern or weak southern tribal relatives who have been touched by civilization. Those wild dwellers of forest and plain have been harmed as much as helped by imposed foreign customs, social and religious conceptions. Lacking the necessary introduction and practice these were of course misunderstood and falsely applied to the wild mode of living. If you would like to recognize an ideal human in the sons of the wilderness and understand Rousseau's Emil turn from those unfortunates and look far beyond where "Salvation of the Indians" has been carried on. Go where naked man is still not ashamed of his nakedness; where he is still aware of his own power and inner strength and where no foreign nation has dazzled him with its seemingly marvellous phenomena; where Nature is all victorious, delighting man's spirit with her sublime creations and thus protecting him from the uncomfortable pressure of his sensual being. But you had better hurry for these poor but happy

human children will soon disappear before the oncoming whites “like snow melting in the dazzling sun.”

The Alleguas inure their children to hardships at an early age and instill in them great respect for God, old age and the *mauhemi*. Their customs are wild and in their wild way they respect that which is honorable. The father teaches his son hunting and warfare; the mother teaches her daughter to be a diligent housewife and the latter also learns to shoot with bow and arrow. The children are trained to be active and happy. Thus their lives are less a gloomy dream than is often the case among wild people. Until the boys have completed puberty 168 they are forbidden all contact with the girls; they must find sufficient diversion in the carrying out of their masculine occupations. They are first introduced to the Muses of Nature before they meet the Graces!

The Allequa tribes in the northern part of Upper-California are no longer at peace with each other. They often have quarrels which can be easily explained by the fact that like all primitive people they are governed not by the law of right but by the law of might. They fight each other in every way, openly and in ambush. During my stay in Trinidad a son of the *mauhemi* of the wood Indians of the Klamath River (*Rhäkwa*) was killed while hunting. The excitement of the Alleguas of Trinidad (*tschura*) was tremendous and they swore bloody revenge against their enemies (*ihnek*). Twenty well-armed archers hurried over hidden mountain paths (*layapp*) lead by the unhappy father, their sixty-year-old chief. They roamed the region for several days, killing some of their enemies and burning their habitations. They found the corpse of their relative scalped and terribly mutilated, and they brought it back in its blood-soaked earth to their graves. Then the whole tribe gathered there every morning for a week to mourn the dead, weeping and lamenting in monotonous songs. The corpse was not buried until it was far decayed. All the dead person's possessions were placed on his grave and it was decorated with baskets and shells, and then all was covered with flowers.

Later the baskets often become pretty little flower vases as their bottom soon decays on the damp earth and glorious flowers shoot up through the openings. A flower blooming through a basket like this is a happy prophesy, and serves as a sign that the dead person has reached the celestial slopes.

The village girls can frequently be seen breaking off flowers from the graves of their relatives. They have the highest respect for these but, 169 following a natural impulse for grace and beauty, decorate their hair with them. A characteristic trait of the feminine sex is evident here. Even among uncivilized people or in the wilderness it can be called the beautiful sex not only because it is itself subject to beauty but because it rules by its beauty. One recalls the women of Byron's *Island* with their glorious song: And plait our garlands gather'd from the grave And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.

“Love your relatives even after death so that they remember you in the realm of eternal life, from whence they came and where all men must go,” says the Allequa in his religion which seems to be based on a longing for a long lost condition of existence which preceded this earthly life. Like all primitive people he believes the beyond to be an imitation of this world but free of all the pain of earthly existence, the happy hunting grounds where the shades of the departed gather. But he also believes in a migration of the soul which, if weakened by a wicked life goes into good or bad animals, and animals that are stronger and weaker, according to the wickedness of the life he has led, until after a long wandering in which the soul has expiated its sins it finally enters the celestial paradise. He likes to own prairie dogs and their bastards as he believes that they are frequently bearers of such souls. By having these animals much about him and eating many of them he tries to absorb their souls. A soul can pass gradually from a lower animal into a higher one and upon reaching perfection, returns to the pregnant body of a mother. This religion of soul migration is so very complicated that without sufficient knowledge of their language it is difficult to grasp its underlying idea. It is equally difficult to discover the real meaning of the other esoteric religious customs of the Allequas as they attempt to conceal them from even the most intimate of their foreign friends.

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Certain animals and fruits have religious significance for the Allequa and are forbidden like the Sandwich Islander's tabu. He is permitted to partake of the meat of deer (*mauwitsch*), sea lions (*swega*), hedge-hogs (*kahwin*), salmon (*wuimosla*), geese (*kwakwa*), ducks (*nayamed*) and all scaly fishes. Pig and fatty bear meat (*negwitsch*) are tabu and only the aged women are permitted

to eat these meats.* According to the modern strict interpretation of anthropophagy the Allequas also partake of human flesh or rather blood, namely that which they consume with their own lice. They believe, like some of the other Indian tribes who place the ashes of their departed in water and drink them, that they thus absorb part of a dead soul which has gone over to this peculiar parasitic group because of a certain congeniality.

The hatred these Indians bear against donkeys seemed remarkable to me. Every time a white man arrived with such an animal they seemed to regard it as a new misfortune; I was unable to discover whether or not it had a religious significance. I came to the conclusion, however, that the Allequas have a belief like that of the Phoenicians and Egyptians who believed that the donkey and pig were symbols of discord or *Typhon*, dominating the universe and their conception for discord is synonymous with badness and evil.

Sun (*woanuschla*) and Moon are worshipped as symbols of subordinate gods by the Allequa. He prays to these in a singing way while walking, jumping and dancing, frequently doing this with such excitement on ceremonial occasions that this religious custom reminds us of the modern revivals which take place among certain religious sects of civilized people, dulling consciousness and losing religious concepts in the attendant confusion, while the part sensuality plays in religion is made very evident. The bad spirit (*magäschkwa*), whom the Allequa has endowed with the color of the whites, rules in the air and gives vent in storms to his terrible wrath; he worships the good spirit in the woods, in abundant flourishing nature, and with it also the spirit of nature whom he seeks while hunting. That is the reason he is always out of doors where he feels happy. Although he has none of the ideas about nature which make us happy and is only endowed with his primitive theories, he, in his simplicity, is made happier by the universe of “world valley” than we are who with all our theories about nature lack his naturalness.

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The Allequas, like many of their related tribes, worship the northwest trade wind. According to their belief and mythical tradition it comes from the direction from which they themselves and all the whites came. They believe that all men had a common origin and they are therefore inclined to treat whites peaceably and become fond of them if these are good and friendly. Their good customs, skill, and clothing please the Allequa, and he occasionally makes use of the last. He has already given names to the various articles of clothing (*woa-kaya*) as: *akah* hat; *kahlin*

blanket; *släkwa*, coat; *tschäkwa*, trousers; *noahai*, shoes. New ideas are very easily introduced into his simple, flexible, so-called onomatopoetic language. Inflection and gesture are often used as aids to conversation; he possesses, like Garrick, true animation in this. The hissing sounds are particularly effective. They are produced by placing the tongue against the lower teeth and pressing the air between it and the hollow cheeks, something very simple for the supple Indian tongue, nevertheless, the Allequa language is limited and his need for expression might be said to be the more unsatisfactory because he usually has much intelligence.*

The Allequa language seems very similar to that of the Sandwich Islands, at least many sounds and even words in the former are little different from some in the latter. This fact, together with the formation of the face, the frequently small and slanted eyes could indicate a common ancestry or a relationship of the Allequas with the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. It is difficult not to have the forbidden "implicit faith" in the theory that the aborigines of America emigrated from Asia or from the islands after this evidence has been seen with one's own eyes and not merely taken from observations made at home in the study.

The phrase: "Man usually knows more than he can tell" is clearly demonstrated by primitive people, that is, by people who from childhood onward know no other environment than that of creative primitive nature, who conceals more thoughts than she can express. The anomalous products of her various realms plainly show her frustrated impulses to completely and correctly express herself. She seems to show with this something comparable to the development of civilization, which may be, as Rousseau once dreamed, a going astray of man's destiny. Inner man is the product of his environment. It is perhaps true that even the civilized person who spends much time with nature partially acquires this trait which causes him to seek in vain for suitable forms to
172 express himself in speech. Though it make the traveler happy to go to the untouched wilds to satisfy his desire for the sight of natural phenomena, after a longer stay there he is certainly filled with longing to return to the scenes of civilization and art. Only gradually after his return is he able to bring order out of the chaos of his impressions and to arrange his so-called inner language. But he is never able to lift the veil from a certain something which remains the inalienable possession of his unconscious soul and about which he has only the faintest idea. This idea is bound up with religious feelings about which one might ask oneself, "Are these not identical with those which make primitive man so happy? Are they not the truest feelings because they are the most natural? Were not these feelings implanted with the soul in the first man by the Creator and by their infusion

is not man placed in the only correct relationship with the soul and its divine longing?" This simple understanding has been lost in the confusion of humanity's civilization. Will this destiny be found again in a sensible return to nature? This is one of the most stimulating psychological problems of the wilderness, where there are enough of such "inexactly observed facts" and "mysterious laws" which could be understood easily enough if man were permitted to solve that problem of all problems, namely, to understand himself or the saying above the Grotto of Delphi: "Know thyself! so that you may achieve more success...."

I soon learned some of the Allequa language and had many conversations with my wild friends. Naturally it took a great deal of patience which I fortunately possessed to a higher degree than the Americans who wished to have nothing to do with the Indians, saying that they are not human. (The Indian is no man!) Therefore the Indian hates the American, yes he despises him. He makes no other distinction between nationalities but color and divides man into good and bad (*skuya* and *quimalla*). 173 He has learned to consider the Americans the worst of all as they have been the most heartless to him. No wonder he feels this way! I saw with my own eyes how the Americans stole their wives and daughters and treated them like slaves, how they brutally forced the men to serve as guides and burden-bearers!

The Allequas have a slightly developed phonetic sign writing but they are more accustomed to depict their ideas in symbolical kyriological pictures. I frequently asked the chief the name (*tennäscha*?) of something or other and he would draw its concept in my pocket notebook with a pencil with which he always loved to scribble. In this and in many other instances I observed the Allequas' intelligence and desire for learning. The first thing they ask their white friend is his name "Kaluschkwa?" (What is your name?) then they immediately give theirs which usually denote some outer or inner characteristic, feature or trait of the person, and have a pleasant sound. Some men's names are: Tetawa, Neeschak, Tschimma, Schenna, Mawema, Tenna. Some women's names are: Negawa, Homika, Tschäkscha, Mirza, Seinna, Peyakwa.

The Allequas like sugar and bread (*papschu*), which they love to eat in spite of the fact that the unacustomed food gives them a stomach-ache. At first they get angry at the person who has made

the gift and the “Cigana Papschu!” (Give me bread!) is soon followed by “Quimalla woaki!” (Bad white!) I occasionally cured the Allequas of such ills and was therefore respected as a doctor to whom, however, they gave the unflattering name of their devil or magician, “*Mahgäschkwa*” calling medicine, *Mahgäschkwa*. Mahgäschkwa both causes and cures sickness and is therefore much feared and respected. Their medical knowledge, if it can be called that, is restricted to several materials regarded as cure-alls, mixed and used according to certain prescriptions, like the magnetic *baquet*, which serve as charms, not to be taken 174 lightly, so that it is no wonder that doctor and devil seem the same thing to them. The civilized world is not much better about it. Medicine, man's weakness, must have been practiced very early among the Allequas, although not invented by them. Like all earth's children they call as much for help when they are sick as a sympathetic person would like to help them. They have taken no recognition of medicine although the Christian missions, whose duty it was to eradicate their superstition and medicine devils, brought it to them together with the blessings of faith. Rarely, however, did they bring the proper understanding, merely veiling superstition in another form, like the proud medical profession which frequently changes systems without being able or wishing to relinquish confidence in the power of nature. Though the Allequas lack art, nature serves them the more. We are given much food for thought by the happy cures of physical ills effected by the magicians' various manipulations (massage, rubbing, etc.—*kinesitherapie*!) and their excellent procedure in the removal of sick parts. Animal magnetism, although not recognized as such, seems to play an important rôle in the lives of these and other Indians. Think of the hypnotic influence on wild animals of a sharp look, like the snake fixing his eye on the frog whom he wishes to devour; of the gentle stroking of a selected (sensitive?) person, then confusing him with tobacco, touching his body and breathing on it so as to impart to him prophetic ability; and then think of the wild, stormy religious dances in which the dancers change partners, embracing each other while looking sharply into each other's eyes. It is not astonishing that the miracles springing from such experiments based on the phenomena of animal magnetism often gave rise to religious theories among the Indians just as in recent times the same thing occurred among the Christians with their 175 “somnambulistic table” about which another Galilean could say: *e pur si muove*!

When I bade adieu to the Tschura-Allequas their “*Ayaque!*” (Greeting!) and “*Tschohho!*” (Farewell!) were never ending. The old Mauhemi said I should come soon again and in the meantime offered me his daughter, Negawa, whom I should buy from him, especially as she already partly belonged to me as I had drawn her portrait. Had I, like a happy Endymion, even considered taking this simple creature from her modest happiness, where would I have obtained the expensive purchase price, especially the string of shells?

I left and could not suppress an inner bitterness that instead of trying to win these good people over to sensible civilization they were being constantly more or less persecuted. A war of destruction was being carried on against them, the lords of the land, which is certainly not justified by our Christian religion on which we base our right to salvation. The teachings of Jesus of Nazareth which have been everywhere used more or less favorably to advance civilization have gained but little ground among the western American Indians and least of all among those on the Pacific Ocean. The Jesuit and Franciscan missions, because their aim was the civilization of the American Indian under religious forms, were probably the only ones beyond the Rocky Mountains that obtained any good results. This good was easily accomplished, especially by the Jesuits, whose order founded on action contains within it all the elements to effect the independent attainment of its goal. For instance, in Paraguay this order “gave the most wonderful demonstration of its ability and has added in the most effective manner to the welfare of the human race,” says the English historian, Robertson, a Protestant who describes the Reformation as such. The Jesuits, due to their political diplomacy, were soon aware that only by purposeful direction could these people be elevated from a wild state into a condition of quiet order and material prosperity, free of all higher social demands but also free of intrigue. That is why the effectiveness of this order in America must be separated from its activity elsewhere and should not in any case be confused with its other purposes. It is as impossible for the redskin to adapt himself to higher mental education as it is for him to be brought under religious influence. Even if both his feeling and reason can be appealed to this must not be done in a startling way as he regards all inner strangeness as an insult. The Indian seeks to avoid all argument and opposition and this Indian politeness is especially evident in religious conversations. The Indian listens patiently and with seeming approval to the religious

teaching but more from politeness than from conviction. I mention here the following anecdote told by Franklin because it shows this as well as the well-meant enterprises of many a missionary.

A Swedish priest was giving a lecture to a crowd of Indians among whom were many of their great chiefs. He taught them the most important secrets of the Christian religion, he told them of the fall of the first parents by the eating of the apple, of the advent of Christ, of his wonders and his suffering, etc. When he had finished speaking an Indian stood up to thank him.

“What you have told us,” said he, “is all very well. It is really very bad to eat apples. It is much better to make cider from them. We thank you for your kindness in coming so far to tell us these things which you have learned from your mother. To repay you for your trouble I will tell you some of the things we learned from ours. At first our fathers had only animal meat to eat and were hungry if they were not successful in their hunting. Two of our young hunters who had killed an animal made a great fire in the forest to roast it. Just as they were about to satisfy the pangs of their hunger they saw a lovely young maiden descend from the clouds and sit down on that small hill you see over there. They said to each other: ‘It is a spirit who has perhaps smelled our venison and wishes to eat some of it. Let us offer her some, and they brought some to the maiden. She was satisfied with their present and said: ‘Your kindness shall be repaid. Come to this place thirteen months hence and you will find something that will serve to feed you and your children's children and shall be of great benefit to you and them even in the furthest generations.’ This they did, and to their great astonishment found plants, the like of which they had never seen, but which from this time on were of great service to them and which they afterwards planted. Where her right hand had touched the earth they found Indian corn, where her left, beans, on the place where she sat, tobacco, etc.”

The good priest, not at all content with this vain tale said: “What I told you were sacred truths, but what you told me are pure fables, stories and preposterous things.”

The Indian replied angrily: “My brother, it seems that friends did not do justice to your training and have not taught you the proper rules of general politeness. You see that we, who understand these rules and practice them, believed all your stories; why do you refuse to believe ours?”

After such unfortunate experiences it seems that a certain missionary tried to gain a large audience by dispensing strong drinks to his listeners. An anecdote was later circulated about a Danish missionary who wished to convert the Iriquois. He decided to be more economical and drink the liquor himself as he very reasonably assumed it was sufficient to give the sermon free of charge. Quite a large crowd of Iriquois gathered and expectantly looked about for the customary drinks. When he had finished talking and there were still no drinks forthcoming they 178 shook their heads and asked each other in astonishment why this white man had called them together?

Is it surprising then that so many missions were fruitless among the American Indians? Missions like those in the south and north which were sinecures for lazy scholars who were pandered to by the converts and those still to be converted. Missions which you at home who hear always of sacrifice and danger, who even frequently honor the missionary as a martyr and saviour cannot even imagine. The majority of our Catholic and Protestant missionaries seem to agree at least in this one point; that it is more pleasant to dwell in the south in the shade of the palm and olive trees than in the harsh north and that the body must be cared for if the soul is to be preserved. *Sapienti sat!* The poor Indians in Northwest America are also waiting for their Saviour; may he come to them some day! They will not crucify him.

Similar feelings, certainly cherished secretly by every friend of the Indians who has lived among them, made me aware that the history of the origin of this remarkable people is still completely shrouded in darkness and that their existence will even become legendary. Ethnologists have attempted to attribute a history to them but as this was done with the American idea of harmonizing everything with revealed religion and was prompted by a seeking for honor in the field of cosmological theory, it found little recognition in scientific circles. The direction taken was not unfounded, however and should probably be more deeply investigated. There is much to be said for the theory that the Indians are descendants of the Israelites. Hebraic traits are found not only in

their physical structure but still more in their religious ideas, customs, laws, myths and legends, to which they so fervently cling, as well as in their language with its more than 200 dialects pointing to the Babylonian babel of speech; in 179 short, Hebraic traits are found in all their peculiarities and distinctions. Although their views in regard to a divine being are different and more savage, stripped of all original beauty and truth like their mode of living, an intuitive religious research would find that their belief, like that of the oldest people on the Ganges, is based on an eternal and invisible God who created the world which came into existence when this one divine being cleaved into force and counter-force. Bound up with their laws is their belief in a resurrection and a judgment day after death, in a return of the great spirit and his constant presence, and in prophets. Most of the Indian tribes have high priests, temples, altars and an ark of the covenant, which they carry with them on all their wanderings, never allowing it to touch the ground because they believe it to be sacred. They have a calendar of four seasons, celebrate new moon and the feast of tabernacles, and sacrifice the first fruits of the season. In September when the sun enters Libra and the two well known constellations, Poëtes and Virgin, disappear, they celebrate their day of atonement.

The name Jehova even seems known to them in its meaning and the word “Ayowa”, which they frequently speak and which the Americans gave as a name to one of their states, is a synonym of it. The syllables *Ay*, *Ho*, and *Wa* are frequently used by the Indians. The *Ay* has been compared not unreasonably, with the Hebrew *El* (God); thus the greeting of the Allequas *Ay-A-que!* would mean “God be with you!” Although their laws for peace and war, for eating, sacrifice, cleansing and marriage have suffered many changes in their daily life and in the mingling of the tribes, they still show a common origin. All the Indians have food which they mark as impure, but not all have marked the same things. They learned to take their natural tendencies and needs into consideration. Scaleless fish, crawling animals and singing birds are tabu for all the Indians. I found that only 180 “Kosher” vessels were used by the Allequas in the preparation of their food. Each food had its special cooking basket which was thrown away if it was contaminated by contact with another food. That is why countless undamaged cooking baskets are found near Indian settlements. The eloquence of the Indians and their parabolic, biblical, friendly way of expressing themselves is

particularly reminiscent of the Israelites, as well as the assonance of their names; the common name Nenschak always sounds to me like Isaac.

Like the Israelites, the Indians do their work with one hand and with the other hold their weapon (Nehemiah 4, 17.). In short it is not an impossibility that they came from Asia, the cradle of humanity, and are descendants of the ten tribes of Israel “who were lead captive by Salmanazar, King of Assyria, at the time of Josea ‘and who agreed’ to leave the crowd of heathen and go to a far country where no man lived,” and taking a year and a half to reach there. This theory is especially plausible if the cloud of smoke by day and pillar of fire by night with which they oriented themselves on their wanderings were interpreted to be volcanic eruptions of which many were found in former times on the east coast of Asia to Bering Straits, and extending from there along the western coast of America. The prophecy about placing the staff with which they traveled in the earth until it took root did not come true until they possessed all America.

This great expansion of the Indians over the entire new continent shows that they were not a conquered or subjugated race but rather the conquerors of other American aborigines, from whom the Aztecs and natives of the Andes were perhaps descended, who established a certain degree of civilization on the west coast of America at a time when the eastern slopes of this hemisphere were not even capable of human progress. These American natives and presumable enemies^{*} of the Indians can 181 be designated as descendants of the Canaanites driven out of Syria by Joshua 1450 before Christ. The founders of Carthage, who were also descended from them, built scenic and commercial thoroughfares, bridges, canals 500 miles long, and other monuments like those of their contemporaries in Egypt and on the Ganges. Every thing speaks for this theory of resemblance to the Phoenicians; it is shown by an exact examination of the Inca and Aztec ruins and especially the recent discovery of a pyramid in the Colorado desert built in the Phoenician architecture of this artistic nation whose every city was a state in which a royal palace was built, who lived in the same luxury and wealth, who possessed the same weaknesses, vices and evils, who made war in the same way and celebrated the same ceremonies on their holidays (disguising and masking), who knew the Egyptian symbol of the cross, who favored idolatry and animal worship in their sun temples,

reminding us of the worship of the Serapis idol in Alexandria, and who had the same writing and language characters. All this could not have been merely accidental similarity in the wilderness but speaks for this designation.

Enemies because the entrance of the newcomers restricted them in their territory; restricting them not so much in their religion, however, because even the Egyptians adopted new religions.

Thus it is not going too far to accept the theory that the Indians conquered the Canaanites, who were settled in the southern and more fruitful territory and whom they regarded as hostile, in fulfillment of the words of the prophet Isaiah who said: "And it shall happen on that day, that the Lord will put forth his hand again the second time to acquire the remnant of His people which shall remain, from Asshur, and from Egypt, etc. And he will lift up an ensign unto the nations, and will assemble the outcasts of Israel; the dispersed of Judah will he collect together from the four corners of the earth. And there shall be a highway for the remnant of His people, which shall remain from Asshur, like as it was to Israel on the day that they came out of the land of Egypt."

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VII

On to the Klamath Region

LEAVING Trinidad I approached territory which was far from every touch of civilization and still bore the untarnished imprint of primeval country. The charm of the wilds to which I had so soon succumbed in my short stay among the natives on the wave-lashed shores of the Bay of the Trinity was to take hold of the very depth of my being, driving my imagination along still wilder paths to its extreme limits while, mindful of the dangers under existing circumstances, through which I was about to pass, I surrendered myself to my wanderlust which bordered on fool-hardiness.

The following fact impresses itself on all: Every new environment, whether such be out of doors in plastic nature or of human variety, has a transforming effect on the nature of the individual. If someone, who has been accustomed to live among books or in rustic solitude, be placed in surroundings so bold and wild, that he can hardly fit them in with his ideas about the world, they will soon make a new impression on his soul. His thoughts will be formed in a sphere through

which he will pass and which he will observe with a feeling of strangeness after his return to his former accustomed mode of life. Therefore, although the pictures about to be presented, as well as the 183 preceeding ones, may seem extremely strange to the reader, I believe them to be justifiable if their peculiarity be emphatically pointed out beforehand and its origin explained. The traveler is forced to thus express his experiences and discoveries if he does not wish to repeat old material again in the same way. Even, though he be a whale who guzzles his food whole from the entire region, separating it in his head, he is rarely able to find something extraordinary about which he can cry "Eureka! I have found it."

My trip to the Klamath region was rich in joyful and sorrowful experiences, which are so piquant to the memory, that in these travel pictures, they must have the effect of luring the reader's fancy to the scene of the journey and quickly and vividly familiarizing him with its general conditions. When I look back over the imposing mountain and forest scenery, all the glamorous experiences are brushed aside and I am conquered by the feeling engendered by nature, powerful and challenging, who fills my thoughts. It will suffice to mention only those events which will give a true picture of the journey without making it too subjective in character.

The heavy snow fall had lessened by the beginning of March or had confined itself more to the interior of the mountain country where for the present it hermetically sealed the new Eldorado against the advancing gold seekers. They were spread along the sea-coast and lower river courses to meanwhile slake a little their unquenchable thirst for gold. The ambitious mining people resembled besieging forces who at the first signs of weakening were prepared to storm the snow-armored fortress of their bitter enemy, winter.

Many returned and brought such different mining fairy tales that it did not seem advisable for the others to depend on them and each decided to go and see the "elephant" for himself. An expedition was soon formed, both, to find out the true facts and 184 to explore the mining region for the shortest and best way to reach it. With five companions I preceded this to the mouth of the Klamath River, ninety-five miles north of Trinidad, from where we went up the river in Indian boats. We had food with us for eight days and the worst of it was that we had to carry it ourselves as we could not

use pack animals because of the rough country. Because of hostilities which had recently broken out among the Indians, we were unable to obtain them as guides for such distances. Our thoughts were cheerful, however, because, the greater the daily exercise, the more rapidly our burdens were diminished by our healthy appetites stimulated by the sea air. the first twenty-eight miles brought us directly across the slopes of the coast range to a deep sea cove from which the shore extends straight to the north in a broad stretch of sand. The region is torn by many gorges and gullies which give it a wild appearance and seemed to have been caused by the tearing up of a mountain chain the debris of which has been trundled far out to sea. The dirty path winding and twisting up hill and down dale on which in our high boots we sank kneedeep in the mud made walking most fatiguing and caused forebodings of the discomforts yet to come.

Before descending to the sea we encountered one of civilization's desperate attempts to erect a habitation on the lonely plain. A log cabin, one of those picturesque buildings which pleases the eye of the wanderer in the American backwood's ravine, but which can only enchant him for a short time, stands here on a piece of unfenced cultivated ground. A thin cloud of smoke rising from the crooked chimney made of clay and wood, showed that it was occupied. In effect; the Irish colonist "Old Patrick," whose name is known all up and down the coast of Trinidad, lives here.

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On my former wanderings in the United States of North America I had sufficient opportunity to see that the Irishman is the most easily satisfied person in the world; he cannot live in opulence. He does not require companionship; it only bothers him and if he has a well-planted potato field, he needs no money, as he can satisfy his other needs by barter. Old Patrick, the Irish Robinson, seemed also to live in this way. He had landed in Oregon after a journey from the Mississippi Valley across the Rocky Mountains and a strange fate brought him here to this place on the coast where he decided to settle as soon as he saw the wild potato, his favorite national food. He settled down became friendly with his Indian neighbors and the next year the California gold seekers found him to be their only civilized and hospitable friend in this region. His hospitality was offered to anyone who stopped at his hut. He let them do whatever they liked in his household as if he had nothing to say about it. But on nights when the log cabin became a regular sleeping camp and there

was no place left under his own roof for him to lay his head he would become a little annoyed and swear such and such by his patron Saint Patrick, imbibing freely from his whiskey flask while becoming more and more confused and wandering about over his land. At dawn when the passing tourists were ready to leave the camping place old "Pat" was far on his way to the little town of Trinidad, which disappeared as quickly as it sprang up, where he had many things to do. He usually did not miss making a prophesy to his wandering guests which was something like this: "Well people! I tell you what I can say to you as your friend, and you will say that I have told the truth; as true as I am saying this, you will soon be disappointed by your journey and you will return. Then say, Old Patrick told you so....and I say it!" Patrick's ranch also offered us a roof for the first night and I could see for myself all that made the place so notorious. I 186 also became convinced that the old settler did much to increase the wild man's hatred of "fire-water," for he was not only their first sight of civilization but later when he was frequently drunk he showed them degenerated civilization which can only fill a natural human with disgust.

Arriving at the ocean shore where the path leads across an earth wall two hundred feet high, which the waves are eating away, the eye is first attracted by the remarkable geognostic character of the place. The layers of yellow to brownish-red sand are loose, mushlike or in firm stones, and are covered by grayish brown and blue layers of marl, containing in different spots, slabs of granite, mica, clay-slate and porphyry, old mountain deposits washed down from the neighboring heights. Orange yellow and rusty brown sulphuric iron masses share the geognostic conditions of these layers, penetrating them here and there while these change off with other layers containing only river shells, and ferruginous springs trickle out of other places. Remains of corals, fishes, lobsters and land animals are also found here. I am certain that a more exact examination of this place would show it to contain a new deposit of the *Missurium* and other primitive monsters and would be able to connect them with some of the Indian traditions which are preserved to this day. One is overcome by a pious solemnity in reflecting on the many mysteries contained in these earth layers which resemble leaves of a folio in which the history of many centuries is drawn, perfectly arranged one above the other, but whose turning requires a lifetime of study. It is impossible to crawl along these walls, which at times enclose us in a "book and antique room," without regretting that the

waves of the sea are little by little sucking away and devouring this classic soil. Exalting reflections are stimulated by the thought that “never resting Nature” is just by this process completing her work of creation and destruction 187 and gradually giving back to the sea what she took from it in the dim ages of the past.

Ten miles from there is the sweet water lake, with an abundance of fish, only separated from the sea by a sand-bank, fifty to five hundred feet wide, and extending along it for twelve miles. As this lake has no surface flux nor influx from the sea its periodic rising and falling makes one think that, like the lagoons of the coral islands it receives subterranean assistance from the tides of the sea. The fact that it lies higher than sea level may be caused by the less specific weight of the sweet water. At first I believed it was a sanded up ocean inlet and I was so firmly convinced of this that I did not dare to taste the water to quench my burning thirst until a fortunate accident showed me my mistake. The ocean water does seem to sometimes flood over into the lagoon, however, judging from the number of uprooted tree trunks and ship wreckage floating about in it. According to the natives such floods only occur a few times in the month of September. The fish then withdraw into a narrow inlet on the inland side of the lake and the Indians then obtain rich spoils. The greater specific weight of the salt water causes it to sink and thus the lake is soon again completely a body of sweet water.

I have often thought about the origin of the enormous tree trunks which are scattered about the shore here and which frequently block the way. Did they come from a single forest on the coast which was wiped out by a storm or an earthquake, or did they come from various lands and periods? Both seem to be the case. The largest are mostly pines, but there are also maples, oaks, and various tropical trees, cedars and palms, which hold bits of coral between their roots. The pines all seem to be about the same age. Their wood was almost petrified or at least so hard that it broke off and made a loud noise when I hit it. Their similar position and distribution also seemed to point to a 188 contemporary flood time. They lay with their roots pointing vertically to the sea while most of the other kinds of trees had been washed up in a crooked or horizontal direction. If a trunk is washed up by the usual waves to a point where they cannot reach it again for a whole year it stays in a horizontal position. But the larger waves which reach the lagoon only once a year several

times in the month of September will turn it bit by bit on its axis, that is the lower part of its roots embedded in the sand. When the trunk is in its vertical position the September waves spread over it and cannot budge it any more, but the yearly soaking with ocean water and the drying out by the ocean breezes which follows serves to harden or petrify the wood. If you think how many years it probably took to bring these pines from the place where they were uprooted and place them in a vertical position on the shore and the many required to petrify them, centuries do not suffice for their age which is the more astonishing when their enormous length and thickness is considered.

There is a small settlement of Allequas at the southern end of the lagoon. They are called Lagoon Indians, are related to the Tschuna-Allequas, and are under the same chief. A young Indian girl in a blue Indian dress like that worn by the West Indian ladies caused quite a sensation both among them and us. She had found it with other things in a box washed up on the shore by the sea and flattered herself on her *Woa-Kaya* which she considered a special gift from her patron goddess.

Fashionable Wietscha had already assumed a very marked degree of vanity and coquetry and would have certainly aroused jealousy among her friends had they each not had the privilege of taking turns in wearing the dress on the other days of the week. Even in the eyes of the Indian, clothes make the man and nudity is the *Remède contre l'amour*. I believe that I felt and observed this in other respects. The paradisaical myth is still evident 189 today, but is only shown among the Indians after they have once donned the colorful wrappings of the sinner. Its just dues the eye exacts No naked heathen me attracts I with joy undrape her charms When love calls me to a woman's arms.

The way led us over loose sand along the seashore, sometimes just missing a wetting by the waves and then again circling crumbling promontories or climbing over them at low tide. To our right rose the coast range sometimes in gentle slopes and sometimes in steep cliffs close to the edge of the sea. The eye, tired from the wide expanse of ocean, gladly turned to follow the eagle's flight across the fir clothed heights and valleys as he circled above his forest refuge keeping a sharp lookout for inviting edible flotsam of the sea. Going is very difficult in this sand which becomes softer the farther away you get from the water's edge and is arranged in vari-colored stripes, but

predominantly black up to the gravel and boulders. The waves washing over it spread it evenly according to its specific weight and the size of its grains. We usually stayed close to the water as the finer wet sand there made the ground firmer but the moment a larger wave came we had to run for it. Several feet away from the water I noticed that every footstep made a crunching noise in the sand, like the sound of footsteps on newly fallen snow with a frozen crust. This seemed most peculiar to me as it occurred only in sand of a certain grain and consistency. When it was necessary to walk on the upper, looser layers of sand we proceeded in single file, each stepping in the other's footsteps so that only one had the labor of breaking the way. Thus monotony was broken by constantly changing our way of walking and by watching our steps we discovered many lovely bits of stone and shells. For as long as we traversed this route the ocean delighted us at night with its 190 phosphorescent waves, the "Love-fires" of the Nereids and *Peridines*, which from a distance looked like the zigzag of lightning and from closeby, like a moving silver thread.

On the second day of our journey along the coast we passed two lagoons. On the first of these is an Indian settlement hidden behind some hills in the foreground. When the inhabitants discovered us they approached us with joyful cries of welcome and greetings, some in *canots* and the others wading through the lagoon. They wanted *Papschu* and the women tried to lend more emphasis to their begging by touching our limbs and pockets in a most unpleasant way. Then they invited us to visit them in their huts. Both men and women offered to carry the strangers through the water on their naked backs. Like Hercules we stood undecided at the cross roads, but after a short deliberation and taking into consideration the flattering begging virtuosity of our redskinned friends, we decided not to visit this Indian Olympus. At the next lagoon a young Indian, spirited and brave looking, came running toward us holding high his bow and arrow, and telling us to stand where we were. He hesitated, however, when he noticed our weapons and would not come closer until we answered his greeting. He then asked the object of our journey and asked for some gifts of friendship. When we gave him some glass beads and some zwieback he told us his mission. He was a messenger sent by the Allequas from the settlement at the mouth of the Klamath to bring to the friendly settlements along the ocean the bad news of the reopening of hostilities with the mountain Indians. The year before the latter had summoned all the Allequas on the coast from

Trinidad to Klamath to unite with them to prevent the entrance of the whites into the interior of the country. The Tschuna-Allequas seeing the futility of such resistance, refused the summons, thereby making themselves the enemies of their allies, as the Indians regard neutrality as cowardice as the mother of treason. The mountain Indians had already made several hostile sallies on the coast and killed some of the shore dwellers, among them the son of the Trinidad chief, and later two lagoon Indians. Now the savage messenger brought news of the kidnapping of a daughter of the chief of his tribe and this was sufficient, to light the fires of revenge on the entire coast. The angry messenger shook his fists in the direction of the mountains speaking a vehement “Quimalla Ihnek” and with all the strength of his arm and bow shot one of his arrows over the high bank in such a great arc that it disappeared on the horizon. He warned us then to be very careful for the rest of our journey in camping at night as there were no more of their settlements on our route and the enemy frequently reconnoitred in this region. With a significant glance at our weapons he hurried away. While running he drew out three arrows and shot them with such speed across the sand that I suspected he was intimating what little respect the Indian has for our weapons compared to his own.

Nightfall forced us to make camp at the end of the lagoon. In the protection of a sand hill we built a roof of broken-off pieces of trees leaning it crookedly against the slope and covering it with willows and grass. Crawling in under it and packed close together the fatigue of the day soon obliterated in dreamless slumber all thoughts of danger and Indian hostility. The roar of the sea, which in three-four time shattered the air, joined in a furious duet with the monotonous lashing of the waves against the banks of the shore, making most glorious music for sleep-drunken congenial souls. At first we thought we heard the footsteps of an attacking Indian band with their mocking laughter but it proved to be the rumbling of a wave and the quacking of a flock of geese flying above our heads to the lagoon. Then I thought I heard the whistling and rustling of arrows shot closeby. Upon looking I found it was only one of my comrades who, 192 fearful that the enemy would discover our camp, had thought it wise to hurl into the sea the still glowing embers of our fire-wood so that they would be extinguished. These embers were making the hissing sound.

In many situations I have listened to the clear sounds of night but nowhere do they seem to me so effective as near the ocean. The air here in the cool winds has greater elasticity than on the heights,

and permits of a quicker and easier continuation of the tone which modulates in the distance like an echo. The constant roar of the sea seems to stun our senses but it delights us, because it is not a suddenly interrupted sound, but spreads sonorously on the tense air as over a sounding-board. I do not believe that an orchestra can touch or speak more poignantly to the soul or for example can more realistically present “Musketryfire” and “Cannon Thunder” from the “Battle of Austerlitz” than does the nightly roar of the ocean in which one can easily pick out the high C of the pianoforte. The receptive mood finds its greatest delight in nature's uninterrupted, measured activity to which it is accustomed. In the thunder of the waves occasional pauses have a peculiar effect on this mood. When such an interval lasted too long I was always in a condition of strained expectancy, feeling it necessary to rise from my sleeping place to discover its cause. It is a fact that nature often creates impressions which turn back the years of man to childhood, I might say, make him completely the child again who strikes the table on which he has bumped his head and reaches with both hands for the moon.

On the third day we doubled the speed of our steps and soon reached the mouth of the Redwood or Smith River. But first we encountered a horrible sight. A dense swarm of screeching seagulls and sea-ravens flying to and from the shore made us suspect the presence there of a carcass. We soon saw a headless 193 half-consumed human corpse on the sandy shore. Throwing stones to drive away the greedy animals and shuddering with aversion we approached the corpse; but the strong odor of decay permitted no long inquest. From an American boot which the unfortunate fellow still had on his right foot and an anchor and star tattooed on his arm, we concluded that he must have been an American sailor. We buried the torn and gnawed body in the sand as best we could, covering it with stones, and turned disconsolately from it. The greatest wish of a wanderer through little known regions should be that he never have an encounter of this sort, as it is highly discouraging, unsettling and frightening. In the first moment one is filled with revulsion and fear that the corpse may be that of a friend or acquaintance. Even though curiosity can be overcome, the sense of duty cannot. These are the mortal remains of a human being and one must approach them to offer, if possible, the last service of burial.

Now we had to cross the Redwood River. It flows into a quiet delta, then rushing over the sloping shore beside a rocky promontory, it empties into the sea, where it has made a sand dam in front of one of the arms of the river. We made a raft from some pieces of ship's wreckage and broken bits of masts on which the rigging still hung and rowed from bank to bank on it across the delta. The crossing on this fragile vessel was very dangerous but we did not realize the danger until we had landed and shoving off the raft saw its boards and beams fall to pieces in the raging torrent, while curious and hungry sea-birds circled it.

Beyond the Redwood River the region suddenly takes on a different physiognomy. The dense forests are only visible in the far distance and the coast range is more wild looking. Grotesque pieces and slabs of gneiss, trachyte, and trap-rock lie scattered over the shore and even far out in the ocean some of these can be seen, looking like a dam elevated above the surface of the water. The foothills are made up of Silurian heaps of ruins and the whole terrain, between the ocean and the coast range, resembles a deep mine. Small brooks and rivulets, which show traces of gold, rush through and macerate it so that the ground is undergoing a regular breaking up process and little by little will be devoured by the sea. The land changes off along the ocean from long stretches of coal-black sand to masses of black porphyry on which walking is very difficult. Surely a landslide must have occurred here which devastated a whole strip of beautiful forest-clad coast. We hurried on so as to quickly pass over this desolate place and kept on our way until long after dark that we might spend the night surrounded by other scenery.

We finally arrived at a small side valley closed in by dark forests with rushes and willows growing in the foreground, where we camped for the night. After looking around a bit we unexpectedly found an Indian hut about which a deathly quiet reigned. We thought it was uninhabited. Upon putting our shoulders to the door, it opened, and before us in the bright light of the fire sat a group of humans who might have been compared with the gnomes in "Rip van Winkle." We learned that they were Englishmen who had been living here while exploring the country. The foreman of the group, Mr. Levington, welcomed us cordially gave us the best he could offer in lodging and food

and told us some of his interesting experiences. He was a naturalist, a man of scientific education, and it is to be hoped that his Journal will be published.

The mouth of the Klamath, the shores of which we hoped to reach on the afternoon of the fourth day is twenty miles from this place, the site of a deserted village. Klamath City, a mile above the almost completely sanded-up mouth of the river, consists of Indian huts, tents and log cabins. Very few of these were 195 inhabited when we arrived, and the place had a desolate air. On making inquiries as to our passage up the river we received very discouraging news, so much so in fact, that we were forced to discontinue our trip and to return as quickly as possible to Trinidad to prevent the departure of the remainder of our expedition. The river, forced into a narrow, rocky bed between the mountains was so swollen and rushing that it would have been impossible either to travel up it or to walk along its banks. We stayed here for a day, however, and visited the Goldbluffs.

The Goldbluffs are hills from twenty to three hundred feet high which for the most part are made up and partly covered by black gold bearing sand and cover an area of twelve square miles on the southern side of the mouth of the Klamath. The Goldbluffs were the main point of focus for the tremendous gold rumors which had been spread early in the spring in San Francisco. Ships soon landed on these shores and populated them with all kinds of adventurers. Many immediately lost all their possessions during the dangerous and difficult landing, but they strode on to work, hoping in a few days to find the treasures of Attalus in the Goldbluffs. The added disappointment of discovering that they had been deceived now plunged them in the lowest depths of adversity and misery. There was gold there, much gold, but it could not be obtained because of a lack of knowledge and of necessary tools. The gold of the Goldbluffs is so fine that it can not be recognized without a magnifying glass. They tried to extract it by quicksilver-machines but the amalgamation was not sufficient because the pyrites and large amounts of magnetic sand prevented adhesion. The only thing which might have been used and which would have certainly produced great riches was to have introduced sand-mills which would have put the finely crushed sand through a cooking salt and quicksilver process to produce gold. This modern Argonaut 196 procession however did not spend much time in dreaming in the Goldbluffs but accepting the “bluff” it wended its way to other mining regions to search for “the black fleece.” Many thought: “The gold of the Goldbluffs,

though impossible to extract because of its microscopic size, is great in quantity and must have been washed down from the mountains and therefore there must be much more still in the mountains and in much larger pieces which the river could not wash down,” and so they went on to find it.

The Goldbluffs presented a melancholy picture of strength expended vainly in labor and of vanished expectations of fortunes, the picture of a desert in the desert. Tents, torn and blown down by the wind, weatherbeaten provisions, broken tools and parts of unsuitable machines lay about everywhere, bearing witness to the Babylonian mining-life. The gold seekers had rummaged through the black hills, turning them topsy-turvy and the disappointment felt by the miners, thirsting for gold, in their vain laborious work was plainly evident in the upheaval. I climbed one of the highest hills from where I could look over the whole mountain, forest and sea-bordered region. The even form and circular position of all those hills reminds one of *Chladnische Klangfiguren* and one is inclined to believe that like these, they are of earthquake origin. The sea winds roll the sand from the hill tops so that they seem to be gradually flattening, probably, however, in great storms the opposite is true and the sand is blown up from below. The rolling down of the sand makes a loud noise which makes me think of the hill in “el Bramador” in Copiapo Valley in Chile, mentioned by Charles Darwin, only here the sound could not be compared to “barking,” but was nevertheless very strange and astonishing.

Two and a half days later we finally reached the Indian station on the first lagoon north of Trinidad. Relieved for the 197 most part of our burdens and familiar with the route we made quick time and arrived in good condition. To our great surprise we found our entire expedition here, provided with pack-animals, and ready for the journey. They had suspected our journey to be unsuccessful and were therefore awaiting our return. A new plan was made which provided that we proceed all together in a northeast direction into the interior. As the snow was now gone from the mountains, we would try to reach the upper course of the Klamath. Two Indians, who served as our guides, and a young Rhäkwa Indian girl, a prisoner of war whom we received from the Lagoon Indians in exchange for several presents and whom we expected to bring back to her tribe as a sign of our peaceable intentions, were the trophies of our procession. We traveled again to the northern end of the lagoon from where we climbed the saddle of the coast range. There was a good path across

a grassy, fertile slope from which we could look far out across the ocean, glistening in the mild sunshine. Towards evening the path led us to the beginning of the fir forests.

The sight of such a primeval California forest is exalting and sublime. The first glance shows a certain democracy which tends to show itself everywhere in America, in nature as well as in the life of the people. Everything is so huge and enormous that the world spirit can only gradually govern and control it. We are filled with astonishment and piety at every step in these giant forests of the *Pinus grandis*, from six to sixteen feet in diameter and towering, one hundred to three hundred feet high to the very mountain peaks. Exposed to the benevolent sunlight and to the land and sea breezes which lend their aid to the breathing of the forest, the evergreen crowns form an eternal realm of shadow above the damp earth. Here the *Linnaea borealis* grows, “blooming at its earliest age modest and despised,” eking out its miserable existence surrounded by holly, brambles and other forest 198 growths. Here also the shaggy grey bear growls his sole prerogatives in this democracy. The day is turned to night and night is terrible and as pitch black as a subterranean cellar.

One delightful drama after the other takes place before the eye of the wanderer who rests at the foot of these giant trunks. Just before a thunder storm when the air is oppressive and dry, as it is in the summer months, the trees begin to crackle and give forth a peculiar, resinous odor. In the depths of the forest a pale gleam is visible darting hither and thither between the trees in a ghostly way, like summer lightning. The phenomenon repeats itself several times, getting weaker and weaker, until it finally resembles a pale, weak moonbeam, and you think perhaps that your eyes have deceived you. This may be an electrical phenomenon which originates in the great quantity of pitch in the pines. The strong crackling which precedes the light ray points to an expansion of the pitchy bark and wood mass by the warm thunderstorm atmosphere. This in turn causes an electrical rubbing together of the molecules over the whole surface of the tree trunks. The opposing electricity of the air, equalizing these electrically charged resinous surfaces produces the light phenomena.*

Another remarkable phenomenon of these forests is the many spider webs hanging everywhere between the trees. Their number increases after warm nights and they are like those we find in autumn in our woods at home. Would it not be possible that they are in some way connected with the electricity in the air in that the forest spider is perhaps stimulated by electricity of the atmosphere to give off its web or the electricity of the forests perhaps attracts the web?

The air in these forests is cool in the later hours of night. We tried to make our watchfires burn higher even if the high flames burned the nearest trees. The devouring element soon rages on the resinous wood, winding crackling up from limb to limb until the air was as red as a sea of fire. See the forest burning up The flames lick and suck Up they climb high and higher Soon all the wood will be on fire.

Where the fire did not reach it was reflected in the purple light and night seemed to be turned to day. But the thick clouds of 199 falling dew drop over the work of destruction and gradually the forest fire vanishes with the crashing of trees in pillars of fire.

The genius of the primeval forest glorified the first part of the night for us with these two dramas and in the second half refreshed us with the sweetest slumber. At dawn we awoke refreshed and eager to follow the path made by the fleet and crafty steps of the natives, winding across the mountain peak, leading us past steep, damp slopes, over fantastic stretches and falling decaying giant trees. The absolute quiet combined with the gloomy twilight seemed to have bewitched the organic life of the primeval forest into eternal sleep, and had a contagious effect on the mood of the long crawling procession of wandering miners, stimulating each to his own thoughts.

Nature has especially favored the growth and expansion of these California redwoods in the valleys of the coast range. Wandering through them soon creates an uncomfortable, oppressive feeling, like that of the prisoner who has learned that he will soon be set free and at every moment awaits the opening of the portals. It is true that the most interesting pictures are presented to the imagination by the supernatural size, the tremendous primitive strength, the hoary grey age of the trees and the wonderful abundance of organic life, in a word, all of the phenomena of the forest, but one soon becomes fatigued when one realizes that this wandering will take the whole day. A longing for the open spaces springs up, for the sight of the sun, or for arrival at the destination of the day's journey which is sometimes animating but also frequently disappointing. Descending gradually we hope soon to reach the green-meadowed valley but when we think we have arrived, it proves to be a projecting plateau whose forests seem entangled with those on the opposite mountains. For hours we again descend by gradual stages, first filled with impatient expectations and then again

disappointed. It 200 seems to grow darker both above and below us. Suddenly an open abyss gapes widely directly in front of us. It must be Hell which the wanderer uncertainly approaches. Then filled with astonishment the wanderer finally steps to the little forest brook, flowing gently between the towering mountains, where he takes a deliciously fresh drink. Willows, aspen, birches, alders and the elfen bushes grown on its sand and gravel bank, where the fresh footprints of an Indian band, driven away by the approaching whites are plainly visible. Numerous gorgeous *Washingtonia gigantea*, which might be called Creation's living souvenir are found in these dark valleys where the earth contains the greatest quantity of carbon dioxide as the best proof of the chemical theory that the air was richer in plant nourishment of carbon dioxide in former times than it is today. Many of these forest giants have been burned out at the base of their trunks to make a hut, eight feet by ten feet wide. This was done by the Indians to make their winter quarters. Thus they seem to be the "Tannhäuser" of this melancholy valley.

At noon of our second day of travel we arrived at the upper part of the Redwood River which is rich in salmon. There are many such tree huts on its shores. As I stepped into one I noticed something floating above my head. I reached for it and grasped a hand which, when light was brought, proved to be that of a dead old Indian. The corpse, strongly mummified with pitch and turpentine, lay with hanging arms and legs, bound with hide thongs to wooden stakes fastened in the ceiling of the hollowed out tree. He seemed to have died a natural death as I could find no wounds on his body. The corpse would certainly have been of great value to an anatomical museum but considering the circumstances none of us had any desire to take the dead man from his living coffin and we left him so, that he can attain eternal life in the Happy Hunting Grounds when he has grown into 201 and entwined himself with the living creature which lifts its head so high to the heavens.

Our rest in the Redwood Valley was short. Still bathed in sweat, the procession, having no Indian Christopher who could easily have gained entrance to heaven by a "Carrying-across-the-River" of the strange pilgrims, was forced to wade the river, climb the new mountain and hurry on so that we would reach the night camp on its peak as this is the only place which affords feed for the hungry

and tired pack-animals. Elk Camp is the name of the grassy place, which lies directly on the path at a height of six hundred feet and has an abundance of water.

This is the highest altitude in which the pine woods are found. From here on the mountain peak which towers two thousand feet more, is decorated with lovely meadows, pastures for the ruminants of the forest. Here and there snow fields twinkle in the sun in contrast to the green grassy alpine coverings. We stand on the highest peak where the Indian, at sight of the heavens and the sun, forgets the danger and exertion he has suffered in his journey in being as near as possible to these celestial bodies. The eye turns towards the east where countless mountain groups are visible, a *terra incognita*, creating the illusion of a wooded plain, bordered in the far distance by the horizon. Turning towards the west we again see to the grey misty slab of water, the ocean. Looking around the immediate surroundings however, we might think we had been transported to the midst of the Swiss alps. Afar lies all that is strange The picture of Home is closeby And the heart feels a poignant change As with delight we happily sigh.

The sight of the cheerful meadows, the gloomy forests at their edge and beyond them the grey, mossy boulders—nothing 202 but the song of the alphorns is missing to turn my vivid thoughts back to days long past. These coast alps also have their voices which speak to the spirit. The brook rushes from rock to rock to the valley far below, the sea rages in the distance and the bear growls nearby in the woods. This last voice, as terrifying as it may perhaps have sounded, did much to add to the entertainment of our expedition across the mountains. The bold person mocked it, challenging the beast to battle, the timid fellow looked around for it fearfully all the time, and frequently imagined that the object of his fear was before him. It could of course be true, but mostly it was not, and the ensuing panic caused general amusement. On my mountain journey to the Klamath I heard a bear's voice about three to six times daily but never once saw the animal. Considering the difficulty of transmission of sound in these alpen atmospheres the monster of California Fauna could not have been far away. It seems that the grey bear neither fears nor hates the strange sight of man, but he has no desire to attack him when his hunger can be satisfied among the ruminants. One day I witnessed a bear attack. Part of the expedition had remained behind, suddenly they came running towards us, yelling wildly and shooting their guns. A grizzly, exactly

the size of a buffalo-ox, had caused the flight of the frightened fellows, but as soon as they made such a noise, he turned his back on them. We ran here, we ran there, We ran around and everywhere 'till each could hardly draw in air As if already eaten skin, bones and hair. Each ready to do for all his share But we waited in vain, there came no bear. In the wood all was tranquil and fair No sign of the ghost who had angered us there So now we all curse this tale of a bear!

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There is a small ash and maple woods about twelve miles from Elk Camp, which got its name from a nearby salt lick, because it was especially frequented by elk herds and also by the brown woolly California mountain sheep. The path which seemed formerly to circle the woods, now leads through them and is fenced in for a short stretch. Filled with vague anticipations and curiosity we proceeded to follow it. "Through this pass must he now come" I said to myself and was almost afraid that I would see the wild archer peer revengefully at me from the bushes. Then I suddenly stopped where I was, for according to our guide, we were standing on earth dedicated to the Indian warriors slumbering in their grave. Standing on a spacious burial place, covered with gravel, the wanderer recalls the bloody battle of the whites with the mountain Allequas which occurred here in the summer of 1850.* Several green, freshly cut staffs, ten feet long and about as thick as your arm, were leaned against a maple tree the branches of which shaded the burial place. These staffs are to be replaced every spring as a sign that the Indian's lust for revenge is still green and has not been satisfied. We laid the lance-like staffs across the grave in the form of a cross and carved the picture of a skull and several other symbols into the bark of the maple tree as an enigmatical reply to the solved Indian proclamation of vengeance. Any white man can learn what the savages of this region decided to do when they discovered these symbols. If he goes to them they will cut a symbol, which has become stereotyped among them, into his forehead and send him home to his friends.

The Indians also buried in their paths their dead, newly born children, in the belief that the passing women would take possession of their souls. They also liked to bury their dead at the foot of a great waterfall or in the exact direction of its line of falling so that the great spirit who lives in the waters (I might almost say, Oerstedt's Spirit of Nature!) would protect them. Near Niagara Falls such graves must be found from the earliest times, and if they be found, the age and time of the first Indian settlement of this region could be determined by the amount of receding of the water, which consists of about one foot each year, having already formed a gorge seven miles long, taking about 35,000 years to do this.

We spent the third night in French Camp not far from Trinity River. Another expedition which had followed us caught up with us immediately after our arrival there. It consisted of an American, who had some mules packed with goods, and several Chinese whom we were glad to have as traveling companions. 204 They were excellent examples of the greatest possible human endurance. They had bamboo sticks, ten feet long which they placed across their shoulders and, tying the heaviest burdens on the ends of these, wearing wooden slippers they tirelessly climbed the steepest heights. An episode soon occurred, however, which made this meeting less pleasant.

We had just prepared a fragrant supper from a freshly killed deer, the Chinese had drowned their fatigue in their favorite gun-powder-tea which they are accustomed to drink in rather Chinese immoderateness and all were ready to retire under the open tent of the heavens when suddenly a pursuing stranger came up gasping and looking about with a searching glance. "Here he is!" he cried, throwing himself on the American, who had just arrived with the Chinese, and fastening both arms to his sides he cried: "Gentlemen, help me arrest this man....in the name of the laws of the United States....He is a great horse thief....and I am Mackenzie, police officer of Trinidad." The whole astonished caravan came and lent their aid after a suitable examination of the facts. Quickly a lynch court was formed, one of those rapid courts which were native to the Californian wilderness for a long time, and after a short speech the prisoner was examined. Stuttering, he denied everything, but nevertheless the verdict on all sides was "guilty." Only one point remained to be deliberated: "Should he be hung or transported?" was the question. "We have no rope, no time and no desire to do this; let the rascal be tied and he shall return with the police officer and the mules," was the almost unanimous decision, and it was agreed to carry this out on the following day.

Quiet again reigned in camp but many of the curious gathered around the night fire where the horse thief with bound arms sat with his pursuer and Mackenzie told them about some of the police pursuits he had carried out. I approached the group, and 205 standing at a little distance, observed first the pursuer and then the arrested man. After the first few glances I recognized a strong resemblance of the first to a man whom I can only remember with horror, and suddenly, I realized that without doubt, it was he, himself.

Mackenzie was formerly a gambler and one of the cleverest whom I had seen in the gambling halls of San Francisco. I met him there one evening when he was busy with the "Three Card Games," a game which either enchants the one who wants to gamble or forever frightens him away. I was standing at a table, dressed in a Mexican costume and intentionally imitating the attitude of a Mexican gambler. Mackenzie acted as if he did not notice me, adroitly slipping the three cards through his pointed fingers while entirely mechanically he kept repeating the name "Queen of Hearts," which was to bring him luck. Then he let the cards fall in their regular order on the green table cover and strode to the bar where he ordered a "heart-stimulant." While drinking this he looked furtively from under his hat brim to the table to see if any one had come up who was taking to heart his "Queen of Hearts."

Three "old looking young men," who had probably obtained much gold in the "mountains" but who had become "homesick at the damn'd work" and now, on the night before their return to "Old-Virginia" wanted to win a little more "Pocket Money," had sidled up to the gambling table, and one of them, who had taken a quick look at the three cards seemed to intend to play a little "trick." Now the Three Card "Dealer's" glance was satisfied and his heart was sufficiently stimulated. He "treated" the "Barkeeper" with his "Brandy Julepp" but stood a little longer at the bar.

"Quick, John, make a mark on it," said one of the three "mountaineers or gold diggers."

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The gambler immediately saw a thumb-nail scratch his Queen of Hearts. "A sly hand that, but not light enough," he seemed to have thought; I could read it in his eyes and on his slyly smiling mouth. Humming, he returned to his table where he threw down his cards with seeming indifference and asked for bets of six ounces on the Queen of Hearts.

"Six ounces? I put ten dollars on her," one of the Virginians said, putting the gold piece down.

"As you like! Whatever....! ...ah! You have luck this time!" stammered the Dealer and began to mix the cards again.

He manipulated them a long time as he wanted to smooth out the thumbnail scratch on the Queen of Hearts and put it on another card in the same way. He accomplished this perfectly and kept looking at me strangely as if he wanted to tell me: “Keep quiet! You seem to be a gambler too and know what I am doing. Don't give me away, or ...” This embarrassed me in my attitude of a Mexican so that I almost forgot to play the rôle.

“Again the Queen of Hearts!” he cried.

The miner, richer by an “Eagle” thrust his hand in his bosom and threw a leather sack, heavy with gold on the green table. It was the entire “Boil” he had made in the mines—he was betting a thousand dollars. They were lost.

The unfortunate fellow turned pale as death. His two friends took hold of the gold sack, meaning to run away with it, but the gambler rushed at them, grasping them with his powerful hands. All this happened in a single moment. Noise broke out, fist fights were started and the whole crowd of people, the BULLYS and BRAMARBAS, as the intriguants of the gambling clubs are called, all became very excited. First the sack of gold would be in the hands of the gambler and his accomplices, then the miners held it, and then it seemed to have disappeared altogether. Finally it appeared again, right near me, and then it seemed to come toward me. As a matter of fact it was forced on me by a long-reaching arm. I held it in my hand. Five minutes may have passed since I received it and putting it on the bar, I leaned against it. But the gold sack was so heavy that every moment I thought it would fall down and it burned my hands like fire. I could not return it to the gambler who had probably given it to me thinking I was his accomplice, without making the crowd suspicious. At the same time I did not think it advisable to give it to the miner who had justifiably lost it by his own cupidity. I handed it to the bar keeper and watched him weigh out a thousand dollars to the winner, and saw the self-deceived young miner, inwardly crushed and ashamed, make his unsteady way out of the door with his still half-filled sack of gold. But the scene was still not over.

“And you there, you wanted to deceive me.... he! ...you played a bad trick on me... You should have done something else with the sack of gold...” I heard the gambler's voice close behind me. I turned quickly, he was talking to me for I saw him reaching for his six-shooter and coming towards me. But a constable hurried up just in time and Mackenzie spent the night in the *Calaboose*.

Now I had him before me as the servant of justice, which he had certainly scorned often enough. At first when I recognized him I was frightened, then I was indignant, thought it best, however, to keep quiet. I went away and did not know which of the night's heroes was the greater criminal or deceiver. Five months later I learned the answer to this. On August 24, 1851, Mackenzie and his companion Whittaker were hung by a rope as incendiaries before a crowd of 15,000 people in San Francisco and I happened to see him, dangling between heaven and earth, still fighting a hair raising struggle against justice whose service he had several times been able to enter during his criminal career, which according to his confessions appearing in numerous newspaper columns, was one of the greatest in California. A horrible sight which neither time nor reason can banish from my memory!

“Accident” is responsible for much that is entertaining and instructive in such a pilgrimage of adventure but it also can cause a mood which can embitter all pleasure for days. I had enough experience of this kind in my California travels. I could not expect anything else in a land which without accident never would have become what it is, and where accident was law for almost everyone. Accident is fate and no one can avoid his fate; to wish to would be presumptuous. By frequent repetition of similar occurrences one learns to act correctly and to avoid the worst. The knowledge of possessing such ability is one of the most encouraging features of traveling; it does away with the justifiable hesitation and fear of danger which is only known to him who lacks the courage and calm to meet it face to face. Therein lies the truth of the maxim: *fortes fortuna!*

From French Camp, after twice crossing the Trinity which flows in a northwest direction into the Klamath, we arrived at a former dwelling site of the mountain Indians, which is now called Bloody Camp in memory of a deed which soaked the earth in human blood. Perhaps some time in the future when the American people live in these valleys they will found a town on this site

and name it Bloodytown. In the preceding summer a group of pioneer Canadian tourists were the first to enter this region and were the cause of the Indian burial-place we had found on the summit of the mountain. They had a hard struggle here with their savage opponents, after two of their companions, who had been sent ahead, were found here terribly mutilated. They pursued the Indians who fled down to the large settlement on the 209 Klamath and they made the whole Indian village a sacrifice of flames and revenge.

Our two Indian guides left us at Bloody Camp. They returned home filled with a foreboding of a meeting, which would prove dangerous for them, with their estranged tribal relatives who lived over the next mountain which we crossed on the fourth day. They received us with an echo-shattering cry of surprise, more of pleasure than of fear. They seemed to have sent out spies and to have learned that our expedition was not hostile and that we had brought with us an Indian girl of their tribe. They came towards us across the river in great numbers in their slender *Yatschs* to receive their *Woa*, who we allowed to rush to them and with whom we suddenly transformed the avengers into friends. We distributed several other presents among them and offered them a pipe to smoke as a sign of peace. They seemed to like the tobacco (*Rhawas*), as they afterwards begged for it in larger quantities. They then took us across the river in their *Yatschs*, all of the natives wishing to take part in this, so that there were frequently more of them on the boats than there were passengers. They used sticks as oars, laboriously lashing the waves with them, while one after the other and all in unison, cried their joyful “Tchonah!” or “Onward!” They made themselves a great deal of work which looked very funny. It was a regular effeminate, mongrel kind of rowing.

The expedition now divided into two parts; I stayed with the half which after a two day's rest continued its journey to the eastern tributaries of the Klamath. The Rhakusa Allequas^{*} showed us every kindness and invited us to sleep in their huts, in which we acquiesced, not, however, without a lively anxiety about exposing ourselves to the sweet souvenirs of Indian life, their characteristic vermin, which, however, spared us, thanks to its aversion to civilization.

The original names of the various Indian tribes of the Klamath region are as follows:

1. Poh-likes, or Indians who live on the lower Klamath. The tribes are: Wi-uh-sis, Cap-pels, Mur-iohs, Ser-a-goines, and Pähk-wans.
2. Witsch-piks, Indians at the mouth of the Trinity on the Klamath.
3. Patih-riks, Indians who live on the upper Klamath. The tribes are: Ut-scha-pahs, Up-pa-goines, Sa-wa-rahs, Tsha-wa-co-nihs, Cok-ka-mans and Tschih-nahs.
4. Hu-pahs, Indians on the Trinity River with the tribes: Okäh-no, O-gährit-tis, Up-lä-goh, Wi-lapusch, Ka-la-tih, Patisch-oh, Kas-lin-ta, Ta-hail-ta, Sok-kail-kit, Tscha-wan-ta, Wuisch-puke, and Mi-em-ma.

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Their huts like those of the Tschura-Allequas, are also built of boards in a miniature of our houses and certainly do not furnish any basis for the idea that the Allequa learned his architecture from the mole as did many of his eastern brother tribes. The village, most of which was destroyed, still shows a very suitable plan in good taste. Broad, straight streets and house floors carefully laid out with gravel must have made it look very pleasant. The rubbish and ash piles of the destroyed dwellings have been cleared away, and buried and gradually one hut after another is being renovated. But it will take the work of at least one generation for the village to reach its former size and form when one considers the labor involved for the Indians to fell trees, cut boards from them and make these ready for buildings as their only tool is the tomahawk. No greater misfortune could have occurred for them than the destruction of their buildings which will cost their grandchildren many a sigh and bead of perspiration.

The region, beginning in the Klamath Valley, becomes more bare. The forests consist mostly of hemlock firs. Ironwood and sumacs cover some places on the fissured mountain slopes. After the Trinity empties into the Klamath the latter river winds in a northwest direction to the sea, its upper course forming an obtuse angle. Gold is found on the surface on its banks and also on the Trinity. A fresh grassy covering decorates the depths of the valley where several places thickly covered with

heart-shaped Indian cress make an especially charming impression. The Indian name for plantain is “White man's footsteps”; we might call the Indian cress the *memento mori* of the redskins as it grows in profusion on their graves and follows the plantain. We prepared a salad from it or boiled it and tried to accustom the Allequas to the tasty, juicy vegetable as well as to the “spruce” tea which we made from the young shoots of the hemlock. They disdained the first but enjoyed the tea, only, however, after it became a little 211 sour from fermentation which soon occurs in it. “Accident,” I thought and was somewhat disturbed that I had taught the Allequas the primitive knowledge of the preparation of an alcoholic drink. The sight of the cresses growing more and more above their heads was, however, some consolation.

Again mountains impeded our further journey which it would take days to cross while between them, the Klamath forced its winding way. Several trachyte and basalt domes rise steeply from the banks of the river whose slopes are covered with tuftlike iron and reddish masses that were easily recognized as products of extinct volcanoes. At their feet lay valley basins that seemed at one time to have been lakes and now are filled with Diluvium containing gold. The gold is only visible in such faint specks that it almost floats on the water and shows a bad prospect to the miner. The gold region becomes richer at the Big-and New-Orleans-Bar, fifty miles from there, between the Salmon and Scotch rivers which pour their wild waters into the Klamath. This is the northern portal of the Eldorado and now, dotted with towns, has become one of the most active mining regions. To the southeast it is bordered by the sources of the Sacramento River and to the north by the Oregon mountains which contain *Polylthalamion* calcareous rock formations. *Monet Shasta*, 14,000 feet high covered with its eternal snow and ice, rises in the center of this extensive plateau, 150 miles from Trinidad Bay, 350 miles from the Sacramento and about the same distance from Oregon city. Its shape strongly resembles that of the Titlis of the Swiss Alps. Like that mountain its icy-armored, snow-bearded, primeval Plesiosaurus head towers into the vault of pure air and under its icy burdens sweats clear little streams into the quiet, romantic regions of the Shasta Valley which is inhabited by the Indians. A comparison of these Alpen kings of such widely separated lands is pleasing but the nature lover thinks sadly of the rich 212 pleasures which made unforgettable his

visit to Titlis, the Parnassus of the Alps, with its homelike meadows stretching to the “End of the World,” and which here exist only in his memory.

Like the lover who is outwardly resigned but who inwardly lives only for his ideal, the nature lover is filled with a longing for the revival of the emotion and companion of memory.

My intention on leaving Shasta Valley was to visit the northern mountain valleys of the Sacramento River. New heavy snowfalls sadly warned us, however, that we must return. It was impossible to obtain sufficient provisions there as the transportation of each pound cost two or three dollars. There was also a grave question as to whether or not the natives would remain peaceable for any length of time as the Americans were stealing many of their women.* All those who had not gone too far into the mountains and were not already snowed in joined our caravan returning to Trinidad which followed in the footsteps of the raging second winter. When we arrived on the sea coast the whole region behind us lay buried under the high, terrifying snow, and many a wanderer found his cold grave in it. Many who escaped death returned impoverished from their expedition and harvested only regrets and bitterness from their most brilliant hopes. But he who came to this region filled with eagerness for the boundless beauties of the greatness and exaltation of divine nature returned happy. After a calm voyage on the steamer *General Warren*, I was again on the crowded shores of San Francisco in the realm of the world transformer, that delighter of humanity—civilization whereglorious emotion Disappears in earthly confusion.

Six months later the revenge of the natives broke out, but the mountain people met it with a veritable guerilla warfare. The authorities of Shasta City offered five dollars for every Indian head brought to them. Human monsters of Americans made a regular business of getting these. A friend of mine who was in Shasta City at that time assured me that in one week he saw several mules laden with eight to twelve Indian heads turn into the precinct headquarters..

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VIII

On to New Helvetia

A STEAMER at last carried me up the Sacramento to the plateau whence the first cry of “gold” rang out and shook the world. It was a spring journey. This is not only the most charming time of year among nature's phenomena but it brings forth many travelers on the Sacramento who afford much entertainment to the observer.

In spite of the great steamboat competition many passengers had boarded at the Long Wharf of San Francisco the famous steamer upon which I made the journey. Most of these were miners who in spring can not resist the wanderlust. They exchange the southern mines, because of insufficient water, with those of the north, usually interrupting their journey in San Francisco to take a look at the “Elephant.” What fates were to be read in the browned, bearded Indianized faces in which the eyes, shining with a fiery expression and drunk with happiness met those of the observer, or hopeless from frequent disappointments or illness, avoided him. The various nationalities were represented in the many languages spoken by this baroque crowd which could have told many strange experiences. I turned away from this colorful crowd and leaning on the taffrail thought of other things.

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The *Eliodori* was the first decent vessel to go up the sacred stream in March 1849. It was followed on May 1 of the same year by the bark *Whiton* which carried the first freight coming direct from the Atlantic states. Two months later there were twenty other ships at the landing place of the rapidly developing city of Sacramento. From then on regular schedules were maintained with the coast city. The mail was sent once a week although not without some pardonable uncertainty.

At this time the *Washington*, built with a slender propellor in Benicia, was launched. Like a homeless creature it wandered about the stream, staying the night at its banks, but finally after one and a half days it arrived on August 11 at the Levee of Sacramento City. The *Sacramento*, the next to follow it, was to run daily to the little town of New York at the mouth of the river where its freight was transferred to a sailing ship which carried it across the bay to San Francisco. In September the *Miat* and some other steamers of the same power made several trips. October 20 was the great day of joy on which the inhabitants of Sacramento City welcomed the glorious and

powerful *Mc Kim* and in it saw the flower of their steamboat navigation. But the next month the steamer *Senator* surpassed it. From then on the number of Sacramento steamers increased to legion to the complete satisfaction of the American *Goaheadiness*.

In 1852 there were forty-two steamers on the Sacramento. The largest of these were the *Senator*, *New World*, *Confidence*, and *Wilson G. Hunt* and daily these, with four or five others, brought from fifty to three hundred tons of freight, or two-thirds of the entire California imports, to Sacramento. It was this colossal commerce that forever disturbed the sacred tranquillity of the Sacramento and formed a new world on its banks. The green valley which barely a decade before had been inhabited only by Walla-Walla Indians, whose forests and meadows had been filled 215 to overflowing with game, now vaunted its civilization. The hunter now had difficulty finding the game which had formerly slaked its thirst at the quiet water. It is considered phenomenal if a pelican flock, startled by the thundering noise made by a steamer, becomes visible for a moment and then flies on its way to the south. The native Mexican looks sadly at the vanishing birds and making the sign of the cross recalls quieter days when he did not have to work. Friendly, modern farm houses now decorate the bared shores of the Sacramento having crowded out the fishing and hunting huts and the wigwams.

A closer examination of these buildings, discloses their strange histories. Usually the owner is a man who, pursued by misfortune, finally arrived in the Sacramento Valley. He found that it was a pleasant place to live so he built himself a hut and took to salmon fishing and agriculture. His fields produced 25. [omission] corn and his harvest became more bountiful every year. The discovery of gold in the country, also, seemed to predict a happy future for him as it was now easy to obtain a good price for his surplus fruits. The log hut became a decent farm building, the lonely planter became a solid citizen. Then he made ventures in other business and was innocent enough to believe in the golden mountains which the Yankees told him about. He speculated and suddenly he was a poor man and his possessions passed into other hands.

This happened to the settlers, Schwarz, Codua and many others who had the loveliest farms on the Sacramento. Schwarz, an old Hollander who, because of his originality, is probably known to many a Sacramento visitor, was at first drill instructor of Sutter's Indians at Sutter's Fort. Although

these soldiers in their red trousers and sailor shirts had scarcely usable weapons he trained them in a short time so that they were the terror of all hostile Indians. Schwarz, who had been a sergeant under Father 216 Blücher and was still vigorous and keen in his old age, taught them to be fearless and courageous and shared all hardships with them. Peace was to be found where he appeared with his wild *soldateska*. This old Californian cherished his most sacred memories from those early days, for later years brought him only bitter experiences and ruin. Often when he was speaking to me and telling me his experiences, for which he used a language mixture of all civilized and Indian languages, he would suddenly return to his Indian training days and wish himself back in those times. He would choke down his sadness with his beloved *Geneva*, [wine] frequently getting himself into a condition in which he resembled the funny drill master. He had the peculiar urge to go about barefooted, in shirt sleeves and bareheaded.

His farm is six miles below Sacramento City. The passerby who knows its story cannot admire the lovely farm buildings without feeling sorry for the old Hollander who is permitted a bare existence next to them in the old log cabin which was his first shelter on the Sacramento.

Soon after my arrival in Sacramento City I felt the powerful lure of the mountains whose dazzling peaks in their white dress, like gentlemen-at-arms, stand watch over the ever pure virgin, New Helvetia. Here one can live freely in beautiful nature with one's own memories. The quite good road led me along the American River, across the dry plain, through the warm oak forest, where the nightingale's sweet song occasionally surprised me and where the California tufted quail returns from the plain to refresh itself in the shade.* On past the pleasant taverns, the mile houses, the road gradually rises until it reaches the first mining valleys of the American River. Marmon Island or Natoma, as it was called after a vanished Indian tribe, was the place where I first stayed.

Reading the reports of the enormous sacrifice of quail by the Mexican natives, it can hardly be understood that these delicate prairie dwellers of California and Mexico are still found in such numbers that they can be called the rats of the prairies.

The pretty little town lies on a somewhat elevated 217 promontory of the South Fork not far from where it empties into the American River. The bar at its foot has already furnished astonishing sums of gold and new miners are still going there. It seems as if Midas had washed his hands here. All

possible technical attempts have been made to exploit the valley. The hills were shoveled down to the valley and the river was raised from its bed to the hills. Art had a hard struggle here with nature and was for the most part victorious. The farmer is beginning to obtain fruits from his ground, stripped of its gold, and the merchant is exchanging his gold scales with a merchandise scales. There are, however, still many square miles of land which retain their original character, where the ancient and ever-new clothing of nature shows only the most trivial of changes.

California mining flora shines here in all its glory. At the beginning of April it unfolds all its dress and beauty, flowers everywhere, on hill and plain, along the forest, the streams and the path, everywhere are flowers in all colors, shapes and lovely fragrance; everywhere this colorful decoration of the earth meets the eye. Heather forms the wonderful flower carpet, which varies from purest white through all the shades of yellow into orange, from flesh colored to reddish purple, from greenish blue to indigo, in a diversity of coloring that can really be called exquisitely beautiful. *Andromedes*, *Arolees* and rhododendrons vie with the delicate cranberries, whortleberries and *Einbeeren*. The common cowslip also shows itself in this fat soil, and her rosy sister, the *Primula farinosa*, is found in great numbers on the valley floor. The buttercup, the *Trollblume*, the blue gentian, the little enchanter's nightshade, the bitter sweet, the nightshade, the *Vögelnöterich* are found and on the slopes the wild, many-leafed rose and white hawthorn blossom and many other plants which occur in both hemispheres. Beauty never dwells alone and ugliness is never far from her. The poisonous *hydra* lives among 218 this flourishing mining vegetation which by its mere touch or even by its vapor can cause the most violent skin disease. It grows abundantly and cannot be wiped out, reminding us of the Lernaean hydra or the affliction which grows the more you try to drive it away and is like a noli me tanger above the earth filled with gold.*

The wool of the California mountain sheep is frequently found hanging to these hydra bushes; it is probably caught while they pasture in them. It seems therefore that these animals do much to spread these plants by tearing off their seeds with their fur. These are washed off when they swim the streams and are thus deposited and planted around the country.

The new arrival in the mining valley reaches out joyfully with both hands, childishly unable to decide where he can pick the most beautiful mining bouquet. The European feels as at home as if he suddenly saw again the flowers with which he played as a child. You decorate yourself with

Guaresimas, orange blossoms, myrtle twigs, violets, lilies of the valley, and forget-me-nots, those flowers of irresistible charm, are everywhere. The mining paths wind in all directions across these glorious slopes. Who would not call themselves fortunate to have once tread them? When sunbeams rise Rosebuds in flames disguise. Oh, to have such happiness! The promise and largess Which rule in floral realm Eye and mind and heart overwhelm.

From Natoma I proceeded down the lower part of the North Fork. This river is one of the richest in gold in all California. I found the busiest mining life here. At dawn, wrapped in my *Sarabe*, I learned on a solitary piece of quartz in front of my tent and looked over the rocky valley, gathering some very interesting impressions. The morning sun lights the heavens above this mining region for some time before it strikes the depths of the inhabited valley. There is a long twilight in the rocky depths and the day here has a double awakening.

At five o'clock in the morning daylight comes shyly over the heights of the Sierra Nevadas. Only the highest peaks are lighted 219 by the sun during its long struggle to disperse the shadows. The sun rises higher on the horizon during this play of shadows in the distance and suddenly all the tents nearby are enveloped in dazzling light. The miners wake, step from their tents and in a few minutes their smoke columns announcing the preparation of breakfast rise everywhere in the valley. Now shadow and light mingle in the deep gorge and the old grey lime and basalt rock, "the black Moor," takes off his nightclothes. Soon the last shadows from the opposite cliff into the dark waves of the river and its surface brightens and glimmers in the morning sun, the blue-grey of the stony river banks lightens to a natural grey and stands out against the green meadows.

As far as the eye can see all has suddenly come to life. The overseer's reverberating gong or trumpet starts off to their day's work groups of various nationalities, among which the Chinese are the most striking. Crowbars resound on the hard stone, gold scales rattle in the gravel and the blustering quartz mill can be heard above all while the whistle of the steam-engine screams through the animated valley.

Every mining region has its own peculiar population and activity which is determined by the kind and arrangement of the mines. This difference is shown between places located on the upper and lower parts of the rivers. The southern fork of the American river now resembles the valley of a productive region of Old England, but only a few miles from here, turning away into the mountains one recognizes at first glance the uncertain life of adventure. A systematic, technical procedure will spread only gradually to this region. Where Weber Creek flows into the South Fork there are several regular gold fields which look as if they had been watered and plowed. The water of the brook has been turned into many small ditches across the floor of the valley and several hundred miners work on it with the Long-Tom. The 220 town of Salmon Fall here will have a wonderful future. Two bridges, very well built and in good taste, already span the river, and a good road leads to the abandoned mining town, Pilot Hill, in the northern part of the Eldorado region.

Pilot Hill presents one of the most characteristic pictures of feverish mining life. In the summer of 1850 several sailors first discovered gold there, in the dark ravines, and at the bends of the main valley. Platinum was found in pieces as large as an ounce but ignorant miners, thinking it to be another metal of no value, threw it away. Thus one of these men once presented me with a pretty specimen of it. Soon a town of about thirty houses was built and it was thought that by the end of the year it would double in size. Three months later the region was again wilderness. Not a soul was to be found in the little town built on earth which contains gold. Its single street had been transformed into a bubbling brook and every house was undermined and almost caving in. It looked as if the Angel of Death had taken up his abode there. Riding through this place in the twilight with a friend I involuntarily pressed my spurs into my horse's loins and was unable to rid myself of its depressing influence until we arrived at cheerful Salmon Fall.

The great mines of South Fork are twenty miles from Salmon Fall between the towns of Culoma and Union. An American Company has built a tunnel there, a mile long, and has laid dry a great elbow-shaped part of the river. Another Company is busy with a similar promising enterprise. From Culoma they are turning the South Fork into the Cosumnes so that the southern mines can thus be exploited with water from the northern mines. Thus a mining region, fifteen miles wide, which

could not be worked because of insufficient water, has been transformed into a new site of fortune for the gold-seekers. Such a project of California mining art has already been completed between the Yuba and 221 Bear rivers in Grass Valley, where Rough and Ready, a center for distribution of provisions, and all its rich surrounding mining region was thereby saved from depopulation. That region which suffered from a general drought can now be compared with the most enchanting park in which the silver gleam of countless brooks quickens the golden glances of the working miners.

Nothing is more glorious than the sight of Culoma Valley, fifty miles from the Sacramento. Here, Sutter's Mill, the famous place where the world god first was recognized in his earthly covering, stands lonely and deserted. Two crooked fir trees tower above it, as though still awaiting the discovery of gold in a legendary world, while around it is being fulfilled the prophesy that Captain Sutter made to one of his friends in the first excitement of his happiness: "Culoma Valley must be filled with one city in which my mill will be the center." At the same time the German mill maker, Marshall, the discoverer of gold, curses the place where he proclaimed the happy Omen to the world, which has so far repaid him only with ingratitude.

Culoma is the capital of the Eldorado region. The name comes from the Indian and means "Lovely Valley." An imposing mountain chain, its peaks encircled by the charming sky, inclose it like an amphitheater, protecting it from the penetrating cold of winter and making it the constant abode of spring. Compared with the impression made on us here by nature the history of the region is trivial and without it Culoma Valley would also earn its inextinguishable renown.

The usual mining life is shown between Culoma and Mountain Lake but the region changes and becomes wild as soon as the first mountain chain north of the South Fork is passed and the high valleys are reached. Dark pine forests cover the mountain slopes and emphasize the fresh green of the richly watered valleys. Here and there one comes upon solitary farm buildings 222 and in the midst of the forest there is a shingled town which, like a white hawthorn blossom, seems to have bloomed in a stormy night. Georgetown is a forest refuge where the men of the mountains labor like gnomes and dwarfs at the gold hearths. Five miles from it lies Greenwood Valley, a settlement founded on a flowering meadow by the old hunter, Greenwood. The eagle soars at Georgetown

while the butterfly and fickle humming bird flit at Greenwood, but at both places we encounter the same locomotive mining people, constantly on the chase after Fortuna. For them distance means not time but speed, and time means money. The procession of California masqueraders, of “*Hebebold*” and “*Eilebeute*”^{*} moves from Freek to Ravine, from Canian to Gulch, from Bar to Flat. They stop occasionally on terrain which is crazily dug up and deeply furrowed, stay for a while in tunneled and cajoted mountains and among ruined walls in the depths of the valleys, then move until they reach the central mountains of the Sierra Nevadas where the town of the same name marks the last outpost of civilization and where nature has laid an insurmountable barrier. There is a volcanic region, seventy-five miles long, not far from there northeast of Mountain Lake and bordering on the region of Pyramid, Middle, Humboldt, Carson and Walker lagoons. It is of extremely barren character and is supposed to somewhat resemble the vicinity of Great Salt Lake one degree farther north. The entire region, which has never yet been described by any traveler, is covered with ashes, Lapilli, lava, and volcanic bombs, and is only dotted in a few places with fir trees. A number of crater domes are visible at different heights and oddly enough, their bases are frequently encircled by flourishing pines, probably because the abundance of easily assimilated gases rising here serve to nourish them. Instead of the customary wide open craters these volcanic openings are narrow, their basins, which are constantly filled with boiling 223 lava being occasionally not more than two feet in diameter. In two places this is especially evident, each of them containing about one hundred such little seething witches' kettles. The surrounding ground is loose or melted soft and gives way under the feet. Usually at night these craters vomit burning, vari-colored lava with a loud steaming, hissing sound. In several places where volcanic activity seems to have been extinguished the crater bases are as high as 500 feet. One of these, occupying a region of fifty acres, presents beautiful volcanic scenery, marked by rainbow colors in the lava masses which reminds us in another way that the world cannot expect another world flood. This volcano has formed next to it a mountain of black sand, 700 to 800 feet high, in which the naked eye can recognize grains of magnetic iron ore, augite, glassy feldspar and trachyte. It is hoped that, as in the sand of the Goldbluffs, much gold will be found here. This mountain is the greatest wonder of the country as its creation will for a long time take its place among the volcanic fables.

These expressions should not be translated. They are unchangeable in mining language for which one must have a grammar just as one is required for that spoken in the parlors and gambling halls of a large city.

From here the gold region extends to the north across the Middle and North Fork of the American River to the Yuba and [Feather] Rivers. The wanderer must laboriously climb up high, wildly romantic, many-branched valleys which, however, afford him much enjoyment. Makes every wanderer happy; his hour never palls. From where the spring forever babbling falls Climb then on mountain high and rocky To crawl along the labyrinth of the valley

I had gone to the farthest limits of the California gold region and returned content to Sacramento City. This inland city with its direct communication with the mining region had more charm for me than the coast city where conditions were more like those of eastern America than those of the gold mountains. Sacramento City is the place where everything has a native character, and 224 where the pleasures of city life are combined with those of country and mining life. Only the first-named pleasures are to be found in San Francisco as this city belongs more to the great world than does Sacramento. The shibboleth of large cities “C'est partout comme chez nous” is also suited to San Francisco which as the main city of the new country might be compared to the head of a child who has rickets, where all the harmful body fluids flow. Not only can this comparison be drawn but a point of contrast also exists: the more laws people make to obtain happiness, uniting a large body with great strength in one place, the more they ruin themselves by infecting each other, thus increasing their evil ways and faults. Too great a number of people detracts from the general welfare. The Essene knew this and therefore avoided the community life of large cities. Moreover, the mob is too lazy to make any decisions for itself and too insolent to obey the decisions of others. Dreamers and swindlers of all kinds flourish in the mob where light and shadow, virtue and sin, enlightenment and ignorance are so intermingled that they create the strangest scenes. In San Francisco, too, the greed for gold goes hand in hand with extravagance, throttling the hearts and dulling the feelings of society while the soul of man loses its ability to feel enjoyment of pleasant and beautiful things as well as its ability to create them. All the most charming objects can waken no response in him. Entertainment and various diversions rob him of his noblest time, weakening his prudence, and even if alertness be spurred and the imagination be nourished in the maelstrom

of life, memory relaxes and exploring, abstract reasoning power becomes dulled. Then surfeit is unavoidable and therefore a stay in a small country town is often to be preferred to the city.

Sacramento City lies under 38° 35' N. lat. and 121° 21' W. long., about sixty miles above the mouth of the Sacramento on 225 the mouth of the American River and 125 miles from San Francisco. To learn the city's history it is necessary to return to the first settler of New Helvetia, the much misunderstood Captain Sutter, as he is most intimately bound up with it.

In the fall of 1838 Captain Sutter, pursued by constant ill luck, arrived in Oregon from where he soon sailed in the bark *Clementine* for the Sandwich Islands. In July, 1839, he returned to San Francisco whence he went to Monterey, where he received permission from the government to settle in the *Territorium*. He then rented a pinnace and a launch from the schooner *Isabella* and with them for eight days explored the Bay of San Francisco. He found the mouth of the Sacramento River, followed its course to the Feather River and returned to the American River where he landed in the month of August at the place which is now called "Old Tan Yard," from the tan yard which he erected there. He chose here for his settlement a stretch of land, sixty miles long and twelve miles wide, and marked the next point on the Sacramento plain, the highest, where Sutter's Fort has since been built. One year later he was appointed military commander of the north. In 1841 the "Exploring Expedition" came to Sacramento, laying much claim to Sutter's services and expressing their entire satisfaction with him for the services rendered. About six years later he proceeded to his hog farm on the Feather River where he now lives with his family. No matter what fate has in store for him he will always enjoy the respect and love of his contemporaries.

In January, 1849, he directed his efforts to the laying out of the city, four miles from Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento, the grandeur of whose plan bears ample witness to the illusions of his first golden days. Suttersville was to be a city whose circumference and arrangement Captain Sutter could only have dreamed about, basing his estimate on the walls of Paris. A canal was 226 started which was to bring the waters of the American River through the center of the city. When the first twenty houses were built along it, marking the front and skeleton of the giant city—the work was finished. Sutter had a competitor and rival who founded Sacramento City with more success

because the sacrifices by the former together with the intrigues of his Yankee assistants ruined him. A competition and quarrel arose between the founders of these two cities which awakens memories so sad that we will not discuss them here. It was a rivalry between father and son.

The front part of Sacramento City had just been built and the founder was assured of his victory when the so-called "Squatter struggle" began. Sutter's right of ownership was scorned and a mob of new settlers refused to pay for the ground on which their habitations were built. This nuisance continued until citizens with more insight united in a governing body, proscribed the squatters and when it was necessary drove them away with powder and shot.

From this time the inland city began to expand with magical rapidity. On March 18, 1850, the incorporation of the city was sanctioned by the legislature and the first election under the new charter took place in April. In October, 1849, there were 2000 inhabitants in the city, and in December the population had increased to 3500 citizens. The census of 1850 placed the population at 10,000 and two years later at 25,000 with a taxable wealth of \$5,835,000 and the sum of expenditures at \$100,000. The wealth of Sacramento City is more equally distributed among the populace than in any other city of the Union, and the yearly taxes, which are small in comparison to the earnings, run about \$180 to \$1500 for each individual.

It is said that on the site of a new settlement the Americans first set up a printing press, the English a church, and the 227 Germans a beer hall. This took place in Sacramento City where all three nations were represented. The press was one of the main needs as the crowd of settlers increased. It was used here with much eagerness to supply the needs of the people as it was necessary to fix the political, legal and police measures of the youngstate, whereby every nationality wished to make known its demands. It would have been impossible to fulfill all these, although of course they could not be entirely overlooked or refused, but it was most important that the American measures predominate, as does the American immigration. These measures were such that all other nationalities became easily adapted to them and soon preferred them to their own. In all modern states the two great political parties are constantly striving for precedence. This is also true in the State of California, which was taken into the Union in 1851 at which time Sacramento City

was chosen as the provisional seat of government and capital.* Captain Sutter and his followers started the first political movements which naturally harmonized more or less with the politics of his fatherland. But this seed was stifled in the germ by the adventures and the law of might ruled. When the American civil and criminal laws were put into effect political parties retaining some of the law of might again formed among the various nationalities of the population. Freedom and order did not rule until after the driving away of the squatters, which started in Sacramento City, and we can except the fact that at this time the two parties, which at present rule the state, were formed with more or less opposing principles. With the election of Governor Bigler in 1851 the Democratic party decisively obtained the upper hand but there are still many Whigs who will persist here as long as there is gold. The English Whigs take their name from the initials of the sentence “We hope in God,” the popular humor of the Californians claims that their name is derived from the initial letters of “We 228 hope in gold.” Most of the California settlers seem, however, to have from the beginning taken their political color only from that of the gold.

The real seat of government is Vallejo, the city on the lower Sacramento, founded by the old general of the same name.

The church congregations in Sacramento increased rapidly in number, and immediately participated in arranging for the education of the people. This was true in all the new cities of California as the guaranteed religious freedom of the country, whose underlying principle is tolerance, had a system which could hardly be improved in which every one “can be saved according to his own belief.” Schools were erected from the church funds of the various congregations and thus many emigrant families chose to remain in this city. Sacramento already had a respectable school system when the article about the new arrangements for “Popular Education” was published. This stated that an inspector, elected for three years by the people, should superintend the schools, and that the legislature is required to use every suitable means to advance the mental, scientific and moral education of the citizens as well as see that agricultural improvements are adopted. The proceeds of the whole country which the Union allows the State of California for her schools, the 500,000 acres which are given every state by the law of 1841, all inheritances of people who died without heirs, etc., shall form a permanent fund the interest of which together with the rental of all unsold lands, as well as all other means adopted by the legislature shall be inviolably used to support the

schools of the state. In every school district the schools should be open at least three months of the year and be maintained at the expense of the state. The legislature should also adopt measures for the founding of a university.

To observe how the first Germans in Sacramento City diligently proceeded to make arrangements for their particular social entertainments it is only necessary to point out the number of German inns, both in the city and its environs, and to mention 229 the many notices in the daily papers of entertainments which will take place on Sunday, the day of recreation and pleasure for all the Germans in America as well as at home. There are, however, no large garden inns in Sacramento like those owned by the San Francisco Germans, as the monotonous flat vicinity of the city is less adapted to them. Sacramento City can not be said to have a favorable location if one considers the river floods to which this city, like New Orleans, is exposed from time to time.

The dam, or Levee, extending along the Sacramento to protect the city was built in 1850 at a cost of \$200,000 shortly after the great flood which almost destroyed the city forever. The settlers would have moved to Suttersville, which is higher, had not several land speculators made tremendous sacrifices and quickly wiped out the signs of the misfortune. The dam is constantly being extended and repaired by state prisoners. This is a nice institution, as the state is thereby protecting itself from criminals and with them protecting its capital city from destruction.

The activity on the Levee of Sacramento City compares with that on the Long Wharf of San Francisco. The largest commercial buildings of the city, which extends for miles between it and Sutter's Fort, front on it. Opposite it on the northern banks of the Sacramento the California town of Washington seems to be about to bloom as a rival. The place where the steamer connects Sacramento City with Washington marks the former *Embargadero*. From there a path leads through the wooded and marshy river banks to Sutter's Fort, on which the Indian crawled along gasping under the burden of feed gathered in the service of the unrestricted lords of the country, and where today he sees with astonishment the many "fire-boats" whose landing place he first marked with his balsa. People and all kinds of goods are scattered over the open space. The California sale of goods is shown here in all its great feverish course from Auction to "Cash and Retail Store."

230 Bell ringing vies with gong beating in calling people to the sales. The salesmen vie with the auctioneer, who is frequently one of these American universal geniuses who has worked through the whole list of professions, from preacher to office boy. In better times he hops back again from mountebank, via the shops, into the pulpit. There is such a variety of selected goods in the market and competition is so great that the selling price is frequently forced down lower than the purchase price. The result of this is that the merchants coming from the mines buy cheaply, completely emptying the market, and on the following day the city dwellers must pay exorbitant prices. The location of Sacramento City also favors this as it is the center of the gold region and may be called its commercial barometer. The American business principle of a quick turnover seems to be nowhere more in evidence than here.

When activity increases in the mines good days are in store for the inhabitants of Sacramento who seek profit. A dry winter increases activity and profit from the north while a wet one does the same from the south, because in the first case the earth which contains gold can be raised from the river bottoms, while in the last, it can be taken from the mountains and washed. During contrary weather conditions the work in the mines is disturbed in winter and commerce is interrupted. This, however, is only seemingly the case for the miner remains with his started work and consumes his earned treasures. The California summer is without rain and thus especially favorable to the exploitation of the northern mines so that in this time of year Sacramento has very good days, rich in commerce. The following notation shows what tremendous volume this commerce has: In the summer of 1851 seven hundred and seventy-two wagons, heavily laden, left Sacramento in one week bound for Grass Valley and Nevada. At the same time three mail wagons, so filled with passengers 231 that no place could be had in them twelve hours before their departure, daily took the same road. Each day they carried about eighty persons. Besides these there were many who traveled in ordinary wagons and at the same time over one hundred pedestrians, who could find no conveyance and took to the road.

Arrangements have already been made to lay a railroad between Sacramento and Nevada with branches to Marysville and Grass Valley. This will lighten the traffic which is increasing every year. Such a railroad would also increase and aid the obtaining of gold from quartz rocks as the

crushed stone could be sent as return freight to Sacramento and San Francisco and from there be sent as ballast on ships to the eastern United States or to Europe where, considering the profits, it could be made cheaply into gold, which is impossible today in California with the high cost of labor. When this railroad is completed its extension to the Mississippi, on which Sacramento would be the main station, will soon follow. It therefore behooves the inhabitants of this city to get to work on this project because the people of California, now more than ever, are busy with the grandiose idea of linking up the two great oceans. In one of these railroad gatherings an American calculated in the following remarkable California way: "The railroad needs to be only 1800 miles long to connect both oceans. As Indiana and Illinois already have 3100 miles completed, California or the United States should certainly be able to complete 1800. California need not do it, but should we not, if it be necessary? According to the most reasonable estimate a single pair of tracks costs the railroad \$40,000,000, double tracks \$75,000,000. What interest has California in the building of the road? It costs almost half the production of the country to transport goods and people from Atlantic harbors via the Isthmus or Cape Horn to San Francisco. If in the years 1851 and 1852, 110,000 persons came to California across Panama, around Cape 232 Horn, or overland and each passage averaged \$200 in cost, \$22,000,000 were expended in these two years for traveling. A great many of these passengers came overland which took fifty days; figuring \$3.00 a day for wages our state had an actual loss of \$17,000,000. On whom does this burden fall if not on the people of California? It is actually a direct tax. The transportation on the railroad of every 110,000 persons costs \$80 a person and takes seven days. Total costs are \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000 with savings of about \$30,000,000. Listen now! The railroad costs \$75,000,000. California saves yearly \$30,000,000, thus two years' savings cover the entire cost."

Although all efforts and attention in Sacramento City are directed towards earning and profit, after working hours the people devote themselves in every possible way to pleasure and recreation. The inhabitants of the city seem more inclined to pleasures which take them out of doors than to home entertainment. Horse racing, and bull and bear fights seem the most popular amusements.

Bull fighting is a Spanish entertainment; a Spanish celebration with which man stimulates animal lust and animal rage to its highest degree until a bloody victim falls to the battle ground amidst the

barbarous jubilation of the crowd. Among these people, however, are some in whom sympathetic, feeling common to all humans, is intensified to complete exhaustion at sight of the suffering and horror. The Spanish-American occupation of the gold country is not solely responsible for the waking of this passionate desire for bull fighting, but an attempt is made to satisfy this in fights which not only have their original Spanish character but also combine an American feature. The rage of the bull is not stimulated here by deception, spear or fireworks, but by a bear who, *nolens volens*, has been honored to the position of Matador and chained to the front foot of the bull.

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The first of these bull fights took place in the summer of 1851 in Sacramento City. At this time I was an eyewitness of one, the preparations of which foretold something extraordinary. A long grandstand was built at the mile-long race track in Brighton, six miles from the city. The entrance price was \$2.50 and enormous placards on every street corner announced for weeks ahead the glorious fight between the American gray bear "General Scott" and the Mexican bull 'Sant' Anna."

On the night before the celebration the managers went out to rivet an iron chain on to the right rear paw of the bear who was locked in a huge wagon cage made of oak and iron bars. First, several lassos were thrown through the iron bars and bound around his limbs and neck. With these he was pulled to the bottom of the cage by horse power and held fast there. This was accomplished in a short time. But the grizzly's jaws opened raging and resembling a fiery abyss into which the clever tamers sunk pieces of boards and wood from time to time, an excellent measure, for while the grizzly sharpened his teeth on the wood and vented his wrath on it he had no time to remember the strange things occurring to his feet, where an iron band with ring and chain was being fastened to his ankle joint. "Give him lumber!" cried those engaged in this when the tortured creature rebelled or interfered with the work, and a new supply of boards reached his jaws with the desired results. The gray bear revenged himself on them with the same rage as the American general, General Scott, is supposed to have been revenged on his Mexican enemies. General Scott tore them all into splinters, the boards I mean, and could hardly be subdued.

By the time the work was finished the bear's jaws were sore, filled with wood splinters and bloody foam. After this terrifying, torturous ordeal he received an ox, weighing fifteen pounds, for his supper. Scott devoured it in a moment and would have gladly 234 let them rivet on another chain for a second ration but he received no more as his hunger for meat was to be satisfied by his opponent, Sant' Anna. To the strains of pompous Yankee music and accompanied by a crowd of spectators Scott finally proceeded to the battle field.

It was a burning hot afternoon and the arena was shaded only by some oak trees under which the mounted spectators had gathered while most of the crowd was in the grandstand or pushing against the balustrade of the battle field. The wild bull was a large stately brown animal, young and fat, broad-browed and with sharp horns. Several bold Americans rode close by the bull and as if he were really the hated Mexican enemy, Sant' Anna himself, they struck him with their hide lassos with such force that we could hear the slap. Sant' Anna, however, had soon pushed a rider from his saddle and then with his horns ripped open the belly of a beautiful horse.

Several trumpets blew a signal and quiet and order reigned in the arena. The bull was lassoed and laid on his back in front of the trap-door of the bear cage, the chains of the two opposing, hostile elements were soon connected and the trap-door raised. The bull, freed of his lassos, lay quietly for about a second, until the bear, bellowing terribly, fell on his enemy with all his fourteen cwt. Sant' Anna did not waste much time in surprise but, snorting and horning, suddenly swung himself up from under his living burden. A thick cloud of dust and the peculiar voices of the animals, which sounded like thunder breaking through a cloud, gave evidence of the great struggle. Above this noise could be heard the "Carajo el Torre!" of several Mexicans who looked from the top of a tree into the midst of the cloud of dust and who feared the superiority of the American fighter. The bull stood paralyzed and the bear hung to his head like a living padlock. The bear squeezed the bull in his arms with all his strength, 235 sunk his claws deep behind his ears and buried the bull's nose in his bloodthirsty jaws while he braced his rear legs on the ground, clawing into it with them. It seemed as if he either wanted to blow out the breath of his opponent or suck his life out. That was a bear kiss! The bull emitted such a moan of pain at this that I gritted my teeth and joined him with a

sigh. He shook his head several times, waved his tail high above his hips and fell as he was unable to carry out his plan of throwing the bear on his back by turning a somersault over him. That was clever; by this manoeuver the bear failed to obtain the fresh bull tongue for which he probably had slyly aimed and with which he could have devoured his enemy's life. The crowd paid him the tribute of ringing applause.

Now, however, Sant' Anna became aggressive. At the full length of the chain, a distance of about twelve feet, he stood facing the bear, foaming with rage and waving his tail about in eagerness for battle. The bear sat down comfortably as if he wished to revel in the anger of his enemy or mockingly say to him "No fair trying to frighten me." The bull lowered his dangerous head and as if driven by steam threw himself on the bear's breast. The latter turned completely over twice and just when about to take his revenge he flew up again like a rubber ball and fell to the ground like a full sack of flour. That was a bad fall. But uninjured, the grizzly rose to his full height and swung his paw to strike the bull a rough blow. The bull deftly side-stepped and now thrust his horns into the bear's fur. No blood flowed but the bear, overcome by a panic of fear, took to flight. The chain broke and in the wink of an eye old Bruin was sitting up in the nearest oak tree. How amusing! You should have seen the speed with which those jackanapes spectators left their reserved seats. Some of them simply let themselves fall straight down while 236 others slid down from the outer branches. It looked as if old Bruin had jumped into a pond and driven out all the frogs.

Up to now the struggle had been entertaining and not at all revolting even for the greatest enemy of cruelty to animals but, alas, its finish was not less painful and disgusting than the animal torture of bull fights in Spain and South America in which, one after the other, a selected group of the most beautiful bulls must bleed to death before the eyes of the crowd. The bear was skillfully lassoed by a young *vaquero* and soon thereafter the fugitive fell from the tree, eighteen feet high, to the ground. It seemed as if only a cat had fallen because he immediately rushed after the *vaquero's* horse to destroy it. But before he had gone far a second lasso fell around his hind legs and several others were about his fat body, holding him in a net like a powerful spider. In a short time and with little trouble the bull and bear were again chained together.

Again several attacks were made by each whereby, however, the bull gained the advantage every time. Again he threw the grizzly high into the air, threatening to crush him against an oak trunk, but the bear remained uninjured. I never thought that a Mexican bull possessed so much strength; I knew that a well-developed bull can carry five cwt. and can pull about eighteen but no *vaquero* had ever told me that he could throw fourteen cwt. high in the air with his horns. Probably the living elasticity of the bear and the stormy onrush of the bull were essential aids to this. The bear soon showed signs of fatigue and became cowardly. The crowd, however, clamored for a decision and two mounted *vaqueros* forced him to fight by dragging him towards the bull on a lasso which they had thrown over him from behind and then held between their horses. The bull welcomed him with a hard head butt so that the feared General Scott soon lost all his power of sight and sound.

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It was pathetic to see the poor animal, completely exhausted, forced by men to fight while dying just to decide their bets. The sight became unbearable. I withdrew and mounting my horse disappeared towards the city in the growing darkness of nightfall.

Several such bull fights were staged in Sacramento City. Rarely, however, was the bear the victor. The bull was soon thought to be a too powerful opponent for the king of the California forests and he was supplanted by a—donkey. A California longear, or several of these, were brought into the arena with the bear, and it was horrible to see the bear quench his bloodthirstiness on these weak creatures. Of course some rough kicks were directed at the bear's head but sometimes the angry bear bit the donkey's leg off or bit his head off. Frequently the enraged bear was then put in a well-closed arena in which were loosed many of the gray rats^{*} which infest California cities, who crawling under his fur, enraged him the more. The affair passed through all stages, from the heroic to the lowest and the Yankees mocked the dignity of the bear as they do that of a king.

Sacramento City gives a most excellent example of the quick increase of these rats when circumstances favorable to their multiplication are not lacking as: wooden houses, piled up badly preserved victuals and dirty courtyards and streets. In 1847 no inhabitants of Sacramento had seen a single rat in the city. A year later the first were brought by ship and seen in Sutter's Fort. In the summer of 1851, after Sacramento City was built, I tried to calculate the approximate number of rats in the city. Every night at the same hour I strode through the three main streets, each about one-third of a mile long, and the ten other streets, and counted the rats fleeing

before my footsteps. There were about 400 in each of the first three and 180 in each of the last ten. Assuming, which is not an exaggeration, that six times as many rats were in the thirty houses, or blocks of houses, inclosed by these streets, and that there were seventy per cent young in the nests we obtain the sum of 30,600 rats, that is, a ratio of 1:1 to the inhabitants of Sacramento City. Calculating from another angle, these rats would have furnished two days' nourishment for the 3000 Chinese inhabitants of Sacramento as they really did more to destroy the creatures than did poison and cats. Cats do not seem to get along very well where there is a superfluity of food—a fact which is also often true in human society. The ratio of rats to citizens in other California cities is the same and this repulsive, bestial creature can be said to be the most faithful companion of a starting civilization.

When the American desire for novelty and interest could find no more satisfaction in bear fights they were completely discontinued. “Tiempe passate!” now sighs the Mexican when he remembers the first California bull fights. He must return to his own country if he wishes to satisfy his native desire for this entertainment. The American Californian “doesn't care for it and seeks his entertainment elsewhere.”

The individual who has the insight to recognize the fact that it is not easy nor advisable to choose friends or to live with ostensible friends in whom individual interests are so strongly stimulated that they live only for themselves will seek his entertainment in riding on the great plains where the distant scenery beckons to him in the changing play of twilight and the glorious climate^{*} furthers his welfare, or he will go hunting in the forests or 238 around the duck ponds. During my ten months' stay in Sacramento I passionately longed to find a faithful, sincere friend with whom I could share all my experiences and tell what I had learned, and with whom I could while away my leisure hours. I had experienced much, but no matter how pleasant it was, it was only half as enjoyable as it might have been if I had some one with whom I could share it. True pleasure comes only from seeing one's own feelings reflected in those of an intimate, listening friend. A friend worthy of full confidence is not to be found in the gold country, and probably nowhere else in this world either. In these metallic, electro-magnetic times true friendship seems to have become an impossibility. The Lotus tree throws its shadow over man and seduces him to degrade his friend as eagerly as he had previously tried to aid him. Binding him to a stake he throws at him the dirt of slanderous lies, the lowest of all demoralizing lies, even pointing suspicion at him if he has obtained by his own efforts what material people call happiness, or if, having suffered bitter experiences, he withdraws from the social revels. Modern friendship if not actually endowed with a Medusa

head, does have Argus eyes, a double tongue and infected breath and can be described as: Where'er friends be These lines their fate decree: Around them floats the genius Of pure subjectiveness. Their love is love of self Inspired by material pelf.

The climate of Sacramento City is really most excellent. Located in the center of a wide, sunshiny plain, covered with fragrant flowers and herbs, it has a yearly temperature of 10°-26° R. Exposed towards the east to the snowy breezes of the Sierra ne los Mimbres and to the west to the ocean trade winds which, having spent their rage in San Francisco and on the coast range, fan the Sacramentoans and keep the city constantly between tropical spring and northern fall.

It is good to have had experiences of this kind that one may speak a true word about this sort of thing. This land lacked from the beginning that easily decadent blossom of society, friendship, and could not even foster its growth so that man might use its nimbus as a passport for his passions to play their evil games forcing these to stand out alone in their revolting nakedness. 239 Frequently when such thoughts pained me and I thirsted in vain for a faithful soul I would rush out into the glorious valley with Schlemihl's friend, who always accompanied me in the California sunlight, and expressed all my complaints and discontent into the great outdoors. I always came back then with renewed hopes for a happy return to my native land. Thus inspired by the same thoughts with which I had been looking out over the Sacramento Valley I decided one day that soon I would leave both Sacramento City and the gold country.

When lovely spring smiles down upon this valley and everything, filled with renewed vigor, joyfully awaits the golden harvest of summer a prologue to the catastrophe which will soon befall the valley dwellers is being prepared in the Sierra Nevadas. The snow, piled high, falls from the steep alpen slopes into the deep valleys and mingles with the waters of the Sacramento. Avalanches thunder in mountain and valley filling the wild mountain dwellers with fear and terror. The river multiplies many times its size and force, it overflows its bed, transforming the lovely valley into a gloomy lake. Where are the charming farms on its fruitful banks, where the buildings of young Sacramento City? All are buried deep in water. Life boats and steamers, filled with fleeing citizens, pass over them using a box compass to find the way which shortly before they had followed between the meadow-covered banks. In the loveliest valley a gnome reigns supreme 'tis the valley of the sacrament, of the Sacramento stream. With the golden tinsel he holds in his hand He lures

many strange folk to his strand. With speed they build their cities here In sight of the gold they all
revere. Then the gnome in a single night Takes all the valley into his might He takes everything on
the river bank Putting all into the stream with one great yank.

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But now with all its power comes the Sacrament Soon stopping this terrible incident. Rushing
through the Golden Gate to the Pacific's foam Where in flows the river as if at home. New
happiness comes always after greatest need And this beautiful valley is thus freed.

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IX

On to Nicaragua and Home!

HAVING witnessed the birth and social forming of the gold country, no one, after bidding it a last
farewell, can escape from a melancholy mood when he is carried out to the Pacific from the vivid
bay of San Francisco. When we have watched a thing grow from its infancy, we always experience
this melancholy when we part from it.

This is what happened to me when the ocean steamer, the *North America* bore me away from the
new country. For the last time my eye lighted on the large number of "land-coupling" ships in the
foreground of San Francisco. However, the rapid disappearance of the bay with all its monuments
left little time for the glimmer of parting emotion. New pictures with which I should busy myself
flew towards me. Steamer travel is opposed to all leisureliness. Even one's thoughts are torn along
by the speed of the steamer.

Passing through the narrow opening of the bay of San Francisco one is most struck by its points,
the Farallones, rock masses rising high above the surface of the ocean. Fremont not inaptly named
this on his map the golden gate or Chrysopylä, a prophesy that this harbor was destined to be the
center of the commerce 242 of the Pacific Ocean just as in Ancient Bysantium the Chrysokeras of
the golden horn was the center of Asiatic commerce. The sea dashes its impetuous breakers against

the Farallones, seeming to abate its violence here before it rolls its flattened waves cloudlike into the bay. The mariner sails respectfully past this threatening ocean goblin. Attention is then drawn to the beach. With its constant change in shape and arrangements it offers new and pleasing sights. It also presents a means for the practical sailor to determine quite accurately the outer form of the coast territories and states in accordance with their geographic borders.

The coast of Upper California is characterized by the many large and small bays and harbors in which the coast traveler finds sure anchorage. In the background towers the mountain chain, wrapped in a light veil of fog which protects the gently rising terraces from the scorching heat. It is not so dry here and the vegetation is more striking. Occasionally the mountain is pierced by a broad valley through the middle of which a clear stream or river flows into the bay which has been formed by it. The banks of these rivers, which seem to be destined for cotton and sugar plantations, are frequently decorated with olive groves that shade a small town or settlement in the foreground.

As the coast range recedes, the mountain peaks are higher but the terraces slope off towards the water and finally flatten out entirely. There is also abundant vegetation here. On the slopes and valleys near the coast, however, it lives but a few months in its dark dress and all too soon, scorched by the sun's rays, it begins to fade. Then it puts on its light summer dress, giving the mountains the aspect of a snow covering. This is the wild oats and the *Muskit* grass that reflects the sunshine in a blinding white light, while across it the sea wind digs its waves and the cloud shadows hurry.

The friendly, mild phenomena disappear where Lower California begins. Everything takes on wilder, coarser forms. Steep cliffs rise sheer from the sea against which it dashes foaming. The ocean traveler finds Old [Lower] California gray and bare with its threatening tongue of land of sky-high lime rocks and ridges stretching thirstily out into the sea. Nature seems to have died in these rock walls. No bush, no blade of grass finds ground to take root here. The embankment resembles an enormous grave mound covering a dead power of nature. Only the eagle and the sea bird circle above the summits in which they have their homes. Another reason that the traveler's eye does not like this dead picture is because he would fare sadly if a rough wind or storm would reach him here.

The peninsula comes to an end, and the formation of the coast changes. Black mountains, bordering the plateau of Mexico, are replaced by a wave-like mountain chain running parallel to the coast, gradually losing itself in a narrow sandstrip which seems to characterize the coast. New bays and harbors appear in rapid succession.

Mazatlan and Acapulco are usually visited by the California mail steamers and the passengers enjoy a pleasant pause here. High cone-shaped mountains from which extend slopes decorated with tropical forests are visible in the southern coast countries of Mexico and Central America. At the foot of these, near the edge of the ocean, smiling Indian villages are visible. Soon however, these mountain peaks conceal glowing craters. The smoke, flame, and tornadoes of which remind those sailing past both day and night of their dangerous existence. The mysterious play of flames which “gleaming, glittering, bursting” spreads all the shades of light through the star-spangled tropical night presents a sight that exalts the soul from its nightly dreamlike mood. Sleeping fancy is charmed anew to swing itself up through the light heights. This phenomenon offers human knowledge and theory 244 such rich and nourishing food that one must compare one's own crowding theories with ancient hypotheses and theories.

Odd thoughts are actually awakened by observing this row of volcanoes for a continuous period of time or during widely separated intervals. From a faint glow they burst into roaring flames and then are extinguished. It is merely supposed that this regular, alternate action of volcanic eruptions is related to the gradual drawing together of the *Pyriphlegethon* in the earth's centrum. This forces one to try to understand with vague pictures of the imagination or even with geognostic myths of antiquity an effect of the powers of nature which perhaps can be more easily explained by observed facts and a series of analagous phenomena. It is delightful for the mind to surmise that hidden beneath the poetic decoration of primeval days it may find the cause of volcanic fire and thus in an entertaining way try to find that which has scientific worth. It is frightful and terrible, however, to believe that the earth has in its center an original fiery, constantly boiling liquid mass which, according to every natural law, could arbitrarily mingle in communication with the atmosphere and threaten destruction. That is why he who is not accustomed to study natural laws can make

just as stimulating and satisfying a comparison of the effect of a chain of volcanoes or a central volcano with that of an electro-magnetic chain and then designate it as a galvanic volcano battery whose elements develop that wonderful activity, in turn or in pairs, which has such deceptive similarity with the experiments of electricity and of galvanism. There are also sufficient facts to justify such a comparison, to enlarge and verify these views. Instead of merely admiring one of the most grandiose volcanic scenes, the volcanoes of Guatemala, it may be permitted to arrange them in order in an attempt to divert the abundance and variety of the phenomena to a comparatively small number of conditions and to combine these according to 245 the simple, constantly recurring laws or according to the saying current in nature research work, which has become a maxim: "The simpler, the more natural; and the more natural, the more probable."

Electricity, which seems to contain the ultimatum of nature teaching here again is the authority for our thinking. It has so often sufficed to lead back to Nature's great laws most of those natural phenomena which filled man with astonishment, fear, terror and superstition on which ignorant nations based their religions, and to lend the most varied inner charms to the widely blooming poetic clothing of Nature. Although electric power points to the same identity as gravity it is its greatest counter-lever. It is that which makes so admirable the whole system of the universe, the motion of the planets, of all the stars, clouds and winds, even the organic life: "That which is awakened by the contact of damp and dissimilar parts, a force in all animals and plants, that which thunderingly inflames the wide expanse of the heavens, that which connects iron to iron and guides the quiet recurring course of the guiding needle. Everything like the color of the divided ray of light, flows from one source, everything melts together in this universally disseminated power."

The contact between damp and dissimilar parts is also the first point for observation of the volcanic action of a region if one wishes to present it as the result of great electro-magnetic powers working closely together. The main requirements for it are the presence of permanent or periodic amassing of waters and porous stone masses or loose earth-layers at the deep laid foot or hearth of the volcano. The first seems really to be the case for it is a remarkable fact that the still active volcanoes are without exception only near the ocean or salt lakes. Both sulphur and asphalt are frequently found in the latter, and meteor waters mingle with the salt. The extinct volcanoes are far

from such regions or are 246 isolated. "Aetna and the Aeolian Isles have been burning for many centuries and how would this have been possible for such a long period of time if the nearby ocean did not give nourishment to the burning fire?" asked Trogus Pompejus of Augustus at the time in his volcanic theories which were somewhat complicated but which surmised to some extent the natural effects. It has not yet been proved whether or not the hearth of a volcano or of a volcanic region possesses this required porousness or looseness of the earth. This seems highly probable if the crater be regarded as sporadic eruptions of those gases which by drawing together the still soft earth force their way through its surface and thus could lend porousness to great stretches.*

Alexander v. Humboldt says: "Thus formerly, paths of communication between the melted interior and the atmosphere existed everywhere in the much-cracked, thin, rising and falling wavy earth crust. The plutonic formation and transformation processes were stimulated by the gas-like emanations rising from very different depths and therefore containing different chemicals."

In such a situation and inner formation of a volcanic terrain, the water penetrates by capillary action through the porous elements at the foot of the volcano or at the place of volcanic eruption, creating heat and perhaps simultaneously an electric current as is shown in miniature in capillarity experiments. This spreads to the surrounding stone layers where the gradual inflow of salt water and unequal division of warmth produces new sources of electricity. Heat is produced or is liberated everywhere and is intensifying until it becomes fire as these great sources of electricity gain ground in the "bowels of the earth." By means of electrochemistry some hydrochloric acid is produced from the salt water which when in liquid or vapor forms on the walls of the crater or drains and occasionally on the stone layers containing metal, can aid in bringing about new electro-magnetic currents or can disintegrate water. Oxygen and hydrogen gases in various relations to each other and to air or mixed with other gases in the crater ignite and volcanic explosions are produced by which the lava which has become melted into looseness under the violent expansive force of the explosive gas blast, or when burned the ashes are expelled from the interior of the volcano. The gases 247 sometimes condense into water which then gushes forth in hot springs near the volcano (as in the fire spewing grottos of Nappa Valley which connects with the littoral salt lake where cause and effect are side by side and where the rumbling made by footsteps on the volcanic terrain is evidence of its porousness. Again, the gases may burn at the opening of the crater with a quiet constant, or

flaming-up fire-like phenomenon. The force and noise which frequently accompanies them can easily be understood when one recalls the effect of experiments with large electric batteries. These can kill oxen, produce the roar of thunder, explode mines, and light streets for hours).*

The great salt lake in the Mormon country which has an inflow but no outflow of waters has often been described as a miracle of nature which can, however, be easily explained when mention is made of the nearby volcanic "safety valves" or still active volcanoes. Were these to lose their effect the fast approaching end of the world would perhaps be proclaimed to the "chosen people," the Mormons, causing them a catastrophe which might be identical with that of Sodom and Gomorrah.

But from where comes the temporary, partial or total rest of the volcano? Everyone knows that when burned lime be saturated with too much water it effervesces less and is less easily extinguished than if it be only slowly and gradually dampened. In slaking the lime, too much water can postpone or hinder the phenomona, while only a little water makes it shine in the dark and creates a heat which can ignite sulphur, powder and wood. This violent effect of the extinguishing lime rests entirely on its porosity received during burning by expelling the calcium carbonate gas.

According to this, when the porous conducting stones of a volcano are too strongly infiltrated with water the volcanic electricity or volcanism is diminished or will disappear until by mechanical means (that is, by the expansive force of created vapors), the too great onrush of capillary water is regulated. That is, balance is given to the hydrostatic pressure or the slaked lime elements of the hearth have again burned themselves out and become penetrated by the gases. The extinguishing of a volcano can also be caused by dross in the interior or the stopping up of the stone pores by the firm molecules carried in the gases (like ashes etc., as in the extinguished volcano in the Sierra Nevadas not far from 248 Mountain Lake where the dross seems to have been sand). Conditions of a large nature can produce their effects here as do small ones in our chemical laboratories when we set up our galvanic apparatuses. When these conditions are removed the volcano will resume renewed, intermittent action. This does not, however, seem to follow spontaneously.

This resuming of volcanic activity is called forth or stimulated during thunderstorms and periods of snowfall and rain, and even at night while during fine weather and dry periods the volcano frequently rests or diminishes its activity. More meteor-electricity, which has greater conductivity,

is found in the air on damp, rainy or snowy days and this must cause the increased or stimulated volcanic activity as this either connects with the volcanic electricity or stimulates it. Earth temblors accompanied by subterranean roars, and lightning bolts from the crater clouds are results of this electrical-equalization or stimulation.

Earth temblors or earthquakes in regions where there are no volcanoes but where deposits of salt, bitumen, sulphur or other volcanic formations are found occur usually only after long wet periods. Does not the great quantity of water which here penetrates the earth by capillary action produce electricity in its interior which necessarily must be unloaded by meteoric stimulation when it reaches too great a tension? * It would be interesting to learn if such countries visited by earthquakes possess a higher degree of earth warmth and a special influence on the isothermal line as well as on the climate, and further if the gradual drawing back of the inner warmth of the earth does not keep step with her age in an incrustation of her pores with upper layers or whether the opposite is not true, that is, whether or not the expansive strength of the earth gases and earth vapors, the breathing of the earth so beneficial to plants, is not determined by the diminishing withdrawal of earth warmth. *

It is well known that the earth is most porous below the equator; it is necessary there for the easier absorption or decomposition (?) of the intensive heat of the sun and light rays. Could not there be some connection between this and the not infrequent earthquakes of the tropical countries? And is it not a fact that these always occur just after the rainy period?

The degree of dependency on the porousness and looseness of the ground of this earth breathing, so beneficial to plants, is especially well shown by the intuitive insight of the farmer who bases the value of plowing on the theory of Dr. Frd. Schmalz, mentioned in Chap. II, "about the ozone in the ground as an inexhaustible source of nitrogen, etc." The latter believes that after the iron has effected a decomposition of the water whereby iron oxide is formed, the atmospheric air and the meteoric waters of the ozone brought to the farm land which contains clay, humus and iron, combine with the liberated hydrogen to make nitrogen which, as it is a necessary part of atmosphere, escapes. Partly as such and partly combined with hydrogen and the carbon dioxide produced by the decomposition of the humus to form a carbon monoxide ammonia it serves as nourishment for the plants, a process obstructed most by the lessened ingress of the air. That is, the lessened looseness of the ground which, as a result of the decomposition of the humus which continues by itself, causes a deoxidation of the iron oxide, so that the iron can again play its rôle. Heat is developed in all this chemical process, as it is in every chemical decomposition. The breathing of the earth resembles the life-giving, soulinstilling breath of the Creator. All who breathe should praise Him declaring His goodness. The attempt to adapt the already wide-spread theories about ozone to the explanation of volcanic activity will not seem entirely inopportune. At the increased eruption of the volcano a strong current of atmosphere flows to the crater which can only be caused by an electrical attraction or equalization and where we can assume that a chemical decomposition of the nitrogen of the air and formation of

water are taking place. This might be called the breathing process of the volcanoes. May the honored discoverer of ozone also consider this worthy of a closer examination.

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Thus, one might be tempted to expand these observations and theories to include island elevations, regional submerging or sinking, volcanic eruptions in the sea, coral formations, etc.* Too many hypotheses, however, too many views and theories can only darken the truth of a matter. May those which I have dared to offer suffice, they having been adapted in their presentation to the style of these travel pictures. May they also aid in making clearer to the mind's eye the sight of the volcanoes of Guatemala to which in parting we turn once again.

Although in complete agreement with the nice theories of Darwin and others does this not remind us of the incrustation of copper-sheathed ships by electro-magnetic attraction as well as of the coralization of living mussels, for example, the *Chama gigas*?

The breezes, pregnant with vapors, rise from the horrible depths in a thick cloud of "rising flame," rushing towards the horizon which frames the colorful starry canopy of the tropics. While amidst a thundering roar the Cyclops of the volcano forges lightning bolts, releasing the terrible onrushing tornados into the starry, flame-glistening ocean. "The sailor in his ship is seized with a wild woe" and he is driven away from this "fiery" coast out into the open sea. Colorfully glistening with a distant motion Shimmers the alluring blue-green ocean. Then like a magic lantern show It bursts as wild winds blow: "Make way for me!" With fear I go.

After the volcanoes, which serve as border marks for Guatemala, are lost from view, we arrive on the shores of Nicaragua. Lower mountains covered with forests form many narrow gulfs here. Crescent-shaped Salinas Bay with the town of San Juan del Sur nestled in the background is formed in this way. This is the landing place of the steamers of the Vanderbilt Line, to which the *North America* belongs. After a pleasant voyage of twelve days I reached my destination. Most of San Juan del Sur lies beneath a tree canopy of acacias and vines and offers a refreshing resting place to the traveler.

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On their arrival the passengers of the new line are immediately provided with mules by the diligent agent of the company. One hour later the procession wends its way into the interior towards

Virginia, the place of embarking, on Lake Nicaragua. The path leads through a small, gently rising forest valley, then across the mountain ridge. Minerals have been sought here and digging has been commenced for the laying of the Nicaragua Canal. Then we proceed to the sea across the slightly arching, high plateau, where a road for carriage travel is in process of building. Some native military custom officials stand at the entrance of the pass calling for sympathy from the passing rider rather than respect. There are forest dwellers just as worthy of pity who offer the stranger their edible forest products for a few *quartillos*. Finally we are surprised by seeing several *assientas* which, however, lie in ruins.

This is the entire glory of the present condition of the “Paradise of Mohammed” that is presented to the traveler during his ride of eight hours. The traces of the notorious sybaritic opulence of Nicaragua are visible only on the seashores and in the direction of the capital. There, all are captivated by their own great conceit and the traveler is surprised when the *Lepero*, strutting by, throws him a glance of disdain. The people of Nicaragua know and like nothing but themselves. Their good humour is characteristic, however, and one cannot be cross with them.

From Virginia Bay, which received its name from a young adventurous American Virginie, who is said with her Paul to have founded there the first settlement, it takes from eight to ten hours on a small steamer to reach the place where the lake empties into the Rio San Juan. Fort San Carlos, consisting of a few bamboo barracks and equipped with weathered cannon, looks down from its charming heights towards the steamer which, as 251 the bearer of civilization to this miserable native refuge, makes an odd contrast.

Considering the low state of the tropic dweller who lives from day to day, it makes his existence seem the more pitiful. The appearance of such a product of art and civilization seems to be a brutal intrusion upon the harmonious whole of the tropical scene. Even the grey bare walls of the castle and the black mouths of the cannon are disturbing and destroy the harmony of the tropical wilderness. Only bamboo huts, unfinished river and lake boats, and naked man is suitable to the character of the wild tropical landscape. These things increase the strange, pleasant impression which one is accustomed to seek here.

Opposite San Carlos in a small inlet near the outlet of the lake I was for the first time delighted by the sight of the Victoria Regina. Spreading a magic circle of pleasing fragrance this wonderful rose-petaled flower was found here in great abundance. For me it is the loveliest emblem of tropical vegetation. Though proud and luxuriant—and aware of her glory, beauty and size she is nevertheless the true forget-me-not of her country. To the naturalist who has the happiness and good fortune to have spent moments of bliss at her side nothing can be more enduring to the senses than the sight of this queen of the flowers. The writers of our fairy tales can have no more excellent ideas than to compare this flower sun with a floating divan on which the nixies and undines take their sweet noontide slumber!

The steamer voyage on the San Juan presents to view all that which charms the senses in the tropics and for him who has already refreshed and satisfied himself at leisure with the glorious tropical green it has the advantage that his fancy does not tire of the unforgettable and ineradicable tropical pictures. He even becomes delighted in a new way in that his mood becomes especially receptive to the mysterious disarrangement of the tropical scenery which, in the hurried passing, seems in even greater confusion so that shape and substance melt into each other. The greatest beauty and unity lie in this rich variety, calming the mind which again has been stimulated to reflections. In truth, on the Riviera of the Rio San Juan great confusion and mixture of plant species seems to be the rule. The beauty of the colors is less in evidence and is less charming than the marvelous play of light and shadow. The painter would not only find it hard to make out the different forms but to grasp this play of light would be very difficult. Nevertheless, it would lend special charm to the water-color painting or photograph of such a fragment of tropical forest.

The upper course of the San Juan is gentle but at the rocky reefs below the *rapidos* it becomes rushing and dangerous for the boatman. Here the passengers must disembark to go around by land and then continue the journey in a smaller steamer. Frequently the flat-bottomed steamer scrapes the rocky reefs, is caught by the force of the current and rushed along by it into the bank between trees, or is in danger of smashing upon a rock. The native who has grown up on the San Juan knows the exact location of these obstacles, however, and therefore, when the water is low

the pilot uses him as a compass. Nevertheless, the trip is much delayed and it is necessary to anchor at night. After a hot, fatiguing day this affords new enjoyment for the traveler. He patiently spends a sleepless night at the steamer rail in the midst of a crowd of passengers. Bloodthirsty mosquitoes swarm about his head, while the *Araquatos* make a deafening noise which mingles with the monotone howling of the alligators who loll about in the moonlight or carry on wild orgies before our eyes.

The trip on the San Juan usually takes from one to one and a half days. Leaving the gloomy forest we arrive in the sandy bay of San Juan del Norte where the sudden sight of the ocean is 253 surprising. Here the town of the same name or Grey-Town with its grey, weatherbeaten wooden buildings scattered over the meadow, presents an aspect that is scarcely pleasing. It has but little to offer in the way of making our stay pleasant. If the air is not oppressively sultry, chilly sea breezes blow through the flimsy dwellings bringing with them malarial fevers which often wreak havoc among the French creoles and colored inhabitants of the town. Everywhere we meet thin, wan creatures, enervated by illness, with pale melancholy faces, pictures of weakness and impotence. From the mosquito-royal palace, which differs only in name from the other buildings to the hut of the proletariat, all is desolate, grey, and horrible justifying the name of Grey-Town.

Nowhere is there a trace of activity. Several *Cholos*, longing to catch fish, float around the bay in their clumsy boats, keeping a watchful eye on the alligators lolling on the shore near the mouth of the Rio San Juan. They bury the heads of these beasts near their huts, allowing them to decay there,* so as to sell the ivory. This has become a quite profitable business since artificial teeth have gained such favor and so many among the fair sex either desire or must have crocodile teeth.

I believe that I have observed the musk smell which the alligator spreads to be most strong near decaying individuals. Is there not perhaps a connection between this and Geiger's assumption that musk smell is due to foulness and decay?

A boat, loaded with fustic, comes down the river to the shore. Since reforestation has been so unreasonably opposed its owner expended much time and labor in gathering the wood with which he will pay his master a maintenance debt. Looking at the sons of John Bull garrisoned here the same picture of sweet *far niente* is visible, only, of course, in somewhat English style. Grey death

frequently wakens life among them, however, when they must escort one of their comrades to his grave, as they are required to wear full dress at these funerals. Gleaming and quiet the military procession crawls to a place in the delta. The coffin, shovel, and a hatchet are placed on a simple boat, which carries 254 them to the island of the dead. They are accompanied by two soldiers and a native who bury the coffin there in the realm of the alligators.

Rebellions and attacks against the existing government are other conspicuous activities in this place which show the happy social conditions of this perplexed and inactive people. These, however, are throttled as soon as they occur. Since the migration of the Americans, however, special efforts have been made to make friends with them so as to appeal to their aid in making a political change. Whenever a large number of strangers are in Grey-Town the longing for political independence is stirred anew in the hearts of the inhabitants and all are ready for mutiny. When the strangers have departed all the squares are deserted and empty and a few English bayonets and cannon mouths can instil obedience and fear in them. Only time and accidents will make changes here.

Opposite Grey-Town, on the peninsula of Port Arena, an American settlement has been started, the nucleus of which is a hotel and the buildings of the steamship companies. The ocean steamers are stationed here ready for departure when the small San Juan river steamers arrive. Content soon to be leaving the sinister place we float hopefully out into the ocean towards more pleasant things.

“La siempre fiel Isla de Cuba”^{*} which, according to statements made by the American Union will fall into her lap when the time is ripe, is the first sight which wipes out the impressions gathered on the east coast of Nicaragua. Even from a distance the world famous island and the harbor of Havana smiles charmingly at us with her masts, decorated with pennants, but on approaching the foreground of the harbor these disappear behind old bare walls. A fortress, its walls covered with vines and its colossal towers and many loop-holes reminding us of centuries 255 when might made right, stands on massive rocks that project into the sea. This fortress forms the profile of Havana and conceals the “Pearl of the Antilles.” We shudder at sight of it and wish ourselves elsewhere with the Americans who are accustomed to seeing the greatest wealth and display in the foreground of a harbor and are impressed more by lovely cottages than by fortresses. The bothersome customs

inspection, the examination of papers, and other police measures with which the new arrivals are greeted in true old-Spanish inquisitorial style serve also to make the entrance into Havana, unpleasant and disagreeable. But a beautiful lady of the West Indies conceals within herself, in her heart, enough delights to make us forget these vexations of her “faithful guardians” as she makes our tour of the city very enjoyable.

The always faithful island of Cuba.

With great pleasure we look down the narrow, awning shaded streets, which look cooler, however, than they really are. Everywhere the new and noteworthy things of a peculiar metropolis are visible. The bright play of colors, of the white, red, blue and yellow painted houses gives their low massive architecture, designed to withstand earthquakes, a somewhat less clumsy, gloomy look. The many terraces and spires of the city make the houses seem less uncouth beneath the smiling heavens. The strange exterior of Havana is completely in keeping with its situation and harmonizes with the character of the landscape.

In the main streets shop after shop can be found with a stock comparable in every way to the first-class shops of New York, London or Paris. Banners planted in front of some of the most important ones bearing such names as “La Esperanza,” “La Estrella,” “Los Hermanos,” “La Caridad” can be seen from quite a distance. Unfortunately the streets have very narrow sidewalks so that they seem very Spanish [odd] to the American who is accustomed in his cities to walk on broad walks. This is especially true if he has acquired an original walk in the wilderness of the gold region. Individuals of this type are not much liked in Havana and are characterized by the Havana nickname “Californio.”*

The fine gentlemen of Havana hate too much the bad habits of tobacco chewing and boxing to extend social favors to the common American practicing them. Boxing “gentlemen” who perhaps believe that they earn this name because coming from the gold country they carry so much of that noble [metal] on their bodies are very aptly compared by the inhabitants of Havana with those first Spanish adventurers who put the value of the Brazilian diamonds to the hammer test but who lost so much by doing this, as they crushed the valuable stones. They also compare them to the wild little Esquimaux who like to break their noses so that they can swallow the blood.

The interior of the houses of Havana leaves nothing to be desired in the way of elegance and comfort. The ground floors consist usually of a marble-walled parlor with high, portal-like windows

which have no protection against the peering of the passerby—a candor especially remarkable in a monarchy. There is a row of chairs along the walls of the parlor, the *Tertulias*, on which the social circle of the house celebrate their beloved *Tertulia*. Scattered about the room are several hammocks, those pieces of furniture that are indispensable for diversion in Havana. The most unique piece of furniture, however, is the *Volante* or *Tarantula*, the carefully cleaned carriage, richly decorated with silver, which always occupies the foreground of the parlor and earns the admiration of the stranger. The high wheels, broadly arched springs, and high, projecting coachman's seat give it the form of a Tarantula spider and when spirited ponies are harnessed to it so that it floats along as if it had wings, the name *Volante* is also justified.

The great cleanliness of the houses and streets of Havana is fitting but not surprising because it is the main determining factor for the health of the tropics dweller as well as is the great luxury coupled with comfort and leisure. The first-class coffee houses are unexcelled. Here in the evening the stranger can observe the pleasant life of the Havana world of fashion with its passion for elegance. At the same time countless fragrant aromas of refreshments and drinks give promise of delicacies which make him admire the extremely refined taste of the inhabitants of the city. Every aroma here is as fragrant and smells as good and 257 fine as that of the Havana cigar to its fancier and certainly the Havana has no equal.

A great liking for gardens is also evident in Havana. In the cafés, wherever it is suitable and there is sufficient room, rose bushes, orangeries, and shrubs are planted and carefully tended. The city itself has many parks where both the foreigner and the native can feast his eyes on his favorite flowers. The Bishop's garden is one of the glorious places of West Indian garden art. Unfortunately, however, its original naïve form has been somewhat neglected and the unity of the idea has been crowded out by the rank tropical vegetation. The surroundings of the city resemble a very extensive garden. Extending far across the island are the so-called *Cabellarias* or many intermingled tobacco, sugar cane and banana fields. Each is planted there to aid the growth of the other. The tall banana and sugar plants protect the delicate tobacco shrub from wind and sun, while they withdraw the superfluous dampness from the earth. The eye rests long and gladly on this land where beauty and

utility are created everywhere by art and nature. The freshness of that weed alive and growing can give pleasure even to him who despises it in its withered and dried state.

When the vegetation out here begins to be swathed with the veils of night, life in Havana begins to show itself in all its vegetative expressions and it seems as if day were just dawning for the inhabitants of the city.

The high portals of the dwellings open and the *Volantes* come forth. The horses are impatient and hurry at a rapid pace through the streets with reins held tense by the *Calesero*, the negro in colorful jockey costume. The *Volante* sways on its sensitive springs with the three *Donnas* dressed simply but in rich silks. (The number three calls forth a comparison with the Three Graces.) To see—or to be seen, they sway in it as if a Venetian 258 gondola. Soon one Caballero after the other comes riding along and their richly decorated saddles and harness make them worthy companions of the *Volante*.

On the *Paseo*, the boulevard-like promenade of Havana, one solid row of carriages passes up and another row passes down in the best order. They are without that scornful and supercilious speed so often evident on similar occasions in the French metropolis where the streets seem still to be regarded as a circus riding ring. *Volantes* here, *Volantes* there, just as if they had suddenly sprung from the earth. What a sight the many *Trias volantes* make with their fiery glances, their “*Lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*,”* their uncovered braids adorned with roses and ornaments, and their small animated, gesturing hands!

The sparkle of her English [angelic?] smile.

On the Plaza de Armas all move colorfully from one alley to the other, ending the circling in a café. In the meantime the military band of the city has arrived and serenades increase the animation and heighten the pleasure of the evening recreation. The onlooker whose heart does not beat *fortissimo* and whose breast does not glow resembles the *Papel quemado* by which the ladies of Havana describe a married man, and also an apathetic one, whom they despise as much as they do the smell of the so-called burnt paper of their *cigarillos*. Surrounded by the courtesy of Havana you must

smile joyfully on this serenade place. Why even the statue of Ferdinand III under the four royal palms opposite the palace of the Captain-general smiles on all.

After several hours the tumult disappears, the band withdraws into the background near the chapel of great Columbus and it seems as if their last serenade was meant for the spirit of the immortalized admiral. Soon only a few solitary *Señors* are visible here and there. These can scarcely stop their passionate tobacco smoking and thus continue to glimmer and smell, like a living *Vuelta abajo*,^{*} far into the night. The streets are empty. 259 Hardly, however, has the *Volante* been returned to its resting place in the center of the spacious parlor, when the social gaieties of the Havana soiree begin. While polite society here surpasses itself and tires its senses with the choicest favors and sweet things, in the distant quarters of the city the night life flies with weary wings to its accustomed place. The castanets in the dancer's hands resound until the night grows cooler and cooler and calls to more active pleasures.

Vuelta abajo, an excellent Havana cigar, which is rarely or never exported and is smoked chiefly by the inhabitants of Havana. The name comes from one of the deep spots near the city on which the best quality of tobacco is planted.

In spite of the daily repetition of these delightful activities it will be a long time before the stranger feels at home in Havana as it is difficult for him to gain admittance to a more intimate social intercourse. He sees everywhere the longing for prominence, a caricaturing of authority that is either repugnant to him or to which he does not care to submit. The foreigners in Havana form a closed circle and can be easily recognized both by their clothes and because they have retained their social customs. The retaining of mode of dress is especially true among the foreign ladies who find it difficult to appear in the costume of Havana.

Nevertheless, the clothing of the lady is as suitable as it is in good taste, and is her substitute for the circlet of Venus. She has, as the proverb says, her head in the air (*tiene la Cabeza al aire*). She avoids any headdress as in this heat it would not only be a bother but would injure the growth of the hair which, together with her dainty hands and small feet,^{*} the smallest of all misfortunes is considered a special decoration. All her clothing is as light as possible and in the lightest, most

light-breaking colors. Jewels are a bother, and her favorite ornament by day is a fragrant rose, which is worn also by the poor girls who sell flowers. At night it seems to be, suprisingly enough, the firefly or *Caqualumne* * worn under a flowing crepe veil, which takes the place of the heavy silk shawl, and thus starry-trimmed they shimmer through the night like a living minaret.

If the beautiful foot be the surest indication of a beautiful body, that is, a symmetrical, well-arranged figure, and if it be a correct rule of psychologists that a beautiful soul dwells in a beautiful form, then the foot can rightfully be considered the indicator of the mental personality of its owner, especially when its motions are as lovely as its form, and the ladies of Havana and their equals, the ladies of Panama, who the proverb says have the smallest feet and largest hearts and to whom, of all tropical dwellers of the feminine sex, the apple of Paris is awarded, first justify this hypothesis. What far greater reward for the *Podoscopiker* to pursue his studies of the foot where the *Podoscopiker* must be silent and allow the mistaken facts to speak. Although all ears would be deaf to him, his most wonderful recognition would come to him from the great hearts of his specimens.

Caqualumne (*Eleater*), literally translated, Light evacuator, and ironically used to designate scientists.

The Havana ladies who like to decorate themselves with these *Caqualumnes* are all friends of light and of enlightenment and of course they must not be compared to those flowers in the Chinese fairy tale that wear bells which they ring to attract attention when someone passes.

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These and other distinctions and peculiarities of the ladies of Havana perhaps show their childlike spirit which differentiates them from others of their sex and also reminds the observer that harmony rarely rules among the fair sex except in fortune or misfortune and this should be looked for when observing a foreign nation.

No matter how short the visit to Havana the traveler will return to his ship with the loveliest memories, refreshed and strengthened for a continuation of his voyage. The ocean stretching between him and his destination again seems inviting and with renewed vigor the steamer cuts across it northwards towards the harbor of New York which is reached in a few days.

New York is as well known as a European metropolis. It has few surprises to offer to him who approaches it by sea for the second time and who has lived there unless he enter the social vortex which moves through all stages from Whit-Hall to Bloomingdale and which resembles the *Cimitiere des Innocens*, a grave that is always open, always full and always empty.

There was nothing here worthy of special mention to interest me when coming from the southern wonderland. On the steamer *Prometheus* I reached the snow and ice covered borders of Acadia. In

the riotous American city I spent my last days on the new continent. Thoughtfully turned towards the Old World I boarded the floating steam palace *Baltic*. Soon to the roar of cannon we glided forth toward Old England and the harbor of Liverpool.

There was quite a large number of passengers on board. The great comfort of the ship enabled them to pass the time pleasantly in social entertainment. They were mostly Europeans but who could have recognized them as such? Perhaps only a single decade had Americanized them, bringing to one material fortune and to the other knowledge, but subjecting all to that 261 transformation which frequently penetrates the deepest crevice of the personality, which makes the emigrant on his return to his old home seem so strange and gives rise to the surprised question: "What has caused these transformations?" There is not sufficient space here to answer this question by annotating the mixture of facts which have a magnetic power on those emigrants not endowed with the art to evade them.

Torn from his home the emigrant goes to the New World, pregnant with hope but somewhat timid and worried about his indefinite future. He has made up his mind to seek his home where he can become successful and not to rest before he has reached his happy goal. Often, however, the sea voyage gives a somewhat different presentiment of coming events, and is well adapted to sober his bold plans. Cooling his blood it also cools his fevered imagination, diminishing or limiting his hopes. Like seclusion, it accustoms him to rest, self-confidence and contentedness, and like marriage, tries him for steadfastness in joy and sorrow. It teaches him resignation and acquaints him with the worst, it gives him leisure to reflect undisturbed upon his favorite plans. It soon throws him, however, from the peak of his beautiful dream into the depths of despair. The beauty of heaven and sea lead him again to smooth paths; love for the Creator's exalted works awakens his better feelings. Soon again, however, he is brought to the edge of destruction, the raging, roaring elements fill him with deadly fear which he attempts to disdain.

Body and spirit seek their balance in the constant rise and fall between exertion and rest, excitement and lassitude, thus teaching the emigrant to pursue a middle course. This usually furnishes the keynote for the beginning of his overseas career, but the fact that the sea voyage holds such a

wealth of fear and trouble also teaches him to bear these patiently and hardens him against the tricks of fate. Observing the crew, which consists sometimes 262 entirely of Americans, he discovers among them new customs and manners. These do not harmonize with his, so he does not care to imitate them at first but later he becomes reconciled to them when he sees that they are more profitable and are necessary for his future position. In the quiet, thoughtful and tactful manner which never leaves the American in any situation he finds a magic power, a human strength of will which he admires because it shames him and which he attempts to adopt as it is the yardstick on which the American measures the inner worth of a man. He will see in the captain, if he be a true American, the embodiment of the conception “gentleman” and he will see that each of the crew endeavors to be likewise and strives for respect and distinction.

The fibers of his heart tremble at the cry of “land” and all his attention is focused on the American pilot for whom he has yearned and who, like Noah's dove, quickly circles the ship with his light, narrow, truly American built boat. He comes on board and then the emigrant who is tired of the ship gladly greets the first ambassador of the Far West. Modestly and shyly he stands back from him, however, as the American pilot seems to him to be a cold gentleman whose indifferent glance looks over the curious crowd as if there were something shameful about them. Is it heartlessness, is it pride, is it contempt? No, it is nothing but pity that he evidences when he looks at this crowd of humans to whom he is to give the last safe escort before they embark on their new careers where so much trouble awaits them. Oh, had you known what was in store What goal you would meet on the other shore You would have trembled in greatest fear The “land” and “pilot” cry to hear.

The ship glides into the harbor and the emigrant, now an immigrant sets his tottering, uncertain feet on the new shore. He cannot at first grasp all that he sees and hears going on around 263 him, but he has no time to lose in observation. The whole swarm of immigrant agents and peddlers waiting on the shore, a regular demon band of intriguers, falls upon him pushing him into the human currents of the New World. From this moment on the immigrant is swallowed in the great wave of the American nation; the wave of scum driven here and there by the storms of evil passion, idleness and sin, whose restless movement on the shore of the destructive ocean threatens him with infection and ruin. It lies in wait to strip the new arrival partly or wholly of his European wealth

and to completely destroy the last trace of his lovely illusions. Happy is he who has withstood this storm of arrival and can direct his steps unhindered towards the interior of the land, and unhappy is he who remains fixed here—a desolate grave opens for him in this wave!

In starting his voyage of emigration the emigrant throws off a great part of his old individuality and lays the basis for the new one. He now begins to perceive the remaining difference between his character and that of an American, between here and his home, and before he can estimate it he finds himself inclined to adapt himself to Americanism. Only gradually, however are its effects distributed on the newcomers to the country. Like acclimatization, which only little by little transforms blood and body, skin and the whole appearance, Americanization takes its effect on heart and mind. Thus frequently both are in the same relation to each other, working together to complete this new creation.

The first serviceable and chief characteristic which the immigrant strives to learn from the American is a routine in commerce and trade, a pursuit for his own business and prosperity. He soon understands that here man does not move evenly divided between the two poles, materialism and idealism, but that progress is built solely on the former and that there is an inclination to the latter only if there is some material advantage to be gained²⁶⁴ and no loss of time is involved. He sees also that one cannot live here on idealism, that in America one realizes, while in Europe one idealizes.

When the gods departed from Olympus, Mercury was exiled to the New World. The happy god of commerce with money bag in hand still dwells among the Americans spurring them on with his twisted stick to commerce and greed. The American remains faithful to him, like the Greenlander to his Torngaruk, from whom without any effort he receives an abundance of everything. It is true that Mercury's favorites labor but little. They are not damned to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. They obtain their wealth with an easy flair for speculation and are not stingy with it but dissipate it all to obtain the greatest pleasures for their existence. It is just because the American lives so well, denying himself nothing, that his energy and speculative spirit are so excellent. That is why he is also free of all frivolous commercial spirit and of *Gagnepetits*, knows nothing of higgling

but concerns himself only with Plain Dealing, whereby he saves so much time and chatter. All his commerce is speculation and calculation, even the lowest door to door peddler is a speculator and calculator who will dare anything if he can find ways and means. Fortune helps the bold and lack of self-confidence brings misfortune to enterprises. Fearlessness and great determination made the American an accurate judge of every business for which he is always ready if he can find any percents and credits in it. In this respect he is a most alert fellow who proves the meaning of the words. One Englishman can fight Two "Portugee" But Yankeedoodle's right Can win in any fight With all three.

If he has credit he is a safe man who always cal'lates for 265 credit and seldom makes a mistake. He depends on no outside help as he well knows that business must be done in a regular way and that motto "help yourself" used elsewhere only in the animal kingdom was also adopted by the American business world. If he falls and is caught in the high or low tide of the American market, a natural law which seems to rule here also, he rises again by himself like an Antäus thrown to the ground. "Here I stand as poor as I was!" he cries to his destiny, an exclamation with which Ch. Fox once began his speech in the English parliament which he entered after twice living from the charity of his friends. He is the ambitious one who plays fearlessly at the edge of the abyss and who is not afraid of being a poor man today if he was rich yesterday. Franklin also did not shrink from this condition; he traveled about Philadelphia with a piece of bread in his hand, quenched his thirst in the Delaware, apprenticed himself as a printer and died, an American legislator.

Such exaggerated commercial ambitions of a nation may produce some vices. However, these are less than those produced by idleness which the American cannot even tolerate in the animal kingdom. This is one of the passions in which the American nation is so rich and which can elevate it above some of the other nations. I say elevate it! For desires and vivid passions are always the signs of a clear, human mind and weak impulses and desires are found where wisdom and enlightenment are lacking. Observe the patriotism so evident in every American held in common with the citizens of his mother country [England]. Is it the result of a wise state constitution or of their enlightenment? That this passionate patriotism was always native to enlightened nations is clearly shown by the Greeks and Romans who bound it up with their great love of country from

which sprang their immortal deeds. Many things for which the Americans are censured can be laid to their unlimited national pride as well as to 266 their *public spirit*, a general trait not adequately described by the word patriotism, and it would be very fitting to use the words of advice as to how the good husband should trust his wife in one of Prior's ballads: "Be to her faults a little blind, be to her virtues very kind."

This freedom and activity of movement in commerce and intercourse has its special charm for the newcomer striving to make his way. When he becomes more familiar with it and adapts himself to it he becomes more closely attached to the nation. The foreigners needs a great deal of time and study of character to acquire a knowledge of American intercourse, especially the way to make him popular with men with whom he wishes to deal lucratively. The spirit of commerce is anti-social. It would be almost easier for him to become an American than to learn to understand his character if the latter did not often have moods which make him bearable socially. In difficult or ecstatic moments the American does not reveal his personality by facial expression, gesture, or even attitude. He is completely master of himself and all his passions, and keeps his character, which he is always attempting to make peculiar to his own nation, behind a locked door to which no one but himself has the key. The American learns first of all to be silent and calm, before he learns how to speak and to express himself. *Sapiens semper in se reconditur*. That is why it seems that now, after half a century, Hume's words: "The English nation is the only one in the world which has no special character unless this trait serves for one," are applicable to the Americans.

All these traits have their advantages in a great commerical nation. If the newcomer is not able immediately to understand the character of an American he anticipates this by imitating the people whom he meets every day. By adopting their strange views and expressions as the reflection and echo of his own, he becomes 267 changed and amalgamated, frequently without being able to understand or explain the actual occurrence.

When impetuous questioners bothered the youth who, driven by a burning thirst for knowledge went to Sais in Egypt to learn the secret wisdom of the priests, he answered "I do not know what I saw." When the returning Americanized European emigrant is asked about the causes of his

individual transformation he is rarely even aware of it. It is also not surprising that the traveler's descriptions of American character differ so widely and that there is little assurance of their accuracy. It is difficult to judge a nation correctly which disdains a middle course and is so fond of extremes. Brother John [Uncle Sam] is also a real Proteus who must be seen in his various metamorphoses in order to recognize his true form. The continual ferment of political transition which travels from the senate to the most distant farmer's hut and the school bench, has a very strong effect on the whole body and elements of society. The golden rule "Never pass a biased judgment!" should be applied here. To him who travels through America the nation presents a new aspect daily. When he bids it farewell he hardly knows whether he should love it or censure it, that is, in connection with his experiences here.

I fared no better. The more I tried to see into the heart of the American nation and the country and obtain a stereotype view of them the more biased my prejudices became. Thus, I was undecided on my return trip whether I should be happier or sadder about looking back at recent events or looking towards the future. That I did not lose myself too deeply in these elusive reflections was also due to the rapidity of steam travel which so violently shakes body and soul.

In a dreamy mood I stood on the quarter deck of the *Baltic*. New York, over which the evening sky spanned its pure arch, lay before me while above me the fire-striped starry banner 268 fluttered towards the heavens whose emblems it wears so proudly. With fast beating heart I leaned against the flag pole and it seemed as if the wide-spread banner whispered an "Auf Wiedersehen!" to me in which I joined involuntarily. Then it bent down to me as if it would embrace me—it had been lowered by the sailor standing next to me who had whispered the "Auf Wiedersehen!" across the waves to shore. Who knows what memories he had!

New York and America had disappeared. The cold northeast wind roared around the steamer *Baltic*. Consuming daily from seven to eight tons of fuel she labored through the ocean. Approaching Europe I yielded more and more to those heart-deluging emotions of home which neither time or

destiny has power to supplant. Though horrible people we leave behind With the abandoned nest
we're still entwined.